SQUARE BLOCKS

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SQUARE BLOCKS

And Other Sermons and Articles

BY

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Cover by Ruby Short McKim

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BOOK ONE

Half Hours with Celebrities

HALF HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES

I. DOMINIE TRADITION

THERE had been an evening lecture in the high school building. I loitered in my seat, watching the audience disperse. They went out chatting gayly—all the students, followed by the pedagogues, until only the janitor was left.

I yawned and prepared to go, but just then my attention was attracted to an old gentleman who seemed to materialize from the shadowy corners of the room and came down the aisle, evidently with the intent to address me.

He was old and gray, with stooped figure, yet with a venerable dignity that seemed to indicate that for many, many years he had commanded the utmost respect.

He chuckled to himself as he approached, and said, "Did you hear the young professor run on tonight? These young pedagogues amuse me. But I should not laugh, for I taught them all, and their fathers before them."

Seeing my look of surprise, he went on, "I am one of the oldest teachers on earth. Just as soon as the sons of Adam got a little way from God, I established a school, and every man from that day to this has been under my tutelage. All of them have stood at

my desk, though, bless you, they may not have known it."

"You must have had many strange experiences," I ventured, as my visitor seemed to lapse into an abstracted, reminiscent mood.

"Yes," he answered. "I have taught many strange people—dusky Egyptians, stern Romans, poetic Greeks, visionary Jews, aspiring Japanese, obstinate Englishmen, inquisitive Yankees. All of them come under the rod of Dominie Tradition."

"I suppose you have had some trouble in matters of discipline?" I inquired.

"A great deal," he answered, carelessly. "But I have many methods of dealing with the refractory. Many a great man have I ferruled soundly. I made Galileo get down on his knees and admit that the earth was flat and stationary."

He paused to frown darkly, and added, "But the rascal got up and slipped to his seat, whispering, 'And yet it moves.'" His smile returned, however, and he went on, "But that is all right now, for it has become traditional that the earth revolves, and I teach it myself now.

"I have had trouble with religious students also. Most of the reformers in religion, as in politics and science, were quite unruly. But I trounced them all severely in their turn. And now that their heresies are become orthodox I trounce those who differ from them. Each new age has its rebels for me to dis-

cipline. They eternally ask, Why? No wonder I look so old. Young people make Tradition look old."

This frank confession irritated me, and I cried: "You but confirm my previous opinion of you. You are the enemy of progress in every age. It was you who caused the Jewish slaves to turn against Moses, their deliverer."

"Possibly so," the reverend Dominie admitted.

"And it was you who centuries later caused the Jews to revere Moses and reject Jesus."

"Very likely," replied my new friend, swelling with pride.

"It is you," I went on, heatedly, "who perpetuate every falsehood. It is you who maintain the tyranny of the dead over the living. It is you who slay the prophets in every generation and later build their tombs."

"Not so fast, my son," interposed the Dominie, coolly. "You must remember also that I carry down from father to son every truth that persists. Granted, I hate new things and love old things. But still credit me with teaching truth as impartially as I teach error—if it is only old enough to be respectable. It was I who preserved the Christian doctrines before Bibles were printed. And in every home where ideals of honesty and temperance and industry are upheld I make them traditional and carry them down from generation to generation. I teach what the fathers want me to teach. Don't blame me for their sins. Blame the fathers."

Somewhat mollified, I quieted down, but made bold to ask, "But why do you not teach all truth? Then might you become a great blessing to man, and your school be the greatest as well as the largest school in the world."

The old man shrugged his shoulders and replied, "That is because I have no conscience and no judgment. I am memory. I am Tradition *only*. I am a teacher. That which I receive from the fathers I teach, whether of good or of bad. If you are finnicky about ethics, see that you give me only truth and morality for *your* children; for I will teach your children's children after you, just as I taught your great-grandsires before you, back to Adam."

"You are of the past," I asserted. "Paul declared that he would forget things past and press forward towards the mark of the prize of his high calling."

"Paul!" cried the old gentleman. "Yes; Paul was the great breaker of traditions. He turned from circumcision to Christian baptism; from the school of Gamaliel to the feet of Jesus. Don't quote Paul to me."

"But Paul was a dominant man in his age," I persisted. "Nicodemus is all but forgotten. But Paul lives forever. I will follow Paul's advice."

But my friend laughed. "Paul's advice is *tradition*—you are learning," and as I arose to go, he caught me by the sleeve: "Come with me!" he said.

The walls of the school building seemed to fade

away and I looked with surprise into a dim country towards which my preceptor was attempting to drag me. I saw dim candlelights, and many old men, and great stacks of musty volumes, and dusty shrines and idols where the ancients worshiped, and old cathedrals, and tombs, and priests and kings in robes; and I heard incantations and mummery of prayers, and many voices repeating by rote the words of the long-ago dead.

"It is the past," I murmured; "the land of yesterday."

"Yes," my guide answered, "and I lead you to it. Come with me. Here is buried the wisdom and the folly of all past ages."

But I resisted the inner promptings that urged me to obey my ancient monitor. Turning squarely from him I looked in the opposite direction. There I saw another dim country. But it had the twilight of sunrise rather than that of the sunset.

And I saw many lights, like morning stars. And there were domes of temples yet to be erected. And I heard voices singing hymns, and saw many preachers of righteousness and truth; and a figure that typified my ideal of faith. And there were books here, too, and schools, and builders, and many young men and women marching. And all pressed forward. For this was the land of the future."

I wrenched myself from the grasp of my ancient companion and said, "I will not go with you. Nor will I accept you as a teacher. I will consider you

only as a servant. Bring me what truth you have from the past, that I may carry it with me into the future. But bring me none of its errors and follies. A Christian must have brain and conscience and heart as well as memory. And he must walk with Jesus, who ever presses forward and carries with him all truth."

Then dimly I heard the sound of footsteps. And I awakened to find the janitor of the school building laughing at me. "You have been asleep, sir," he said. "All the others have gone and left you, and it is time to lock the building."

I arose to go, feeling rather foolish; but even so I could not refrain from looking about to see if I could discover anywhere in the school building the reverend form of Dominie Tradition.

I am sure if you look about you, in time you will detect this venerable preceptor conducting his classes, in the church, as well as in the school, among the elders, in society, everywhere. If you come under his tutelage, learn to discriminate, for he does not; and invoke the guidance of a higher instructor who is pledged to guide you into all truth.

HALF HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES

II. FATHER TIME

AS I SAT in my study one winter evening I fancied that I heard a knocking at the door. I opened the door, but saw no one. A fine, sharp sleet drove against my face, almost cutting the skin, and a whirl of dead leaves crossed the porch, borne on the wind.

I resumed my work, only to be called to the door again by another knock. The results were the same as before. As I stood in the doorway, wondering what it was that had deceived me into supposing that some one had knocked, I noticed the dark clouds scudding across the face of the Moon. The town bell rang the curfew, attracting my attention to the passing of Time. Then it was that I imagined I perceived some one standing in the shadows, close to my very hand.

He was old and bent, and the wind tossed his long gray beard and snow-white locks to and fro, and tugged at his loose, flowing robe. He seemed so much a part of the elements that at first I could with difficulty discern him, even after my attention had been attracted directly to him. I could readily understand how he might pass and repass and knock at many doors and yet remain unnoticed.

In answer to my invitation, he entered, leaning his staff against my desk. In one hand he carried an hourglass, which he reversed to mark the passage of time. I noticed with fascinated awe that while the flow of the sand grains was continuous and inexorable, they pulsated constantly, as though driven by a beating heart. I thought, Perhaps the saying is true that Time is measured by human heart throbs, and not by the passage of suns and moons.

The old gentleman carried with him a long, keen scythe, the snath of which rested across his arm as he stood and talked to me. Noticing my close and troubled scrutiny, he said, "You have heard of Old Father Time and the scythe with which he reaps the ripened grain and the bending flowers. Well, this is the famous instrument. My harvest field is the world. I reap the lives of men and women, the young and the old, as the Lord of the harvest may direct."

He ran his hand along the edge of his blade, as though to test its keenness, but when I essayed to do the same he stayed my hand. "Not so fast, my son," he cautioned; "you will feel its edge soon enough." Then he continued, "It is an all-compelling instrument, and is still sharp and true, though there are some nicks in it. I have had to use it on some hard old customers; yet it has always prevailed, soon or late.

"Methuselah evaded me a long time, and in those days I delighted to spare men, because they walked

with God and used well the years that were loaned them; yet even a Methuselah finally reached the sunset of life. Old Ponce de Leon tramped through the forests of the New World in search of the fabled Fountain of Youth, that would enable him to defy my behests; but all the time, unseen, I followed in his footsteps, and cut him down earlier because of his folly in not using his days in good works, instead of vainly trying to insure himself of days yet unsunned."

As the old man prepared to leave, filled with a reverence for the priceless value of Time, I seized him by the robe and implored him to wait.

"I cannot," he replied. "Time and tide wait for no man. The tide follows the moon, and I follow the behests of God, and must go on and on, working my changes in the world until eternity shall dawn."

"But at least give me your blessing," I implored.

"You shall have my blessing," he answered, "on the one condition that you live for it, and it will come to you day by day as you are worthy of it; and even when I shall have an end, it shall continue with you throughout eternity."

So my guest departed, as he had come, merging into the storm and the elements. And presently I heard the bells ringing in the New Year. A new year for you and me! A new year for the world! What awful work of death and destruction may it not see? A new year for the church! Will it be a year of construction and salvation?

HALF HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES

III. SIR PROCRASTINATION

IT WAS afternoon. I had just seated myself at the desk to prepare an editorial. I was fingering the keys of the typewriter tentatively when some one touched me on the shoulder and a voice said, "Do not be in a hurry. Wait a little while, until you feel more in the mood for work."

Glancing up I discovered a very presentable old gentleman standing at my elbow.

"Whom have I the honor to address?" I asked.

"I am Sir Procrastination," he replied.

"And your business with me?"

"Oh, I just dropped in, as usual, to have a little chat and pass the time away. But in this strenuous age I find that I must be brief. People used to give me weeks of time—still I have no reason to complain, I make Duty cool his heels in the waiting room a good many hours yet."

"You dropped in *as usual?*" I queried. "I do not recall your face."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have been here before, at times when I thought that you were not too busy to listen to a harmless old man. You simply did not recognize me; that is all. Many people do not. My voice is much like that of Reason, and people often

mistake one for the other, a mistake that is somewhat to my advantage at times."

"Pray be seated," I urged, somewhat tardily.

"Thanks; in just a moment," he replied.

There seemed no occasion for him to say "in just a moment," but I discovered that it was one of his peculiarities to meet every proposal with the remark, "Wait a moment," or "Presently," or "To-morrow," with the exception of any motion to defer action, which always elicited a ready second.

After my visitor had seated himself, I inquired further of him concerning his business with me, and obtained this reply:

"I merely dropped in to advise you to defer this task until a more opportune time. Never do to-day that which you can put off until to-morrow. We have but one life to live. Why not have a good time while we are at it? Throw books and study and work and worry to the dogs! Go out and chase a rainbow; or if it suits you better, sit here and dream. I can tell you some *wonderful things* that you will do *by and by.*"

True to his promise, my friend, for I then supposed him to be such, launched out in a glowing description of the future. He painted gorgeous word pictures of the wonderful deeds that I might do *some* day. Under the hypnotic spell of his oratory the present was forgotten; it seemed of no value—the drudgery. Ah, the beautiful, shining land of To-morrow!

Once I stirred from my dream to ask him the time; but he only frowned angrily and declared that he never carried a timepiece and abhorred calendars. He averred that we had talked only a minute and that he would go presently.

In answer to certain inquiries I learned that my visitor had played a very important part in the history of the world. I then discovered that he had journeyed with the Israelites in the wilderness, and it was largely through his influence that they were kept out of the Promised Land so long. He had watched them later as they labored on their temple; and standing at their elbows, he had advised them to defer their labors until their homes were fully builded and furnished.

He boasted with considerable pride that he had been closeted in his day with such rulers as Louis XVI, Czar Nicholas, and others of like station, and on his advice they had deferred granting liberty to the people until that ever-receding, magical by and by.

He it is who has counseled every sinner since the world began to postpone repentance one more day. He stood by Felix while great Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment. And when Felix trembled under his kingly vestments and was about to yield, he it was who suggested the avenue of escape: "Go thy way for *this* time; when I have a *more convenient season,* I will call for thee."

I asked my guest if he did not feel some regrets

concerning the results of such advice. He only replied, "Oh, I don't know. I have never given it a thought. I will think it over by and by.

"Do you know," he went on, "that at one time your God said, 'There is even now already in store a sufficiency, yea, even an abundance to redeem Zion, were the churches, who call themselves after my name, willing to hearken to *my* voice'?

"That was a great day for me. Whose voice do you suppose they *were* hearkening to?"

"I am sure I do not know," I replied.

"To *mine*," he answered. "People who listen to me are deaf to God."

"Then," I answered, "I will not listen to you any more. And anyway, I must get at my work right *now*."

My visitor sprang to his feet angrily. "Do not use that word in my presence," he commanded. "If you do I shall depart instantly."

"What word?"

"That insulting word *now!*"

"Then I shall repeat it; I must go to work *now!*"

At that my uninvited visitor stumped vehemently from the room.

After he had made his exit I was about to take up the task that had been deferred, but just then I was astonished to hear the clock strike the hour of seven, and immediately my wife appeared to announce the evening meal. My half hour with this particular visitor had consumed the entire afternoon.

"What!" I cried. "I have lost six valuable hours! Where can the time have gone?"

"Why, didn't you know," she said sweetly, "that Procrastination is the thief of time?"

I am compelled to believe that the charge is true. I had harbored the greatest thief in the world. I have never recovered the six valuable hours that the old rascal stole from me. The Saints everywhere should take notice, and not admit him to their homes or listen to his blandishments.

HALF HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES

IV. MADAM RUMOR

At a certain informal social affair, the precise nature of which I have forgotten, I found myself seated by the side of a lady of very charming personality. Without waiting for an introduction, we entered into conversation, as she seemed quite eager to talk.

"You do not recognize me," she said, smilingly, "though you must have heard a great deal about me in the past."

"No," I confessed, "I do not, although your voice has a familiar sound, and I have the impression that I have seen your face before. But, then, I never can remember names and faces."

"You need not apologize. I dress very differently at different times and get myself up in so many guises that you may be pardoned for not recognizing me. But I will tell you who I am; I am Madam Rumor."

"What!" I cried. "Not *the* Madam Rumor of whom we hear so much?"

"The very same. And now I am going to be *very* confidential with you, because you are an editor, and they are among my best friends. I help them get news; thus they help me to scatter my stories farther than I otherwise could."

"But," I interposed, weakly, "I edit religious periodicals."

"That need not worry you," and she smiled sweetly; "religious people are among my very best friends. They furnish me no end of material. And I have access to many of their homes."

"Yes," she went on, "the editors are a great help to me. Though I used to get on very well even before the press was invented."

"Before the press was invented! For pity's sake, how old are you?"

"That," she answered, "is a *very* impertinent question to ask a lady. Like all single ladies, I am not old at all. I am *always* young. I have the secret of perpetual charm. Old Mark Antony was much infatuated with me in his day; and so was Belshazzar, and Pontius Pilate, and Cæsar, and all the other great ones, from A to Z. And the humblest scullion for these great men was no less interested in me.

"And it is just the same to-day," she added with delightful candor; "kings and presidents listen for my latest word. Politicians and reporters without number watch my lips and faithfully flash my words over the wires and speed them on the printed page."

"Indeed," I gasped.

"Yes, and to-morrow I contradict that which I said to-day, and then they flash *that* over the wires and speed it on the printed page."

"But," I inquired, "if you are of such importance, why have you time to sit and talk with me? Pres-

ident Wilson or the Kaiser Wilhelm may be waiting for you right now. The Associated Press may be holding the wires for news from you."

"Tut, tut," she rebuked; "you are very ignorant. Have you never heard that 'Rumor has a thousand tongues'? Well, it is true; and I have the feminine ability to use every one of them to advantage. I can talk to you and to King George and to the Associated Press and to the servant girl next door and to John D. Rockefeller all at the same time."

"My," she went on, maliciously, "I know a lot of women who would like to be able to talk as much as I can!

"But they do the best they can with one tongue," she added, charitably.

"And," she continued, "I can be in a thousand places at once. I beat Peary and Cook back from the Pole, and I followed Roosevelt into Africa. I can be busy right here in Lamoni between prayer services and at the same time be scaring ungodly Gentiles on the board of trade. My, you men are fools. You laugh when I talk about the women. But I have made life one long nightmare for man ever since the world began. I have started more business panics and wars on a thin air basis than you could count in a week. Shakespeare recognized my power to foment war and muster armies, when he said in King Henry the Fourth:

> "'And who but Rumor, who but only I,
> Make fearful musters and prepared defense?'

"And I keep civil and church courts busy with litigation started on the same basis. I have made a million murders; and regiments of suicides have accepted my stories too literally and acted on them too hastily, and now kick themselves through Tophet."

My companion seemed lost in pleasant retrospection for a time. But presently she roused herself again and continued:

"But while it is very entertaining to mingle in large affairs, to keep statesmen agog and set kingdoms by the ears with intrigues and rumors of wars, I find it even more to my taste to mingle with people in a social way, to make free with neighbors and help to spread the 'small' gossip of the town.

"You know, it is *so* interesting to tell everybody about everybody—all about the things that they have done and the things that they *would* do if they dared, and the things that they are *suspected* of doing."

She leaned toward me confidentially, and continued in an undertone, "For instance, there is Mrs. Blank, just across the room from you. She is a very unhappy woman. You didn't know it! Why *everybody* is talking about it. And just think, she has been married only a year! And her husband was *so* attentive. He is attentive *now*, but not to *her*. You are the *twentieth* person that I have told about it to-night."

As Madam Rumor talked on and on, going from one name to another, her eyes sparkled with en-

thusiasm. Her voice was thrilling. Her whole personality was magnetic. The little stories about the foibles and sins of my neighbors became entrancingly interesting. I felt impelled to hasten away and tell them to others. They seemed too good to be kept to myself. I burned to confide them to some one else. This desire seemed to increase rather than diminish when my companion charged me that I positively must tell them to no one.

But I bethought me of consequences, and so said to her, "I should think that you would make no end of trouble telling these things everywhere you go."

"Trouble," she laughed, heartily. "Why, don't you see? I grow fat on trouble—literally the more trouble there is in a community the more Rumor there is. When trouble ends in this old world Madam Rumor will die. But I am sure that, as the insurance companies would say, I am a pretty 'good risk' yet. No, young man, you will not live to publish *my* obituary."

I hastened to assure her that we were not reserving space in the *Saints' Herald* or *Autumn Leaves* on any such remote contingency, though I have since concluded that the church could well afford to publish an extended "died notice" free of charge, and erect a handsome monument over the grave of this lady, if we could have assurance that she were indeed dead.

From this rather personal topic, our talk drifted by degrees to the church. I soon discovered that

Madam Rumor knew a few things about the history of the church and fancied that she knew a great many more. She recounted the old Solomon Spalding Romance story; told me that Joseph Smith had thirty wives; and that the Saints in Missouri used to steal watermelons.

"You seem to have these stories by heart," I ventured to remark.

"Oh, yes," she replied, indifferently; "I have been telling them for many years. I used to keep the Gentiles in Missouri and Illinois all stirred up. I suppose that I had as much to do as anyone in bringing Joseph Smith to his death. And I still find a great many preachers and others who like to listen to these old stories. But I prefer something newer, something fresh, that I can get even the church people to listen to.

"Now do you know"—here followed a marvelous tale about the Presiding Bishopric. It was followed by one about the First Presidency, and another about the Quorum of Twelve. This was followed by others in rapid succession, until it seemed that no officer or member all the way down to the assistant deacon of Obscurity Branch, had been forgotten.

A wonderful thing about these stories was that certain details that I had reason to suppose were true were connected with others of a very damaging nature in such a way as to leave a sickening suspicion that perhaps *something* was wrong after all.

But right here I made bold to inquire, "Are the

things that you are telling me *true?* Are they *facts?"*

At the sound of the words *truth* and *facts,* a startled and horrified expression came over the face of my visitor.

But I persisted in my inquiry: "Can you furnish any *proof* of the things that you have told in my presence?"

And now occurred the most singular feature of this strange interview. At the word *proof,* the hitherto apparently solid and substantial form of my visitor began to grow dim and misty, and ere the sentence was finished it had faded entirely away.

Without suspecting it at the time, I had violated her one rule of intimacy. Madam Rumor will *not* remain with those who desire only *facts.* To demand *proof* is to forfeit her society.

A peculiar after-effect followed this brief half hour with the great personage who has kept the world agog for six thousand years. For some time afterward, whenever I would meet any of those friends, and especially those church members of whom she had spoken, her stories about them would instantly flash across my memory. It was impossible to banish them entirely from my mind. They created a feeling of suspicion and destroyed cordiality, even though I had learned that they were without foundation.

So I determined that the price was too great to pay for the privilege of associating with an individual who entertains such a peculiar aversion to the words

truth and *proof*. It seems that my error consisted in not using those words at the very beginning of our interview, as I am creditably informed that in such an event she immediately withdraws, or if she remains she becomes very reserved and conservative in her statements.

HALF HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES

V. THE ETERNAL JEW

I HAD been reading the Old Testament Scriptures, and had at last wandered into the New Testament. The light burned low. I ceased to read and lapsed into reverie. Many mental pictures passed before my mind's eye. I saw a tall, gaunt man, with gray beard and rugged form, standing on a mount, watching a bush burn. Strangely enough, the bush was not consumed. In fire, a new great religion was being born.

But the scene changed. In the dusk of night, by a sleeping camp I heard pitchers breaking, and trumpets blowing, while the lights of many candles blazed up. There was a rush of fighting men led by one tall youth with clean, strong face, who swung a flashing sword, and I heard the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Quickly there was another change, and I saw sheep feeding by quiet waters in a green valley, surrounded by brown hills. A shepherd boy sitting upon a rock was singing a song which began: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Again, without account of time or distance, I saw a terrible struggling mob about a low hill. There were brutal faces and brutal outcries, and fighting for vantage points. And presently on the hilltop, darkly silhouetted against the sky, stood three crosses.

Once more the scene changed and I saw a beleagured city. I saw starving Jewish women eating their own babies. Desperate Jewish soldiery fought in the breaches of broken walls. I heard the earth shake with the tread of Roman soldiers. Battering rams thundered at the gates. There were dust and blood and groans and a falling temple. Then I saw the hand of God shaking a great sieve and sifting corn over all the nations of the earth. And each kernel that fell sprang up a Jew.

Then all these confused pictures passed from my mind and gradually one figure took definite form before me. He was a tall man, with thin, dark, keen face. His hair was reddish brown. His nose was typically Jewish—the very nose that Judah wore. He was closely wrapped in a cloak that gave him an air of mystery. From his somber eyes looked something of Russia, something of America, something of the Orient, something Western—and yet it was altogether Jewish, the Eternal Jew, without home, without nation, ground and beaten, hated and hunted and feared, sifted among the nations, yet never lost.

When this mental picture, like the others, had faded, and my reverie was ended, I found myself still holding the old Bible, across whose printed pages the pageantry of the past had marched. Still under the spell of my reverie, I wrote the following, heading it with four rather splendid verses that I have read somewhere, but whose authorship I have forgotten.

THE JEW YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW

"Have they not kingly lineage, have they not pedigree?
Are they not wrapped with wonder, like the darkness of the sea?
They come out of the night of years with Asia in their blood,
Out of the mystery of time that was before the Flood.

"They saw imperial Egypt shrink and join the ruined lands;
They saw the sculptured, scarlet East sink under the gray sands;
They saw the star of Hellas rise and glimmer into dream;
They saw the wolf of Rome draw suck beside the yellow stream,
And go with ravenous eyes ablaze and jaws that would not spare,
Snarling across the Earth, then, toothless, die upon his lair.

"And have they not grief enough, this people shrunk with chains?
Must there be more Assyrias, must there be other Spains?
They are the tribes of sorrow, and for ages have been fed
On brackish desert-wells of hate and exile's bitter bread.
They sang the elegies that tell the grief of mortal years;
They built the tombs of Pharaohs, mixing the bricks with tears;
They builded up fair cities with no threshold of their own;
They gave their dust to Nineveh, to Babylon their moan.

"After tears by ruined altars, after foils in alien lands,
After wailings by strange waters, after lifting of vain hands,
After cords and stripes and burdens, after ages scorched with fire,

Shall they not find the way to peace, a land of heart's desire?
Shall they not have a place to pray, a land to lay the head?
Shall they not have the wild bird's nest, the fox's frugal bed?"

. . . . . .

The Jew of yesterday is a noble figure in the world's history. He gives us the basis of our civil law. By him our religion is shaped. From his writings we glean the texts upon which our most spiritual sermons are built; they point our morals and adorn our orations.

There is no land to which a Hebrew wanderer has not penetrated. There is no law that a Hebrew lawyer has not helped to frame. There is no bright dream that a Hebrew poet has not dreamed. There is no vista of the dim future which has not opened to the eyes of a Hebrew prophet; to his quickened ear came the greatest revelation of Deity, and his hand wrote the greatest books of all time.

We begin to trace their history as it takes its rise in the great patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who, strong in body, mind, and spirit, became the fathers and founders of a wonderful people. Defective though their lives were in some respects, still they cherished the basic principles and the simple virtues which insure existence and are the salt of religion and politics.

Next appears Moses, the great emancipator and lawgiver. After him was Joshua, the warrior. The

one gave freedom to an oppressed people, and inspired, educated, and organized them; the other drilled them and infused into them the militant spirit, so that they went as conquerors into the promised land. There, by virtue of their native qualities and the divine inspiration received from on high, they became, in most that is good, the teachers and leaders of the whole world.

Reflect for a moment upon their illustrious names. Would you find a typical pioneer? He is found in Abraham, who heard the voice say, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." So he went and staked his claim in Canaan and founded a family that was to become a nation. Do you ask for a typical lawgiver? Moses is his name. Joshua is the valiant warrior; Daniel the inspired reformer. David is still the preeminent poet. Solomon is the type of kingly splendor and wisdom. Jeremiah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, John—no greater prophets have been born of women.

. . . . . .

But what a change since the day when the King of the Jews said, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" What a change since Paul wrote, "Seeing ye judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles"!

The picture of the eternal Jew is drawn in black and white, and the contrast is harsh to the point of offense. Yesterday, the throne, the scepter, the altar,

the psaltery; to-day, the sign of the three gilded balls. Since the day when he delivered the most distinguished Jew of all time to the scourge, the Jew has been scourged by all nations, and every land has pressed upon him a crown of thorns. He has been crucified outside the gates of many cities, and every place has been for him the place of a skull.

Forbidden to hold lands in most countries, he has been forced into commerce. Hedged about with restrictions he has been obliged to resort to mean and petty practices. Overlooking the many noble and able modern Jews, the world chooses, when it looks for a typical Jew, to observe only an ignorant Russian exile, a crafty dealer in secondhand clothing, a money lender; and when any man of any race descends to unspeakable meanness in a bargain he is simply said to be "jewing his neighbor down." Shakespeare must needs choose a Jew for his Shylock, to immortalize the stigma.

The race that once caught the gleam of fire in the burning bush is now supposed to see but the glint of gold. The race that once heard the voice of God at Sinai is supposed to hear but the clink of silver. The race that once thrilled in the contemplation of problems of eternity is now supposed to think only of problems of gain. But this is an injustice. Idealism is not dead in the heart of the eternal Jew —the "Zionist" movement proves that. The passionate longing to return to Jerusalem, the hope of a

restored nation, these show that the old vision is not dead.

. . . . . .

Fortunately there is a brighter side to the picture, which is seen as we look at the future. The Jew of to-morrow will be as the Jew of yesterday. God plainly says that he will "set his hand again the second time to gather the remnant of his people."

This will not mean simply a return to the promised land, but a complete recovery of their former state of spiritual and temporal greatness. The reproach will be removed, so that kings will be proud to be their "nursing fathers," and queens be honored to be called their "nursing mothers."

The promises of God concerning them have always been fulfilled. He declared that he would sift them among all nations "as corn is sifted in a sieve." It was done. Yet he declared that "not one grain" should be lost. It is true. They are scattered but not lost. So far as the Jew proper is concerned, he is a Jew anywhere. Bleached by the Arctic winds or tanned by the African sun, he is still a Jew. He may rise to the highest heights of education and wealth, or sink to the lowest depths of ignorance and poverty, he is still a Jew. Rothschild or "sheeney," he is a Jew.

When the gospel again comes to them, as it surely will when the "times of the Gentiles are fulfilled," the same Spirit will go with it that has quickened the

intellect of every people to whom God ever sent the gospel.

If the Gentile nations, among whom the gospel has been preached so long and whose intelligences have been enlivened by inspiration, shall fail to acknowledge the source of their greatness, the sun will set upon their glory, and they will cease to lead as inventors and rulers, as artists and writers, and the Jew will again lead and teach.

The subject is of vast importance, because the welfare of the whole world is more or less affected by the welfare of the Jew. Abraham was not chosen for his own benefit alone, but that "in thee and in thy seed" all the nations of the earth might be blessed.

Looking into the future we see the time when the Jew shall attain to his supreme greatness, perhaps not as a Jew, but rather as a citizen of that great nation that shall be made up of men from every race and every clime—the great general assembly of the First-born.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

WE make many a bitter pill worse by Fletcherizing it before we swallow it.

About the deadest thing in the world is a hobby that has been ridden to death.

The gospel grasps the humble man by the hand and helps him up; but it takes the haughty man by the heel and pulls him down.

They do say that Adam's failure was largely on account of Eve's extravagance. He started out with a fine estate and a good position, but she squandered it all on apples and aprons. But there were no neighbors to worry about it; which makes it quite different from any similar case from then until now.

John Smith, finding himself in debt to Pocahontas for his life, paid the debt with his heart. Which was quite like a man. Thereupon she left all else that she loved and followed him to England, where she quickly died in a strange climate among strange people. Finding herself in debt to John Smith for his heart, she paid the debt with her life. Which was quite like a woman.

Mrs. Eddy, mother of Christian Science, argues that poisons kill only because everybody thinks that

poison kills. The individual is the victim of universal mental suggestion. This is "demonstrated," no doubt, by potato bugs, which are *very* susceptible to mental suggestion and die quickly after eating Paris green.

In the foregoing paragraph we say that potato bugs die, which of course is merely a "term of convenience" to cover their "mortal error." The farmer *thinks* that they are dead, and the bugs *think* that they are dead—which is another convenience.

Joseph Luff used to say that there are many willing to be the anvil and more who are willing to be the hammer, but oh, how few there are who are willing to be the iron between the hammer and the anvil!

We may boast that we never make the same mistake twice. If so, we have an astonishing variety of new ones. We are versatile. Our own experiences in this line should make us more charitable towards others. Let us remember that Jesus left the courts of glory, where no mistakes ever occur, and came down to consort with men who are like us. He loved them in spite of their mistakes. Can we do less? If we wait to love until we find men who never make mistakes we will go to our tombs unloving and unloved—and the sooner the better. But after all is said on the subject of mistakes, it remains to add, that the most fatal and fatuous mistake of all is

made by the man who refuses to recognize and admit that he makes mistakes.

A wise old owl, upon being told that he was bigger than the eagle, merely blinked his eyes. In his mind he hooted at the idea. But he was too polite to say anything aloud, so he kept on catching mice and thinking his own thoughts. But a foolish sapsucker, receiving the same flattery, immediately flew up in the air and imagined that he filled the whole heavens with the spread of his wings.

A modest man receiving great praise retains his own opinion of himself. But a vain man immediately swells up to fill the new specifications.

When an otherwise excellent brother becomes inflated and imagines that he is the very last word in the vocabulary, ordinary men are greatly tempted to puncture him. But what is our duty in the case? It is a problem. Does it call for Christian forbearance or "direct action"? What did Jesus do when the brethren got the bighead? Strangely enough, he began at the other extremity. He got down on his knees and washed their feet. And while he did it the men got smaller and smaller and smaller, until they were quite normal again. But Jesus was really a big man. If we should try that we might become very proud of our humility.

O beautiful star, that guided afar over valley and

height, where are your rays to-night? They are blotted out in the dust and rout and smoke of the fight. They shine not to-night. O beautiful song, full-toned and strong with angels' delight, where are your strains to-night? They are drowned by the crash of guns and the flash of shells as they break. The sad hearts that ache in this dark night of pain forbid that glad strain. The angels sit dumb in their heavenly home. (December, 1917.)

Paul, possibly the greatest missionary that ever lived, was a great student as well as dreamer. He could quote the Greek poets or mend a tent. He walked with composure and dignity up the slopes of Mars Hill and with equal ease took charge of a ship at sea in a storm when the crew was in a blue funk. Joseph's brethren said, "Behold this *dreamer* cometh." Later he administered the affairs of Egypt. The truth of course is that these men were practical men—plus the dream, the study, and the vision. And that is the kind of men we need in redeeming Zion.

The man who does a bit of constructive work will soon be told four things: First, it should not have been done at all. Second, it should not have been done in that way. Third, it should not have been done at that time. Fourth, some one else should have done it.

BOOK TWO

Square Blocks

THE VALLEY DE GROUCH

Spend not all your time in the Valley de Grouch—
  Come stand on the hill where there's plenty of room.
Come out of the jungle and sit in the sun,
  And watch the sweet roses of charity bloom.

Spend not your time in the culture of lemons,
  But see that your olive trees bear their increase;
And carry their branches along on the road
  That was traveled one time by the Prince of Peace.

And soak not the sponge in wormwood and gall
  That you hold to the lips of your fellow man;
But give him instead a cup of cold water,
  Thus squaring your life with the Nazarene's plan.

Spend not all your days in the Valley de Grouch;
  And arm not your soul with the brier and thorn.
Come stand on the mount with the Great Friend of Man
  Whose life was all sweet like the breath of the morn.

E. A. S.

SQUARE BLOCKS

I MAY have in my mind a very splendid picture of a rose. But if I am obliged to attempt to outline and portray that rose with the aid only of square wooden blocks, I convey to your mind a very inadequate idea of that which is in my mind.

That is the trouble with words. They are square blocks that we have invented to express our thoughts. They are very imperfect and we use them very imperfectly—all of which accounts for a great deal of the misunderstanding in the church as well as in the world.

It is true that some men are more gifted than others. With them language is both vivid and plastic, taking always the form of their thought—but most of us work with square blocks.

Fortunately, however, words are more important in logic than in life—if you can get what is meant by that. Men of scholastic mind are always very much interested in formulating exact definitions for every proposition—or rather in attempting to formulate exact definitions. That is proper, too, for definitions must accompany every attempt to analyze. But we repeat, words are more important to logic than to life.

The spirit of man, as well as the Spirit of God, has a way of speaking over, under, between words—

however you wish to express the thought. We are not altogether limited to square blocks.

My friend stands at the grave side of his little child. I come to him, filled with sympathy, but quite unable to clothe my feelings in words. All the fine big words have vanished away. Only a few common ones are at hand and they do not seem to mean much, under the circumstances. But something does speak through my halting phrases and reach his heart, so that he is comforted and understands. Lips say little to ear; but heart speaks to heart so that the idea clumsily portrayed by my square blocks is expressed and comprehended.

There is something after all to the almost inarticulate appeal with which we often end an effort to explain, "Well, you know what I mean, anyway."

History is full of instances where speech has produced astounding results quite out of proportion to anything that was put into words. Back of every impassioned utterance is a great reservoir of human emotion that bursts over the dam and gets away without being recorded. "Liberty, equality, fraternity," that was all the French Revolution put into words. But those three square blocks of speech were accompanied by torrents of emotion and cataclysmic action.

Analyze Peter's speech at Pentecost. Is there anything in it, so far as we have it in words, to account for the astonishing effect produced at the time? But Peter was endowed with power from on high,

as was promised. The spirit of Peter spoke much more than the lips of Peter could utter. The Spirit of God rode through and over and under his speech. It is well said that his hearers were "pricked in their hearts." There may have been logic there—but it was logic plus. There was something besides Peter's very hard and very square utterances.

So, after all, there must be a profound philosophy in the injunction that we shall not attempt to preach without the Spirit. Otherwise we may merely attempt to portray a splendid picture with the aid only of a few square blocks (some speakers have a bigger collection than others) and the result will be pitiful when it is not ridiculous, and so terribly, terribly monotonous. Without that peculiar unction from on high that gave wings to his thoughts, Peter's Pentecostal sermon might have put the whole audience to sleep. We suspect that people did go to sleep sometimes when Peter preached, but not at Pentecost.

A study of homiletics, rhetoric, logic, public speaking, may help one a great deal in the arrangement of his ideas in an orderly and logical manner, and in the selection and delivery of his sentences. But if that is all he has, men very quickly discover that he is merely playing in the pulpit with building blocks. They prefer to play with their own blocks on the street corner or in the club. After Jesus had taught the apostles for years, and when the mission field lay before them white for the harvest, as he

himself had declared, he yet said to them, "Wait, wait, wait."

Wait for what? Did they not understand the gospel message? Did they not have words—words—plenty of words, good words? Peter never lacked for words. The harvest was white. The laborers were few. Yet Jesus said, "Wait." Wait for what? "Wait till you are endowed with power from on high."

A certain well-known elder who left the church years ago felt that he could go on preaching without any trouble. He had been very popular as a preacher. He said, "Why, of course I can go on preaching. All there is to preaching is to make up one's mind what to say and then get up in the pulpit and say it." Very simple. Yet as a matter of fact he had lost his power to preach and never regained it. The change was patent even to nonmembers.

Mark Twain once made a minister very angry of a Sunday when he said, "I have a book at home in my library which contains every word of your sermon." Mark referred to the dictionary. A pocket dictionary contains all the words that a man will need for a very good sermon—at least it has all that there are in the Sermon on the Mount. The Instructor has in small compass classified texts enough to supply scripture for a great many sermons on a great many subjects. Pattison tells all about "The making of the sermon." Well, what more does a man need? There are the words, there are the texts, there are the rules.

But every time a man goes into the pulpit, if he is a man of sense and modesty, he is likely to be appalled by the thought, How am I to portray Christ with the square blocks at my disposal? The words come to him also, "Wait—wait—until you are endowed with power from on high." Jesus said, "My words they are spirit and they are life." And the promise was given of old, "I will make my words in thy mouth fire."

ADVANCE THE BALL

IN A well-organized football eleven every move of every player is designed to advance the ball. Every player supports the team. Every player supports every other player. All try to make the goal. One man may have the honor to carry the ball forward for a gain—but all others help him to make the play. Some may run before or beside him for "interference"; but they do not interfere with *him;* they protect him and interfere with his assailants. All obey the signals. There is discipline and order.

Suppose that in a certain team, after the line-up has been determined for the game, after the whistle has blown and action is on, two or more players decide to oppose each other. Or suppose they decide to oppose the captain or quarter back, to "rough" and "foul" their own fellows in the scrimmage to defy the orders, and ball up the signals. What will happen? The opposition will go right through them and around them and over them.

What would you think of such a team? Reverse the question. What do you suppose a good football team would think of some of the things we do? If two players on an eleven should decide to fight each other, that would leave nine to meet the enemy. If four should become thus involved, seven would be left. If five should decide to oppose the remaining

six, one would be left to oppose the enemy. The same principle holds good in a branch, in a stake, or in the general church.

Here is an incident not so unusual that one may say it never happened: a certain branch, or district, or stake, has its regular business meeting or conference. Policies are discussed. Officers are elected, or sustained, as the case may be. The line-up for the team is decided upon. But almost immediately when the work is begun, some of the officers get at outs and spend the rest of the time trying to defeat one another. Or perhaps they get at outs with the branch president, or the district or stake president, as the case may be, and spend the rest of the year trying to make him unhappy and to balk his plans. Or possibly those on the side lines get upon the field and endeavor to kick the ball about. What would you think of such a branch? Obviously, Methuselah would not live long enough to see it make even a ten yard gain. It is impossible to advance the ball. While the struggle goes on, few are left to meet the enemy—and he goes right through our line.

Is the picture overdrawn? Since this editorial was begun a letter came to the desk of the Presidency from a brother in a rather large and important branch. He says:

"We have a wonderful opportunity here to build up an organization that will be a power for good in the church, but every effort is being made to frustrate all progressive movements; in fact, the past

year as I view it has been devoted to defending the policies of the church against those who insist that it is being led to destruction."

Why not line up and play the game? Let our objections be registered at the proper time by voice and vote in conference and business meeting, and at elections. But when the majority has decided the line-up for a season, let us get busy and advance the ball. Let us heed legitimate leadership and discipline and direction. Otherwise we can never, never win out at the goal.

Some one may say: "Oh, that is Brighamism! You want us to obey counsel, to follow the file leader. That is Brighamism!" It is not. The charge has so little foundation that it is not even worth while to get angry about it. Here is one vital difference between "Brighamism" and our philosophy and procedure. Brighamism gives no opportunity for free speech at the business sessions and conferences, the very place where the people are to discuss matters and determine common consent by the ballot.

The man who started any sort of opposition in Brigham's day, and for a long time after, was speedily shown to the door by an escort of very efficient ushers. He found himself immediately in the great and glorious out-of-doors. The conference went on without him—and a negative vote was not taken. Often the recalcitrant member found himself disfellowshiped speedily, if indeed he escaped an exposition of the principle of "blood atonement."

Have we anything like that? You know we have not. Free speech has been the rule in our conferences —very free indeed. And very often those who have stood in opposition to the administration have been given positions of great trust and responsibility as well as honor. That has been done to this very day.

The late General Conference [1919] was monumental evidence that the right of free speech remains unabridged. Everyone said about what he pleased. Debate continued until the people closed it themselves. In *every* decision made by the chairman on a question wherein there was even a shadow of doubt, free speech was given the benefit of the doubt. You know that to be a fact.

If this church errs in anything it errs in too great leniency, and men are allowed to go on and on until they ruin themselves and others. If you do not believe that, get the proper longitude and latitude and draw a straight line across the map toward Toronto. Where an attempt has been made to curb one man who will not play the game according to the divine rules, a dozen have been permitted to go scot free, because to the last extremity we have thought to save them.

But returning to our theme: free speech has its time and place. And there is a time for work—orderly, concentrated, disciplined work. When the debate is over, in branch, district, or stake, or general church, the votes cast and counted, the line-up for the period determined, we ought to get busy and

play the game, giving mutual support. Let us advance the ball.

Let us not deceive ourselves. We are not out for a summer picnic or a little joint debate among ourselves. The opposition is lined up. And the opposition is bent upon only one thing: the entire destruction of the church, root and branch.

Have you noted the character of the books appearing against us? Have you observed the work of the lecturers who are covering various parts of the country? It is reported that two hundred and eighty-eight thousand congregations of various denominations have banded themselves in an alliance to destroy "Mormonism," as they term it. And their hardest attack many times is upon the Reorganized Church—not upon the Utah Mormons. Some of them, at least, do not hate polygamy as bad as they have claimed to do, or they would not pass by Utah Mormonism to attack a moral and religious people whose record is clean and honorable. But so it is. The issue is drawn. The battle is on.

Have we time for bickerings? The opposition does not wait for us to adjust our little differences. Our opponents have no excessively reverential regard for fair play. They are not lopsided with overdeveloped consciences. They mean business. They are smashing at our center and driving at the ends of our line. Perhaps we had better get together and advance the ball.

WANTED: BIG MEN

Sermon at Lamoni, Iowa, January 27, 1916.

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.—Ephesians 4:15.

But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.—Ephesians 4:15.

But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. To him be glory both now and forever. Amen.—2 Peter 3:18.

YOU will notice that in the texts I have selected, the subject of growth is mentioned, and the idea is held forth that we are to grow until we become like Christ; that we are to be measured by him.

FEEDING A GRUDGE HEART TISSUE

We want men and women who are too big to hold a grudge against one another. A big spirit never holds a grudge, and the spirit that holds a grudge can never become large. It takes too much spiritual sustenance to keep a grudge alive—the man is starved to death.

It costs more to keep a grudge than it does to keep a horse or an automobile. A horse eats hay, and an automobile burns up gasoline; but a grudge eats the heart of the man himself, and he will burn in hell eventually if he does not cast it out; because Jesus said definitely, "If ye forgive not men their tres-

passes, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

You perhaps have seen men who have nursed a grudge for long, long years. It made them suffer, and it has made others suffer. They are never satisfied until they "get even" with some one; and after they have gotten even they feel meaner than they did before. A grudge makes you feel bad all the time until you gratify it, and then you feel worse than you did before.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

We want men and women who are so big that they will not do a mean or contemptible trick. We want men and women who are so big that they will not betray a friend. It is a mark of nobility and greatness of character to be true to a friend, true to the cause, true to the church, true to our convictions, no matter under what conditions we may find ourselves. If we have that kind of men and women in the church they are the most valuable asset we have.

The bishop may make his report annually to the conference. He may have a list of figures headed "Assets of the church," showing money in hand, and notes, church buildings, etc.; but I want to tell you that the greatest asset that this church has, consists of the men and women who are big in character; the living assets of the church. But when we have men and women who are small, they are liabilities.

FOURTEEN MEN FOURTEEN DAYS

The High Council has just recently finished sitting in Independence. We were held there for fourteen days, possibly a little longer. Fourteen men on the supreme court of the church, sitting for at least fourteen days, to hear various cases of difficulty that had come up on appeal. Some of these cases, if not all of them, (certainly the majority of them,) grew out of trivial matters. They grew out of the little things that could have been avoided had the participants, one or both of them, been big enough to avoid the follies and offenses that brought them finally into that court. Of course by the time the cases reached us they had grown to great proportions.

Fourteen men for fourteen days—that means the time of one man for six months and a half to hear those cases of difficulty that had come up to the High Council in one season. This was an extraordinary session, I know; the longest session we have had in the history of the church; but just think of it! The idea of taking out of the field a man, a high priest, efficient enough to sit on the High Council, able to preside over large pastorates like Kansas City, or Des Moines, taking such a man as that out of his field at church expense for six and one half months to listen to cases of difficulty that ought never to have come up at all!

No case ever ought to reach the church courts. Always there is one side or the other, and frequently both sides, more or less at fault.

It would be interesting to ascertain the time taken up by elders' courts all over the country; by ministers in charge called out of their fields to settle cases of difficulty in different branches; and the time taken up by teachers in settling difficulties, and by pastors; and find out just how much time it takes year by year to adjust and adjudicate these difficulties that ought not to come up at all. And when you have finally done that and have some idea of the loss that occurs to the church, not only in point of time, but also in efficiency, you will agree that we want big men and big women.

We may become great by being humble. Whenever you find an individual who is trying to exalt himself, and thinking all the time how big he is, you will find an individual who is not growing. It is said that a watched kettle never boils; and the individual who watches his soul, and congratulates himself that he is getting a little bigger than somebody else, is not growing at all.

What is it to become great? Probably everybody has a desire to be great. Most of us start out in life with very high ambitions. We think that we want to do something extraordinary. We want to achieve some high position. We feel that we can make a success in some field. Every healthy boy and girl has that ambition.

WHAT HAPPENS TO MOST OF US?

Well, now, what happens to most of us? A certain number of men start out. When one of these men

is forty years old, perhaps, he finds himself on a farm. He started out with those high ambitions; but he finds himself at forty years of age on the farm, plowing the same old fields that he has plowed every year in the spring, reaping the same fields in the fall, milking the same old cows at night, doing day by day and year by year the same old round of drudgery.

The second man finds himself in a store behind the counter at forty years of age. He goes down to the store every morning, sells buttons, tape, shoes, etc., and goes home at night. The next morning he gets up and repeats the process.

The third man finds himself in a factory at forty years of age. He leaves home in the morning before his children are up. He sits or stands at a machine all day long, and goes home after dark after his children are asleep—perhaps doesn't see them awake for months at a time.

This is the common lot of the majority of people, and fairly portrays it. But in the course of time, having failed to achieve what they considered true greatness, these men (and the same is typical of women also) begin to transfer their ambitions to their children, if they have children, and think what wonderful things they will accomplish. They take great delight and pleasure in seeing their children develop. They pass the torch along to the next runner in life's "relay race."

OUR CHILDREN TOO

Time goes on as we watch the children grow, and if we live long enough, when they are forty years of age, we see the one boy on the farm, plowing the same old field in the spring, reaping the same old field in the fall, milking the same old cows at night.

In the second case we see the boy, now a man, forty years old, behind the counter, selling buttons, tape, shoes, etc.; and in the third case the boy goes to the factory in the morning, stands or sits at the machine all day, coming home after night. The same thing that has happened to us has happened to them, and this is the common experience of man.

It is only an exceptional individual who climbs up to some position that we commonly credit with being great. It is a fact that the majority of humanity finds itself condemned to walk in the common walks of life; and defeated in their ambition to be great, as they esteem greatness, weary of endless drudgery, hundreds become discouraged and commit suicide.

A TRUE CONCEPTION OF GREATNESS

There is a wrong idea of greatness. We do not have to climb up into some high position to be great. We do not have to accumulate a lot of money to be great men and women. Greatness doesn't consist in what we *have,* nor in *where we are,* or in what we have *done.* It consists in *what we are.*

Socrates was a great man. He was born of common parentage. He never accumulated much money or land. He was poor all his life. He went around barefooted, wearing an old robe. He never accepted an office, politically, excepting one almost forgotten term in the senate.

THE LIE TO AN OLD THEORY

Socrates was great in spirit. By his unflinching integrity, by his absolute fearlessness of everything on earth excepting to do wrong, by his virtue, and his honesty, he was so great that his name became proverbial. It seems as though nature designed him in order to give the lie to the pagan world theory that greatness consists in money, or appearance, or position. Socrates had none of these; neither money, position, nor dignified appearance.

Jesus Christ himself, the greatest spirit that ever walked in human flesh, was the son of a common carpenter, and is said to have been a carpenter in his younger days. Jesus himself was not great because of what he did. It is true that he suffered martyrdom, but so did others—so did Socrates. It is true that he performed great miracles, but so did Elijah. It is true that he wrought marvelous works, but he said to his disciples, "The things that I do ye shall do, and greater things than these."

Jesus Christ was great because of what he was—not because of what he did, but because of what he was. He was the supreme representation of the God-

like spirit. He said, "He that hath seen me hath seen God." He was great all the time, whether in action or in repose. If you or I ever are to become great, it will be because we have become like him, and partaken of his Spirit.

Then the great majority of men, finding themselves defeated in their ambition to become great according to the worldly idea, unable to accumulate a great amount of wealth, unable to climb up to the high position they covet, may satisfy themselves with this thought, that greatness is not constituted of these things at all. Greatness is of the spirit. Greatness is manifested in integrity, honesty, and virtue; and the man who tills his farm, cultivates his field, plowing in the spring, reaping in the fall, milking his cows at night, may be a greater man than the individual who has climbed up to the senate, or even to some higher place, and has not cultivated honesty, integrity, and virtue.

The man behind the counter, or the man in the factory, the wife at home, all of these may become truly great. They do not need to become discouraged or dissatisfied with the toil of the endless round of life. They may achieve greatness, and their children after them; they may become great in spirit.

Jesus tells us that he that is faithful in the things that are least, shall be made ruler over things that are great. Thus we prepare ourselves by being faithful in these smaller things, for greater positions of trust, here or hereafter; and finally, if God or the

people shall call us up to some higher position, ecclesiastical or political, or in the civic affairs of the community, we will be prepared to occupy.

ELBOW ROOM

A man's gift maketh room for him.—Proverbs 18:16.

THE church truly gathers into her domain of every kind, as the Master predicted. Even among those who are good and worthy, (the only kind we wish to consider at this time,) there exists the utmost diversity of characteristics, interests, and abilities. This in itself is immensely to the advantage of the church, and adds greatly to her strength and efficiency, if only we look at the matter in the right way.

But if we do not look at it in the right way there is trouble. Whenever one man, or a group of men of similar individuality, conceives the notion that all men should be recast in one mold, in an exact replica of themselves, there is trouble. If they are at all successful in their efforts the church is impoverished.

Here is one man, perhaps typical of a class, a missionary in a leading quorum, who has acquired considerable culture. He has read quite extensively and intelligently, and thus has enriched his mind on many subjects. He is interested in history, science, art, music, the languages, ethics. True, he does not often preach "an old-fashioned doctrinal sermon"; probably he would not be much good to meet an Adventist on the Sabbath question or on the question of "soul sleeping."

Some may be very suspicious of this man's influence. Concerning a man of that type, a certain brother remarked: "I have heard him preach a whole series of sermons and one could not have told from any of them that he was a Latter Day Saint."

But another brother said of the same man: "I never heard him preach a sermon that I did not consider a Latter Day Saint sermon. He always fills me full of religious enthusiasm."

Surely this man has his field of usefulness. By him the church is enriched. It is enabled to compass a broader field. Because we are inclined to stick pretty close to the first principles most of the time, we ought not deny this man elbow room to do his work.

Here is another man of a different type, a "chapter and verse man," a "first principle man," who sticks to doctrinal themes and always has his scriptural quotations at hand. He is a four-square man, armed at every angle against theological aggression —prepared for Adventists, "Campbellites," Catholics, Spiritualists, Dunkards, Methodists, Christian Scientists, what not.

While admired by many, this man has his critics; those who allege that he is too dogmatic, too narrow, too old-fashioned. But he is just the man to use in many places along the thousands of miles of frontier that the church must defend. He is a splendid proselyter. He is rugged and fearless. He does not shrink from the trenches.

He is equipped to instruct and reach many in-

quirers who, like the vast majority of worldly people, are hardly yet in the primary class in theology. He is preeminently successful in those fields that demand and must have "first principle preaching," where all the cry must be repentance.

The church is really fortunate to have these two men, widely as they differ. Why should either crowd the other or seek to depreciate his usefulness? Suppose all our members were just like one or the other of these two? Let each man ask himself:

> What kind of church would our church be,
> If every member were just like me?

Most of us will admit that it would be a very lopsided affair—exceedingly strong at some points, but terribly weak at other points. No one man completes the circle of perfection. Most men are made up of a mixture of strength and weakness—"iron mixed with miry clay." Let every man throw his strength into the work in his own way, if it is not an unlawful way. We are enriched and strengthened by this great variety.

How broad is our commission. No one man can cover the entire field. Why should one complain because all do not specialize on the theme that he has selected for himself?

One man is a great student of books. He keeps abreast with contemporaneous thought in the universities, and reads all the new books as well as the old. Shall we crowd him out because he has "book learn-

ing"? or discount him because his sentences are grammatical? Shall we allow the "contempt of the unlearned" to fall upon him and hinder his work? Shall we dismiss him with the epithet, "High brow"?

Most certainly not. Use him. Give the man elbow room—room according to his strength.

But here is another man who does not care for books. He may even feel a degree of misplaced pride in the mistaken idea that he is not educated. He fails to realize that he gets his education from men. He is a student of man. He talks and questions and observes. Socrates got his education in that way. He was not much seen bothering his head over books. He was in the market place, at the banquet, on the street, wherever men were, asking questions, "cross-questioning humanity," as one writer expressed it.

How about this man? He has no university degree; sometimes he gets badly mixed up in the mazes of the king's English. But he may have most excellent judgment in homely, practical matters. God can use him, too. And there is not the slightest reason why these two men should run afoul of each other; or that either should affirm, "The church has no need of you."

The church needs real men. If they are not all alike, so much the better. Are they upstanding men? That is the question. Can we trust them? Are they loyal men?

There may even be among us here and there a man of the iconoclast type, who may challenge an-

cient truth at some points. Or rather he may challenge *our* interpretation, or perception, of truth. What shall we do with him? Shall we come down on him quick and hard and crowd him out of the church? Is there or is there not elbow room for such a man?

Must we join the hue and cry that has pursued the heretic in all ages? The "heresy hunt," as President Joseph Smith called it, formerly ended at the stake. The methods are different now. How about the spirit? We will not answer these questions, but leave them for our readers to ponder, merely suggesting this true principle: whatever steps may be necessary in order to curtail or prevent the preaching of error should be taken with kindly care, with a broad and enlightened comprehension of human characteristics and divine truth and compassion, and not in the hard, bitter, dogmatic spirit of the ancient heretic baiter.

We plead for a broad and liberal attitude; one that will recognize the varied richness of our church enterprises, and the strength and beauty in the aggregation of the wonderfully diverse characteristics of those whom God calls—*according* to the gifts of God unto *them*."

Let every man have elbow room to stand up and work, providing, of course, his work is in any sense productive of good and destructive of evil. Let all the members work together without interference and with mutual confidence and honor.

Paul must have had some such thought in mind when he wrote his famous analogy of the church and the body (1 Corinthians 12). He says: "If they were all *one member,* where were the body?" He goes on to rejoice, "But now are they *many* members, yet one body." He affirms that "God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him." And he concludes that the *eye* cannot say unto the *hand,* "I have no need of *thee,*" and so on.

Yes, it is said in modern revelation, "All are called according to the gifts of God unto *them.*" I cannot labor with your gifts; nor you with mine. I should not seek to force you to conform to my type; but all should seek to approach, each in his sphere, the Christ type. In that way all, by unity in diversity, may make up the perfect church, the efficient body of Christ, "that there should be no schism in the body."

THE COAST PATROL

AT A TIME when I was quite ill in Southern California, and confined to my wheel chair, I used often to sit and watch the deep blue sea and listen to the mournful murmur of the waves. The waves were not half so mournful as I, nor the sea nearly so blue. Yet the experience had its compensations. For there I made the acquaintance of a notable band of aviators. Many of them I came to know by sight, and some of them personally, as for instance Captain Golightly and Lieutenant Flapper. These aviators of Hermosa Beach are among the very best in the world and take the air quite regardless of weather conditions. Well may it be so, for their fathers were versed in aeronautics at a time when, according to Darwin, the great-grandfather of the Wright brothers lived in a tree. They looked down serenely on Kittyhawk and watched man's first erratic attempts to fly. It is even possible that they smiled at Darius Green, though I never did see one of them smile at anything. Probably their children will fly after the last great aeroplane has plunged into the sea. I dubbed these fellows the Coast Patrol, and the following lines were written in memory of their courage and prowess:

THE SONG OF THE SEA GULLS

Since wave first broke or fog blew in,
Since sailor tanked his hold with gin,
Since ship had sail or fish had fin,
We've kept the beach from shoal to shoal—
We are the flying Coast Patrol.

Since Adam ate his apple down,
And Eve put on her wedding gown,
And both raised Cain in Eden town,
We've kept the sea from deep to shoal—
We are the flying Coast Patrol.

Till waves shall rest their foamy crest,
And Sea no longer heave her breast,
Our wings shall to the gale be pressed.
Man claims that he alone has soul—
But we have wings—the Coast Patrol.

Till stars no more their vigils keep,
Or moon draw tides from deep to deep.
Or women for their sailors weep,
We'll keep the beach from shoal to shoal—
We are the flying Coast Patrol.

DESIRE FOR TWELVE O'CLOCK AT ELEVEN

JOHN SPARGO comments on what he terms the desire of humanity for twelve o'clock when it is only eleven.

An impassioned speaker may implant in some heart a noble ideal. To accept and properly appraise the ideal is a matter of moment. To live up to it and bring it to fruition may be a work of years. There comes the test of character. Will the man weakly indulge in the wish that the time of fruition had come? Or will he wisely use the time in ways calculated to make his dream real.

The boy or girl in high school or college looks longingly towards commencement day. How splendid will be the hour of graduation. The desire for twelve o'clock when it is only eleven becomes very keen. But there are those two, three, or four years yet remaining before graduation. There are geometry, Latin, physics, and many other giants to be overcome. Will he (or she) use every minute of the time to advance and win out to graduation with honors? Or will the desire for twelve o'clock when it is only eleven consume all the energy that is expended?

The young nurse in the sanitarium looks longingly towards the day when the course of training will be ended. How fine it will be to don the uniform of a

graduate trained nurse! But there are those long months of toil. There are those disagreeable, revolting, menial tasks to be performed, those long vigils to be kept, those problems to master, that discipline to acquire. There is not a moment to waste wishing it were twelve at eleven. If time is wasted, the twelve o'clock of the girl's ambition will never strike.

There is the young elder just beginning his ministry, or perhaps just preparing for it. How he looks forward to the day when he shall prosecute a successful foreign mission, or preside over an active branch, or as an evangelist move throngs to repentance by his eloquence.

But wishing will not make it twelve o'clock for him when it is only eleven. He must use that hour in preparation—study, prayer, experience—these will equip him for twelve o'clock when it really comes.

A member of the class in religious education in Graceland College said: "We don't seem to be getting anywhere!" Another added: "They expect too much of us. When we get up to speak they expect a wonderful sermon; better than an old, experienced minister could preach."

True, perhaps—possibly the boys have been wishing for twelve o'clock at eleven. Perhaps the church has expected them to bring forth noonday fruits at eleven. It would not be fair to expect that, at graduation, after only one year of preparation, each man should come out a Heman C. Smith in logic, a Joseph Luff in eloquence, a Charles Derry in piety, and an

E. E. Long in polemics. Don't expect twelve o'clock at eleven.

The whole church has caught a vision of Zion redeemed. We get it from the revelations and from the impassioned appeals of our orators. It takes only a short time for the desire to grow in our hearts. It takes a long time to work out its fulfillment. So little has been done! Shall we sit down and lament, or scold, as our temperament may be, because Zion is not yet realized—idly repine because it is not twelve o'clock at eleven? Or shall we set ourselves to use those sixty minutes that remain?

We cannot find a short cut past the rigid discipline, the renunciation, the sacrifice, the remodeling of thought, habit, character, the consolidation, the socialization that must come before it is twelve o'clock in Zion. Let us use the hour.

THE FLIGHT OF THE AEROPLANES

JERUSALEM, September 12.—Armed airships and aeroplanes are continually flying over the birthplace of the Prince of Peace at Bethlehem. Nearly the entire Holy Land has been transformed into a military camp. Soldiers are maneuvering every day on the Mount of Olives, at Golgotha and Jerusalem. The English, French, and Russian convents have been turned into barracks, and between Judea and Jericho, where transportation was by mule pack in the days when Christ came to bring 'Peace on earth,' a road is being constructed for armored motor cars.

"Long columns of buffaloes, driven by Arab peasants, are hauling carts loaded with powder, projectiles, and other supplies for the Turkish army, the favorite routes of pilgrims in Palestine. Fast dromedaries of the camel corps maintain communciation between the camps in Palestine and the Turkish headquarters. It is supposed that the concentration of the young recruits in the Holy Land is with a view to another attack upon Egypt."—*The Des Moines (Iowa) Register,* September 13, 1915.

Not the least dramatic of the incidents of the World War is that recorded in the foregoing news item. Armored aeroplanes, like birds of prey, now cast their black shadows on Bethlehem. Soldiers are drilling at the Mount of Olives.

We heard a girl say, "I love to climb to the top of

a mountain, where I can look up and up, almost, it seems, clear into heaven." Jesus also loved to stand upon an eminence.

At the very time when he was delivering his discourses regarding the signs of his second coming and the end of the world, he spent his nights on the Mount of Olives.

"And in the daytime he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives."—Luke 21:37.

If he were there to-day, what a change he would witness. If that girl were to climb the Mount of Olives now and look up into the sky she would not see far into heaven. Armored aeroplanes would arrest her vision. They have taken the place of the angelic hosts that sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Her reveries would be disturbed by the tramp of soldiers. They march now where the twelve apostles of the Lamb formerly abode with their Master.

What does it mean? These are but signs of the times mentioned by Jesus, when wars and rumors of wars should engage the attention of men. Even the sacred stillness of the upper air in the Holy Land is disturbed and affrighted by the whirling propellers of airships.

In his wonderful poem, Locksley Hall, Tennyson says: "For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see."

Evidently he dipped into the future farther than human eye unaided could penetrate. Without doubt

the major poets have at times been inspired with the prophetic spirit; they are spiritually kin to the prophets. He continued:

"For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder yet to be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Daily the air men of the nations fight among the clouds. A war plane drops down above a great Zeppelin and fires into her. There is an explosion, the members of the crew are blown to bits—as when Tennyson in his vision heard the heavens filled with shouting, and beheld a ghastly dew raining from the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue. A great Zeppelin hangs suspended in midheaven at midnight and rains fire and earthquake on populous London.

What more spectacular sign could be set in the heavens than this flight of the armored airships, now taking place over Europe, and especially over the Holy Land, where Jesus was born, and where he dwelt when he said: "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars . . . for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom."

October 6, 1915.

THE DAWN AT MIDNIGHT

IN THE small hours of Monday morning, November 11 [1918], we were awakened by the roaring whistles of Kansas City. There was a sound in the air that no one had ever heard before. Those whistles conveyed upon the startled air a message. The world war was over. Peace had come.

We wished for the genius of Poe, who interpreted the bells, that we might interpret this message of the whistles. But the whistles were not like Poe's "wild alarum bells" with their "tale of terror" in the "startled ear of night"—the bells that "feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone." This was a message of joy, literally heard the world around. For the whistles were but the prelude to a bedlam of noise and a welter of emotions that circled the globe.

The expression that was denied us came to Sister Viola Short, who wrote a splendid poem, beginning:

"Was ever the dawn at midnight?
Aye, once in the long ago,
When angels sang o'er Bethlehem's plain
To a sleeping world below.

"Has the miracle been repeated?
Last night when darkness was deep,
Glad sounds—the dawning of peace on earth—
Rang out on a world in sleep.

"They spoke of millions unshackled,
Henceforth, like us, they were freed;
Of the passing of thrones and dominions—
As the Lord himself has decreed."

The world may have indulged in fantastic, irrational, even profane forms of celebration. But without doubt when the whistles began to blow in the night many a deeply reverent prayer of thanksgiving was offered up. Mothers whose sons were in France, or in the cantonments, knew how to bring an acceptable offering of prayer.

For those whistles said to us: "Now the boys may get up out of the trenches. No more will they be deluged with liquid flames and suffocated with poison gases. No more will the murderous lunge of the bayonet rend the God-ordained unity of spirit and body. No more will crashing shells in an instant transform strong men into lifelong mental wrecks and physical caricatures of humanity. The hungry throat of the sea is closed. The avenues of heaven are no longer open to the assassin. The children of London and Paris may sleep at night. Belgium is free. France is free."

And so the song went on. Promising, or seeming to promise us all of these things. For all human promises are uncertain. In the very dawn of peace, threats were and are still visible. But in any event one supreme effort of the adversary of men's souls has been defeated and crushed. Democracy has won a signal victory over autocracy.

We believe that this victory was not won without divine aid. Not by accident did the Kaiser stand at the head of a coalition that was dedicated to the autocratic domination of the world. Autocracy was envisaged in his person. He was the chief exponent of its doctrines.

If Satan searched the halls of time to find a fit spirit to head his assault upon humanity in the closing scenes of time, it would be fatuous to suppose that God left the leadership of free peoples to hazard and chance in that supreme crisis, when the Kaiser's gamble with the "iron dice of fate" drew to its close.

What a wonderful period has been compassed in the past few weeks! It has been the time of falling crowns. While the plague of influenza has swept the land, closing our churches, and making us all "isolated Saints," that in our seclusion we might reflect upon the judgments of God and the verification of his promises, world events have crowded the pages of our newspapers until nothing remained that could astound.

The Holy Land was fully wrested from the Turk. Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria fell. And finally, German might melted away in a night. The Kaiser abdicated. Little kings without number were shaken from their thrones. In the last stronghold of autocracy men began to talk of a republic. What the future holds we can only surmise. All Europe is now a fertile field for the sowing of the seed of anarchy. Yet events may turn the other way towards a period of ordered government.

One form of evil is crushed, but we must not suppose that another will not arise. One walking the streets of Kansas City when the peace celebration was at its highest, passed the open door of a saloon. He heard the men within, standing at the sloppy bar, singing, "Glory, glory, hallelujah. Our God goes marching on!" They were too drunk to march any longer. But their god was marching on. The millennium has not yet come, even if Hindenburg is eating straw, and the Kaiser gone to lie down with the lambs of Holland.

Whatever may occur, the Saints may rest assured in the triumph of the Lord's work. We must hate iniquity, no matter in what form it may reveal itself in days to come; and we must love righteousness. The prophecies are being fulfilled wonderfully. Events like a mighty scroll unroll with bewildering rapidity. All, all are in harmony with the "more sure word of prophecy" recorded for our edification. Let us remain faithful until the Day Star of our hope arises.

TWO REMARKABLE WISHES GRANTED

AT ONE time Job expressed a remarkable wish: "Oh that my words were now written; oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"

In the natural course of events, as things move in this age, that which is written to-day is forgotten to-morrow. The world is flooded with books, magazines, newspapers, and periodicals of every imaginable description. One entering a modern library with the purpose to improve his mind, and get in touch with modern ideas, is confronted by a mass of literature of such formidable bulk as to weary and almost discourage a busy man, at the very beginning of his research. However, he is consoled by the thought that much of it is ephemeral in nature, and even if he can never read it he will not miss much.

The word *ephemeral* comes from *ephemera,* meaning "lasting but a day," and is a medical term meaning, "a fever of one day's duration." Not a bad term to apply to the furore attending many much heralded but short-lived "best sellers." There is danger that among this mass of literature, the unsophisticated student will miss the particular good things that he should read. We need literary pilots to-day.

The ideas of fifty years ago are discarded. Books that were considered revolutionary ten years ago are forgotten. Who can speak loud enough to be heard above the babel, or write fast enough to keep ahead of oblivion?

Yet there was Job, over three thousand years ago, aspiring to perpetual audience. He wished that his words might be printed in a book for all generations to read; he longed to seize the mallet and chisel and engrave them upon the solid rock, and fill the chiseled letters with lead, so that they might become an enduring memorial.

There must have seemed little prospect that Job's ardent desire for publicity would ever be gratified. Yet, strange as it may seem, his wish was granted beyond his most extravagant dream. Through many perils and strange vicissitudes his words were preserved, and have come down to us, as one says, "Borne on the wings of a hundred translations." They are indeed printed in a book, and have a place in every library, and in multitudes of homes of high and low degree the world over.

Here is the burden of the message that he wished to publish to all ages:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

You see, unlike most literature, Job's message

dealt with things eternal. That was the reason he was consumed with such an ardent desire to have it preserved and given the greatest publicity. Theories, philosophies, speculations, gossip may be published and forgotten; but here is a statement of an eternal and important truth that has never been forgotten and never will be forgotten.

. . . . . .

In his second epistle the Apostle Peter expressed a wish similar to the one voiced by Job. Being a positive man, Peter declared a determination to take steps calculated to accomplish his desire. He said: "Moreover I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things *always* in remembrance."

These are the things that he desired that the people should always have in remembrance:

"And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an

entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth."

Very learned epistles, written by very able and distinguished men, and published twelve months ago, are forgotten; but the wish expressed by Peter was granted, and the epistle of the humble fisherman is still preserved and given the widest publicity that the printed page ever gave to any message.

He, too, propounded things permanent and above valuation. Job wrote of the immortality of the soul, and of the great work of the Redeemer, who has made it possible for us to meet him in the flesh on this earth, even after death and decay have had their brief reign of terror. Peter wrote of virtue, knowledge, temperance, brotherly kindness, charity, and godliness; those wonderful virtues that will transform human nature and make one worthy of the resurrection of which Job so confidently wrote.

The messages are correlated and the one completes the other. We can afford to forget a whole library of worldy knowledge, if we can but remember these things of heavenly and eternal worth.

GOOD COUNSEL

THERE is no mistake that the church has made, or that individuals have made, that might not have been avoided had men and women heeded the words of good counsel previously given through the prophets for their advice and protection.

In an address to the General Conference in 1900 President Joseph Smith said:

"I warn the brethren, as I have in the past, against the machinations of the Adversary sowing dissension between brethren. The Adversary has tried, in the past, to lead us astray by a popular sin. I do not believe he will be able to do that again; our faces are set like flints in that direction. But he can and will endeavor to sow dissension between the brethren; and those who are sufficiently sensitive to his attacks, his approaches, will be moved upon by him, and there will be trouble between them."

Some of those who said amen at the time may have forgotten the admonition. On more than the one occasion he warned us that we need not again fear that the church would fall into apostasy such as came with Brigham Young's regime; that the danger of the future would lie in suspicion, disunion, jealousy, and dissension.

WHO IS YOUR GENERAL?

On the eve of a great battle Napoleon was asked, "What generals among your opponents do you most

fear?" He replied, without hesitation: "General Distrust and General Disunion." Is there a lesson there for Latter Day Saints?

Distrust and disunion tend to defeat our work. Even when they are not general, but only sporadic, they do harm, and may always spread and do more harm. Under what general do we fight? God does not promote distrust and disunion among his people. The Devil is only too eager to spread distrust and disunion among God's followers. If we from pulpit or in private promote these things, whom are we serving?

It is possible for a very good man with the best of intentions to conduct himself very unwisely. For that reason God gave us some excellent counsel in the revelation of 1914:

"The Spirit saith further, that the spirit of distrust and want of confidence in those who are called and ordained to act in the various responsible positions in the priesthood and in authority in the church is unbecoming those professing faith in God, Jesus Christ his Son, and the Holy Spirit of truth, and evinces a serious lack of that charity which Paul, an apostle of Christ, declared to be the quality of Christian virtue which thinketh no evil. Those who go out from the assemblies and solemn conclaves of the church should exercise great care in their ministration abroad, both to the branches where they may officiate and in their preaching the gospel to those outside, *to avoid sowing seeds of distrust and suspicion either in public ministration or in private con-*

versation. The church has been admonished heretofore in this respect and the Spirit saith again, it is unbecoming to the character and calling of those who administer in the name of Jesus Christ the Lord."

It is quite possible by throwing out dark hints from the pulpit to create the impression that something is very wrong, when in fact there is not much foundation for the pessimism of the preacher. Again, it is possible in private conversation in homes and in the market place to produce exactly the same result on a smaller scale. Great harm may be done in this way. And God has told us expressly that it is unbecoming the character of a minister to do such a thing.

"SEND NOT IN VAIN"

We often sing, "Send forth the sowers—but send not in vain." How is it when the sowers are sent forth to sow the *gospel* seed, and instead, in the language of the revelation, "sow seeds of distrust and suspicion"? Are they not sent in vain? They bring another gospel than that with which they were intrusted, and we are not obliged to receive them into our homes, neither can we bid them Godspeed in their sowing.

This revelation was not given idly. It was given because it was needed. It is needed yet. The man who pursues the policy outlined in the revelation, and condemned, must know that if he is aware of any real transgression anywhere there is a lawful way and an unlawful way to go about the work of

bringing the transgressors to book. To merely sow seeds of distrust and discord and leave the hearers to guess at the trouble hinted at is condemned by the Lord as unbecoming to a minister. He says we should avoid it. It is unlawful. Brethren, is that good counsel? Let us heed it.

TAKE HEED LEST YE BE CONSUMED

Many centuries ago Paul gave some words of counsel that are still vital. He said:

"For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

Brother A——, as we will call him, went into a certain district to labor. While there he visited in a certain home, and in the presence of the family, both young and old, indulged in very harsh and unjust criticisms of certain of his associates among the church "authorities," as they are sometimes called. The members of the family were very much disturbed and perplexed.

At the very same time in the very same district Brother B—— was making equally unjust and unwarranted assertions against Brother A——. The irony of fate brought us report of both incidents on the same day. Brother A —— could not complain, for he had himself played the game. He had done unto others as he would *not* that they should do unto him. As he measured to others it came back to him.

But to our minds came the words of Paul, "Take

heed that ye be not consumed one of another." The above incident by no means represents the work of the ministry in general. God forbid that it should ever come to that stage. It is an extreme case. But, brethren, there is too much of that work. It is spiritual anarchy.

Those who attack us from without with falsehood and calumny are not so much to be feared. But if those who feed the sheep give them poison the danger is very great.

THE SIN OF JEALOUSY

Whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?—1 Corinthians 3:3.

"The jealous man poisons his own banquet,—and then eats it."

SOME men are so unfortunately constituted that every success of another seems to them to detract from their own success. They fear every man who shows some talent, lest he take their place. If in power, they are disposed to beat down every head that shows itself above the multitude, lest it be the head of a successor.

Such an attitude of mind is to be deplored. It works injury to the cause of God wherever it is manifested by one of his servants. It indicates that the gospel has not been permitted to do its full work with the individual. Away down in the human heart there burns a little mean fire of envy and hatred towards the successful brother. It is the work of the Devil to fan this fire; it is the work of the gospel to extinguish it. The gospel will do this work if we permit it to, but not if we guard and cherish the smoldering embers.

That branch, district, stake, Sunday school, or Religio is unfortunate that has in it a man or woman who is afraid to assist others, or to give them a

chance to work and develop, lest they outstrip him or her. The true policy was expressed by the aged elder who during a certain district reunion some years ago was admonished thus: "You will have to look out or some of these young preachers will cast you older ones in the shade." He replied, "I do not care how many of them get ahead of me, so long as I am doing the best I can. I will get behind them and help push them along, and thank God that the church has such able men to defend her cause."

This aged man will live and die unvexed in spirit if he continues to maintain that attitude. But the man who is jealous of his brethren can never be happy. He cannot enjoy his own blessings and opportunities and successes, because he is bitterly watching another. He cannot rejoice in the success of others, because his soul has not yet climbed to that pure height of unselfishness. As the proverb says: "He poisons his own banquet—and then eats it."

To be able to rejoice fully and without reservation in the success of others is a happy achievement, within the reach of all. To envy the ability or success of another is a very stupid and serious blunder. Are we not all in this church work together? When one is honored, all are honored. When one succeeds, all succeed. Every strong and true man or woman that the church develops is so much gain to all of us. Instead of envying such a man his prowess, we should hail him as a fighting comrade. He will help us to solve the problems that confront us. He helps

us to hold our own defense against a hostile world. By him we are all made secure. His strength adds so much to the sum total of the strength of the church. We all fight forward a little to the spot where he has planted the colors. We gain a little ground. Thank God. Send us more such men. Cursed be the hand that would pull the colors down because the color bearer is disliked.

In every branch, district, stake, Sunday school, Religio, or any department of church work whatsoever, the effort should be made unreservedly to help one another, to develop and foster talent, and to give to each the best possible opportunity to work. The field is broad and there is room for all.

THE DEIFICATION OF HUMANITY

(Sermon at Lamoni, Iowa.)

"Glory to Man in the highest,
For Man is the Master of Things."

THE sentiment of the two lines quoted strikes hard upon the sensibilities of the reverent. But this is not a reverent age.

They serve to close a little pamphlet on Direct Action, published by the anarchist press (The Mother Earth Publishing Association, New York City.) You know what "direct action" is. The McNamaras practiced "direct action" on the Times Building.

The words are ascribed to Swinburne, and no doubt embody the thought of men who are supposed to be much more respectable than anarchists.

Brigham Young tried to put Adam in the place of God, saying that he is our God and the only God with whom we have to do. He also announced the idea that men may become gods by progression and exaltation; that as God is now we shall be, at some distant time in the future.

But this goes a step beyond Brigham Young, and says that man, with all his weaknesses and sins, is god right now, and the only deity, and highest intelligence in the universe:

"Glory to Man *in the Highest,*
For he is Master of Things."

THE OLD POET AND THE MODERN POET

Now of course it goes without saying that this kind of teaching is squarely in conflict with the old divine edict. Opposed to the notion of the modern poet, carried away by a little transient human glory, is the sentiment of the inspired ancient poet:

"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man,
And maketh flesh his arm,
Whose heart departeth from the Lord.
Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord,
And whose hope the Lord is."

One speaks forth the spirit of the old religious age. The other embodies the blatant spirit of this age of materialism. The old way is the best way.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jeremiah.

In the days of Grecian mythology, when there were almost as many gods as a man could count in a day, one of the old cynics of those times said: "It is easier to find a *god* in Athens than it is to find a *man.*" Of course he meant real man, and perhaps his statement was true.

A modern cynic, speaking of our modern man,

says that he is "self-made, and worships his creator." Perhaps that statement also is true.

Many business men, and others, solely interested in the development of material things by human effort, under human administration, give no thought at all to God. He does not enter into their consideration. They recognize no law-giving power higher than organized society. They obey no law other than man-made law, and too often do not fully obey that.

Added to these are all classes of infidels and free thinkers who have frankly ruled God out of existence (in their own minds), and recognize no intelligence higher than human intelligence.

MASKED ATHEISM

Then there are those whose teachings are more masked. Their reasonings are more obscure and devious, but they arrive at the same ultimate conclusion. We refer to men of that growing school of thought who affirm that there are no fixed standards of right and wrong; that the consensus of human opinion makes a thing right or wrong; that there is no higher power that has authority to say that a thing is right or wrong. In line with this thought came Professor Eliot's announcement some years ago that the religion of the future will not be a religion of authority; that it will be such a religion as may meet the general approval of men, not resting on revelation or divine commandment.

Under such a "religious democracy" man might add to, take from, remodel, or make his religion over

entirely new. He would be in fact his own lawgiver, revelator, and God—"Glory to Man in the highest."

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

We as a people fully realize the futility of such a boast. Human wisdom at this very hour is face to face with problems that confuse the nations and cause consternation in the hearts of thoughtful men. Whether the way out leads through reformation or revolution no one knows. Whether it leads to higher achievement or to racial chaos is a debated question.

There never was a time in all history when there was greater need for men to confess the supremacy of God and obey all his laws; yet this age says: "Away with God. We will solve our own problems and make our own laws."

God alone has the solution to our world problems of to-day. Man is not the master of things. He has never learned to rule himself and shape his own destiny.

God has said that as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than man's ways. With all due respect to the notable achievements of man in material things, we still indorse that sentiment, and with the angels sing: "Glory to God in the highest."

MAN'S WEAKNESS; GOD'S INFINITUDE

Man boasts, in the language of Tennyson, that he is the heir of all ages. And so he is. But we inherit things evil as well as things good. From the days

of Adam until to-day each individual has dropped his little pebble of sin into the waters, and to-day society feels the accumulated shock.

But God's heritage is all good. He is light and in him there is no darkness at all. He is love and in him there is no bitterness and malice.

IN THE REALM OF ART

When we enter the field of man's proudest endeavor and contrast his achievements with the works of God, we learn a salutary lesson concerning man's weakness and limitations and God's infinitude and power.

In the realm of art we admire the achievements of the great masters. But after all, when man has spread his pigments upon canvas, the picture, though glowing with the semblance of life, is frozen and dead. The grasses do not ripple in the breeze; the waves do not break upon the beach. But God's great landscapes are full of life, motion, and change. From morning until night and from season to season their wonderful transformations are a perpetual delight.

When the human artist has finished his canvas, decay immediately sets in. Though it may not be observed at once, the colors begin to fade, the canvas begins to rot. But God's great landscapes renew themselves from generation to generation, forever and forever.

Man may work for years upon a block of marble, fashioning it with wonderful skill, until when completed it is absolutely perfect in line and proportion;

more perfect perhaps than the average human form of this age; but there his work ends. And where his work ends God's greatest work began. For, having completed the perfect form of man, he "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

WONDERFUL INVENTIONS

We talk about wonderful inventions. They are wonderful, too. But it is said that nearly every mechanical principle that we use is borrowed from nature. For instance, the ball and socket joint is found in the human shoulder; the lens of the telescope exists in the human eye. The despised mosquito has a set of drills and pumps. On my desk there lies a stone picked up on the seashore. It is drilled straight through with a perfectly round hole a quarter of an inch across. Some insignificant worm drilled that hole. And worms drilled holes through solid rocks before man began to drill tunnels. The bee made his perfect cell before man studied geometry. God was the first inventor.

We have great machines that "almost seem to think." But they do not think, and each of them must be presided over by human intelligence. If the man who made the machine is great, how much greater the God who made the man who made the machine. No machine, however complex and wonderful, can for a moment compare as an invention with the human body, with its great citadel of thought and reason in the brain.

SCIENCE

We have achieved some remarkable victories of science over superstition. The study of science is a search for truth, and as such is a noble calling, and should be a consecrated calling, combining faith and study. But it has not been consecrated. And many great demonstrated truths are mingled with masses of theory. The history of the past leads us to suspect that another generation may witness the exposure of the fallacy of some things that we hold to be absolute scientific truths.

Then there is so much that cannot be fathomed! What gave the planets their initial impulse? What force first started their great bulk in motion with such a mighty thrust that they still fly on with undiminished speed? We do not know. To express it crudely, we cannot tell whether it was a push or a pull. Science may theorize on this, as on the origin of life itself, but the innermost secrets of these great acts in the opening drama of existence are known to God, and man can never learn them, excepting as God reveals them to him.

THE LESSON

In the wasted and perverted degenerate, we see man at his lowest. In those great men, such as Lincoln and Gladstone, we see man at his highest (so far as the world is concerned). The lowest are just a little higher than the Devil himself; the highest are a little lower than the angels. But when we run the scale of humanity, from the lowest to the highest,

we do not find anywhere a man who is more than a very imperfect and partial representation of Deity. Lincoln, though filled with power and integrity, as we see him caught in that mighty struggle of which he was the storm center, and all but overthrown, is somewhat pathetic. At best he was not a god, but only an instrument in the hands of God, or one who cooperated with God. And the same is true of the best men of all ages and nations.

And that is man's province—to cooperate with God. He cannot be a god; but he can be a friend of God. We hold that the highest development of man will be found in recognition of and obedience to God.

That is the lesson. We can still afford to trust God to administer the affairs of man. We can still be thankful that there is a great God to rule the universe, and that it is our privilege to learn of him and keep his commandments. As the wise man said:

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

"Glory to GOD in the highest."

MARRIAGE AND THE HOME

"Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity; and these burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself."—Jeremy Taylor.

NEST BUILDING

WHEN two birds mate in the springtime it might be supposed that they would be content to float away on rainbow tinted clouds of connubial bliss. Not so. They get right down to the business of nest building. They work and sing and are busy and happy because nest building is the happiest and most important thing in the world. Everything is subordinated to the work at hand. If necessary, the mother bird plucks the down from her own breast to line the new home. Women who put dress first and home second are not so wise as the jenny wren.

Naturally there comes a time in the life of every man when he falls in love with some woman. The world laughs at him then. But if all goes well he can afford to laugh at the world. Presently orange blossoms open. Wedding bells ring. The blushing

bride occupies the center of the stage, clad in raiment that no mere man can describe. The groom, in "conventional black," occupies a subordinate position a little at one side, and often wishes that it were even less conspicuous. The minister says the magic, some would say the fatal words, that make the two one—and collects his fee. The wedding feast is eaten. The guests depart. The music dies away. The two are left face to face with the serious problems of life.

If this union is to be permanent and happy, there is nothing more important at this juncture than homemaking. This is an age in which the majority of the people do not own their homes. Such a condition is unfortunate. In the ideal society every man will own his home—every man, that is, who cares enough for a home to work for it and save for it; and it goes without saying that in the ideal society all will be of that class. The fact that the majority of the people do not own their homes is of sinister import. It may be due in part to economic conditions, and in part to extravagance and intemperance. The latter causes should be eliminated from the lives of Latter Day Saints. It should be their ambition to own their homes where conditions are such that it is at all possible for them to do so.

SUITABLE HOMES

Homes should be adequate and comfortable. In 1908 President Roosevelt appointed a commission to investigate conditions in penal and charitable insti-

tutions in the city of Washington and the District of Columbia. This commission reported:

"The problem of crime among the people cannot be considered apart from the general problem of their housing and their surroundings. It is impossible to understand any man apart from his surroundings and especially apart from what he calls his home. Most of these people who find their way into the criminal court and eventually into prison, may be traced back to the miserable alleys and hovels which exist in such large numbers in our city and which are a reproach to our civilization. No one who knows how these people live wonders at their habits or their crimes. While we are striving for penal and reformatory institutions worthy of our people and our time, let us not neglect to remove these breeding places of vice and schools of crime, and put in their place clean and wholesome dwellings."

Society can undertake no work more important than to aid in every legitimate way the worthy and industrious to secure suitable homes. Extreme poverty and extreme wealth are both alike a menace to good citizenship. We do not grow the great staple crops that feed humanity in barren and sandy wastes, nor yet in excessively fertilized hotbeds. We grow them in moderately fertile open fields. The best citizens are not grown in the barren wastes of poverty, nor in the luxurious hotbeds of wealth, but in homes where the necessities of life are adequately supplied and luxury unknown.

Not idly did Agur pray: "Give me neither poverty

nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."—Proverbs 3: 8, 9.

"TAKE NOT SO SHORT A TIME

Now for the two chief characters who are to occupy in this home of which we speak. Their alliance should not be formed with too great haste. Back of the divorce court at which so many rail is the hasty marriage which so many overlook entirely. One lecturer pictures certain modern mating thus: The phone rings. The young lady answers. A voice says, "Will you marry me?" She answers, "Yes! Who is it?"

This is a reversal of the logical sequence of the question and the answer. The question, Who is it? should have some months the start of the answer, Yes.

In these days, when a young man just out of college enters a bank with head up and chest inflated and informs the bank president that he has decided to accept the position of head cashier, the banker whirls on him and asks a few pointed questions: "Do you gamble? Do you smoke? Do you drink? Are you afraid to work?"

If the young man cannot answer *no* to these interrogations, presently he goes out with head down and chest deflated.

Surely a woman should be as exacting as a bank president. She has so much more at stake! Shake-

speare says: "Take not so short a time to make a world-wide bargain in."

On the other hand, the young man should be reasonably sure that he is getting a woman who will do her share in helping to make a home—one who is not afraid to work when necessary and has the saving grace of common sense. In these days of strenuous high school and college courses little time is left for girls to acquire the arts that made their grandmothers famous as housekeepers. It is perhaps too much to ask that they enter upon married life fully equipped with a working knowledge of housekeeping. But a man need not worry if he is sure that his chosen companion has the home-making temperament; if she is a potential home maker she will soon solve the problems that confront her, just as he from year to year must work out problems of bread winning that he knew little about when he made his start in life.

THE FLEDGLINGS

Naturally in time other actors appear upon the scene. Longfellow pictures the wedding festivities in his poem, "Hanging of the crane." (In the good old days they used to hang the crane in the new home. To-day in some homes they hang the stork.) Looking ahead a few years from the wedding day he says:

> "Seated, I see the two again
> But not alone; they entertain
> A little angel unaware,

With face as round as is the moon,
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatso'er he does seems best."

The young of the human race are born more helpless than the young of any of the animals. The little babe is absolutely powerless. He comes into the world without even a change of clothing and without money enough to pay for a night's lodging. But fortunately he brings with him something that makes up for every other deficiency—the power to reach out and take hold of human hearts as nothing else in the world does. When those little fingers close over the parent hand, nature attends to the rest and the little mendicant becomes a king.

Then the home begins to perform more fully its functions. It becomes the nesting place of the fledglings.

CELIBACY; GOD VERSUS PAUL

In the past, two erroneous ideas have been entertained regarding marriage. A great many people, particularly members of certain religious sects, have advocated and practiced celibacy. Their teachings have taken the color of authority from the writings of Paul, particularly the seventh chapter of 1 Co-

rinthians. Paul makes but one concession to marriage. He says: "It is better to marry than to burn." Of two dreadful alternatives he would prefer marriage to burning.

But we should notice particularly that Paul is at pains to state at four different times in this chapter that he is giving his own opinion and not the opinion of God. Paul was a man who said that he had learned to be content in whatsoever condition he found himself. He found himself single and was satisfied to remain single. Had he married he might have written a chapter different from the one that we are considering.

There is no warrant in the Word of God for the thought that marriage is an unholy state; or for the more common thought that though not unholy it is a lower state than celibacy and that God especially rewards those who do not marry. God said in the beginning that it was not good for man to be alone.

POLYGAMY; DAVID AND SOLOMON VERSUS GOD

Others have gone to the opposite extreme and have taught and practiced polygamy. David and Solomon practiced it, and some have thought that because of that God approved of it. But these kings of Israel practiced it, not in obedience to the law of God, but contrary to the law. The law said: "Neither shall he multiply wives to himself."

God was in no way responsible for acts committed in direct violation of his law. In the light of this the Book of Mormon is correct when it says that the con-

duct of David and Solomon in this particular was abominable in the sight of God.

THE TRUE LAW

Probably the most explicit commandments regarding marriage are found in latter-day revelation. Celibacy and polygamy are both mentioned in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants: "Whoso forbiddeth to marry, is not ordained of God, for marriage *is ordained of God unto man;* wherefore it is lawful that he should have *one* wife and they *twain* shall be one flesh."—Doctrine and Covenants 49: 3.

It appears from this that marriage is natural and ordained of God, and that those who teach to the contrary are not ordained of him. Marriage must, then, be something more than a civil contract, to be annulled at the will of the contracting parties. And it is limited to "they twain." A man may have *one* wife. They *two* shall be one flesh.

Beautiful instruction is found in the following: "Thou shalt love thy wife with *all* thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and *none* else."—Doctrine and Covenants 42: 7.

We may conclude that marriage is the highest and best estate of man in this world, being approved of God, he having presided at the first marriage of man and woman and having laid down the law to govern marriage. Any departure from that law is fraught with grave danger to the individual and society. Home is the place where married life finds its best

expression. Any institution or tendency that threatens the integrity of the home is a menace to the individual, to the church, and to society.

CREATION IN TRAVAIL

(Extract from an address delivered at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri, November 17, 1918.)

WAITING THE MANIFESTATION OF THE SONS OF GOD

I WISH to transpose two passages that appear in the 8th chapter of Romans. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. . . . For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestations of the sons of God."

It is a serious matter to stand before you as the spokesman of the church at a time like this. The subject that I had previously selected was taken from my mind and another subject that seemed to me to come like a ray of light from above was given to me. I crave the help of God that I may unfold it for your consideration. It is compassed in this text. I will restate it in my own words. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.

IS THE TEXT DOLOROUS?

You may wonder why I should come before you with a text, the first part of which, at least, is dolorous in its language; though the last part of it is most glorious in its promise. It is because, as I view

it, the sound of those whistles recently announcing peace marked only the close of one chapter in the great struggle of creation in the closing scenes of time. It is but the end of an episode, and by no means the end of the story of travail and pain that precedes the manifestation of the sons of God.

Now, let us analyze the text. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. I do not know how inclusive this statement may be concerning the *whole* creation. It is intimated in the Book of Covenants that there are innumerable worlds, and we do not know how many of them are caught in the travail that is destined finally to reveal the sons of God. It is told us in the 36th section of the Doctrine and Covenants that when Enoch had his wonderful vision and saw the condition of men through all the ages he saw that God wept, and the bosom of eternity was pained; and he wondered how it was that God could weep. We are told also that the angels rejoice when sinners repent; and doubtless they mourn when men fail.

We do not know how universal this travail may be, but at least we are sure that for years past it has included all of this world.

EARTH HOLLOW WITH GRAVES

Peace has come, but at what a struggle has it been achieved; and what a price has been paid! It is estimated that there are twenty million dead as a result of this war. It is true, as never before, in the language of Tennyson, that "Earth is crimson with

battles and hollow with graves." The jubilee that we had last Monday has not restored the broken homes that this war is responsible for. There is mourning and pain and travail the world over.

I used to have a sermon on the signs of the times, and I had a great many statistics; but I haven't preached that sermon for three or four years now. What is the use? My statistics are colorless in the light of the struggle just closed. The signs of the times preach for themselves. But this point I wish to reiterate—that this is but the closing of one chapter in the story.

The menace of autocracy has been removed. In Europe the place of it is taken by the red flag of anarchy, which is just as dangerous as the black eagle of the Prussians ever was. Russia is in chaos. So is Austria and Turkey, and Germany, to a lesser degree. The red flag of anarchy has shown itself in Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, France, and the United States, and showed itself in this land at the beginning of this war, so that we know what may occur if the opportunity ever presents itself. And that prophecy that I referred to some time ago (section 45 of the Book of Covenants) yet remains to be fulfilled. I refer to the statement that the time will come when those who will not take up their swords against their neighbors must flee to Zion, and that they shall be the only people under heaven that shall not be at war, one with another.

I do not believe that refers to any war that has

occurred, or to any international war that will occur. To my mind, it refers to a condition of anarchy, when order and government will break down in our own country, and neighbors be arrayed against neighbors, and we must flee to Zion if we wish to have safety. A good old brother told me just a few days ago that he saw that condition in vision, and he said that when it came the Saints had no need to mix in the conflict unless they wished to do so. This time we couldn't avoid it. We must not conclude that the millennium has dawned simply because Hindenburg may be eating straw just at present, and the Kaiser has gone to lie down with the lambs of Holland.

THE WORLD IS WAITING

In this text the statement is made that the whole creation groaneth together in travail, and pain, waiting—waiting for something. There is a feeling of expectancy in the world. For years past, even before the war began, there was a feeling of waiting for something. There are a great many people who are waiting, as the Master said, in fear, their hearts failing them for fear, for looking upon the things coming upon the earth.

There is a significant statement in the Doctrine and Covenants, right along that line, section 45: 4: "And in that day shall be heard of wars and rumors of wars, and the *whole* earth shall be *in commotion*, and men's hearts shall fail them, and they shall say

that Christ delayeth his coming until the end of the earth."

On the other hand, there are a great many who are looking and waiting in faith and expectation. As the Master said, "When ye see these things begin to come to pass, lift up your hearts and rejoice, for ye know that the day of your redemption draweth nigh." In the light of the text, what is it that we have been waiting for? The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain, waiting for—what—for the manifestation of the sons of God. That question is answered; another immediately arises—who are the sons of God?

WHO ARE THE SONS OF GOD?

I have heard the doctrine propounded by liberal people that all men are the sons of God, and that all men are brothers. That doctrine may seem very liberal, but it is not true except in a very limited sense. All men are sons of God and all men are brothers by creation, but creation is a long time past. Humanity has traded its birthright for one kind or another of pottage on many an occasion, until the statement is made that all have gone out of the way.

Who are the sons of God? We are told in Romans 8: 14, "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And in John 1: 12 the statement is made, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Those, then, who do the will of God receive power to become the sons of God. We must come back to him

again, before we can be called his sons, and be received by adoption.

The manifestation of the sons of God was foreshadowed in the prayer of the Master, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is done in heaven." Those are the sons of God, then, who are willing to do the will of God on earth, just the same as their brethren in the spirit are doing it in heaven. There are a great many people apparently anxious to enter into the millennium who are not sons of God. They trace their genealogy along another line.

I do not presume, however, for a moment that this little body of people called the Latter Day Saints, as at present constituted, is all that will be revealed when the sons of God stand forth. That would be too narrow a conception. I believe that God has many righteous men in the earth, and many forces at work, and many institutions that are working for righteousness that perhaps we do not recognize, and certainly many individuals who are unknown to us.

The statement is made, that he will send his angels to gather the elect from the four corners of the earth. There is something more in the Book of Covenants along that line, too. Let me read it—section 36. I will just read briefly certain sentences, and not take the time to read all that bears on this subject. "And again, Enoch wept and cried unto the Lord, saying, When shall the earth rest?" That is a very significant question. "And the Lord said

. . . The day shall come that the earth shall rest, but before that day, . . . great tribulations shall be among the children of men, but my people will I preserve; and righteousness will I send down out of heaven, and truth will I send forth out of the earth, . . . and righteousness and truth will I cause to sweep the earth as with a flood, to gather out my own elect from the four quarters of the earth unto a place which I shall prepare."

HOW ARE SONS OF GOD MANIFESTED?

Righteousness and truth will sweep the earth and gather out the elect, the sons of God. That is my conception of the gathering. I do not think of the gathering as a group of people driven together by fear of the calamities coming upon the earth. I think of it as an aggregation of men and women drawn together by the love of righteousness and truth. These great principles shining forth in the church, drawing them from the four quarters of the earth; and I am glad that such a conception is revealed in the word of God.

Who, then, are the elect? Henry Ward Beecher very bluntly said, "The elect are those who will, and the nonelect are those who won't." That is about all there is to the doctrine of election and predestination. One shall be taken and another left. One will obey. Another won't obey. One has in his heart the love of this righteousness and truth that shall sweep the earth. He is ready to go with it. The other sticks to the old order and he will be left.

I may, then, ask a fair question, How are the sons of God to be manifested? I think they will be manifested by the kind of lives they are willing to live, and by their allegiance. John tells us that by this are the children of God manifested, and the children of the Devil—that the children of God work righteousness, and the children of the Devil work unrighteousness. And we are told concerning Jesus, that he was exalted above his fellows because he loved righteousness and hated iniquity.

The sons of God may be manifested by the power and the intervention of God, but I think that they will be manifested also in the kind of lives they live, perhaps more than by any halo of light that will shine around their heads. And no individual who has a lukewarm attachment for righteousness, and a sneaking admiration for iniquity will presently be miraculously manifested as a son of God simply because he has his name inscribed on the church record.

A WORLD GETHSEMANE

It seems that there must be an individual Gethsemane, as that which occurred in the life of Christ. In sorrow and pain and travail, in the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus learned to say, Not my will, but thine be done. His sonship was confirmed in that last lesson in which he learned to yield himself entirely to the will of God. There apparently must also be a world Gethsemane; the whole creation groaneth, travailing in pain until now, in order that

the sons of God may be revealed. That is the fruition. That is the revelation, the culmination of all this trouble, sorrow, anguish, turmoil.

That is what it is all leading up to—the revelation of the sons of God, when Jesus shall come and set up his kingdom with all those who are willing to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven. In that day he will reign. Peace and justice will prevail on the earth. All those who are ready to receive him will be partakers with him.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

GOD wants consecrated men, not hired men.

With an artist, an eraser is quite as necessary as a pencil. There are few men who do not often feel the need of repentance.

Very long sermons require plenty of "wind and endurance." The preacher needs the former and the audience the latter.

A good sermon is a balm to the bruised and a blister to the calloused; it has a message of rest for the weary and a jab in the ribs for the lazy.

Many ponderous tomes eulogize the war-makers; but Jesus Christ chose to apotheosize the peacemakers in a single luminous sentence that will live forever.

Brother X—— has done all he could to discourage the elders from running about needlessly. He never gave one of them a penny.

Some people take the elder's ministration as a matter of course, not worthy even of thanks, as in the case of the invalid to whom a sister said, "Wasn't

it kind of Elder Fifthly to walk six miles in the heat and bring you that big basket of fruit and chicken and groceries?" The lady frowned and said, "Kind? Why, what is he for?"

No brain can long dictate a course in which the heart is not enlisted.

The law of the land may stay the hand in mid-air and say that you must not steal your neighbor's money or his wife or his life. The law of God checks the heart in mid-bound and says that you must not covet your neighbor's money or his wife or his life.

A Christian Scientist is the only man who will deny the existence of matter and work hard to earn coal, ice, and flour; who will act as pallbearer for a friend and on the way home deny the existence of death.

In "Eve's Diary" Mark Twain makes Eve say of Adam: "He is self-educated, and does really know a multitude of things, but they are not so." Adam, it will be remembered, is the father of all men.

An expeditious way to kill a young people's prayer meeting is to let the old people move in and "improve the time."

Look out for the economist who uses thirty minutes of the prayer meeting because he "hates to see

the time go to waste." It *is* wasted—but he doesn't *see* it.

A Christian Scientist is the only man who will affirm that he is perfectly comfortable when he has the stomach ache.

You cannot judge of the meat of a sermon by its volume of noise. Auctioneers cry loudest to sell small wares.

A sermon may well give its hearers a heartache, as on Pentecost. Beware that it does not give them a headache instead.

You cannot judge of the meat of a sermon by its length. Some cooks boil a very small egg in a great quantity of water.

It is humiliating to egotism but comforting to hope to observe that when one man drops out temporarily or permanently "the work" goes right on. One ant is scarcely missed from an ant hill.

A little boy was singing at his play: "I love daddy and daddy loves me, and that's the reason we always agree." Come to think about it, that is the only sure basis for permanent agreement.

But this might do for a dirge to sing over the average dead and disrupted branch: "I didn't like

Jones and Jones didn't like me, and that was the reason we never could agree."

It is terrible to work a long time for a certain thing and then find that you cannot enjoy it. Our attention has been called to the case of Mr. Fiddle. He took a course in theology and finally graduated as doctor of divinity. And then, alas, he found that he took no pleasure at all in signing his name, Reverend Fiddle, D. D.

BOOK THREE

To the Average Young Man

ZION BUILDERS

(Tune: "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.")

Far as human greetings go
Let all Zion Builders know
One great tide begins to flow—
'Tis the tide of Youth!

Let each man his weapon scour;
This the people, this the hour;
Jesus leads to grace and pow'r,
Victory and truth!

You who read of Enoch's band;
You who dream of Zion's land;
Gather at the Lord's command,—
Strong of heart and thews!

You whose fathers loved and bled,
Stained her soil with living red,
See fair Zion's drooping head,—
Send her joyous news!

Tell her you have heard her plea;
Pledge yourselves on bended knee;
Zion, Zion shall be free,—
Zion shall be great!

Let one object be your goal;
Let one purpose stir your soul;
Jesus stands to call his roll,—
Zion must not wait!

E. A. S.

THE GREATEST BATTLE GROUND

EVERY young man who tries to be a man in the best sense of the term is conscious of warring forces within him.

God and the Devil both want that kind of a man. So do not be discouraged if generous, full-hearted desires to live right and do good give way at times to black moods when the impulse is to do evil and go wrong. You are the prize for which powers contend.

Your heart is the battle field of spiritual forces. There Apollyon meets Jesus Christ. With whom will you side in this great conflict?

Whittier felt this struggle within himself and embodied it in his poem about the "two voices."

Tennyson experienced it and wrote:

"Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape?"

The great Apostle Paul felt it and said: "I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. . . . I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind."

What a fine thing it would seem to be if we could settle all moral questions once for all, in one brief struggle, determine to do right, and there have the matter ended. Feeling after such a Utopia, some have

evolved the theology of sanctification and complete inability to sin.

But that is not the way men grow strong. Human agency continues with us every day. So long as it continues, both forces will appeal to us for support and allegiance.

We cannot will away to-day our agency of to-morrow. Nor can anyone do it for us.

We cannot decide questions of moral conduct to-day so that they may not be reopened to-morrow by the Apollyon and the Jesus who are contending for men's souls.

But we can fortify ourselves to-day so that it will be easier for us to answer right to-morrow—and increasingly easy as the days go by.

The same old struggle is set forth in the Book of Mormon, where it is said that one force invites and entices to do good while the other force invites and entices to do evil.

If we side with the good to-day it will be easier to side with the good to-morrow. Light cleaves to light. Our characters grow stronger. With God on our side we must prevail.

You cannot afford to heed the voice that tempts you to do wrong. You cannot afford to prostitute and degrade your manhood.

Choose, then, ever to answer the appeal welling up in your nature to love and cherish purity, honesty, and virtue; resist always that low, debasing cry of the tiger or the ape in your nature that would render you sensual, carnal, and devilish.

MORAL SUICIDE

EVERY normal young man has hidden within him a finer nature and tender sensibilities. If it were not so, the appeal of good to humanity would be hopeless.

You may conceal this better nature, and even deny it to your own self, but it is there.

It asserts itself when you feel tender affection for your mother. And when you feel reverence and honor for your father. And when you feel that you will be loyal and true to a friend. And when you think of some particular young woman as being all that is pure, lovely, and desirable.

It asserts itself when you flinch a little at the sound of profanity, and when you must harden your will a little before you can bring yourself to repeat a vulgar story. And when you shrink from physical contact with sin and corruption.

It asserts itself when you respond to a noble appeal. And when you help the weak and poor. And when you thrill to the sound of music or a great poem. And when you burn with patriotism. And when you think with awe of God and the universe.

You cannot stifle these impulses without suffering. When you cut an artery or swallow carbolic acid you kill the body. But when you debauch and crucify the better nature within you, you kill the soul. There are no spiritual anæsthetics. The body can scarcely

die without pain. The soul cannot die without an eternity of agony. No fleeting counterfeit pleasure can recompense you. The price is too big.

These finer emotions are not something to be ashamed of. They are not an evidence of weakness. You should not attempt to crush them.

They have been most dominant in those men who have been biggest and best. They ally you with a notable company. They set you apart from the vile and the vulgar. They are the leaven of true manhood within you.

Never let them die. When they die, you are dead. When they live, you live.

VIBRATING HEARTSTRINGS

SOMETIMES when we abrade our cuticle we wonder why men have nerves and blood vessels—so much pain and offensive gore over such a trifling matter. But that is one difference between men and vegetables.

Sometimes when we suffer and mourn we wonder why we are made so sensitive to sorrow. But that is one difference between men and brutes.

Have you a heart that chills at an affront, that faints with homesickness, that agonizes over the death or departure of loved ones?

Then you are the more a man or woman.

Cabbages do not miss their friends. Hogs are never homesick. Pumpkins are never melancholy.

The capacity to feel increases among the higher organisms. Some of the higher and nobler animals evince emotions that are truly worthy of respect. Man, highest and noblest of all, created just a little lower than the angels, has a divine range of emotions coupled with a human capacity to err and suffer.

These things mark the ability to rise. Vegetables and animals cannot rise above their own kingdoms; but man can rise from his present lowly state into the kingdom of heaven, for he has life, intelligence, volition, nerves, a heart, a soul. All these things that fit him to realize and feel and appreciate a fullness of joy, also, by unavoidable association make it

possible for him to suffer a fullness of woe and misery.

But to a man also is given an intellect, to preside over his emotions and control them, so they may not destroy him or injure others. Never forget that.

This is a part of manhood's estate. Out of it have come most priceless gains for humanity. Out of wisely endured suffering in all ages have come the greatest deeds of heroism, the most sublime poems, the most consecrated lives.

Jesus himself was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Without the ability to suffer and sympathize he could never have been a Savior. He might otherwise have been a cold, austere, immaculate, unapproachable God—never a loving Redeemer.

Without the same wide and deep range of feeling and sympathy, and with it that associated power to suffer, we can never be fit to become his friends and companions, to share with him his sweet, serene charity, and go out with him to seek and save the lost and suffering.

DON'T BE PIG-HEADED

THE projecting under jaw of the bulldog enables him to take a good, firm hold; but his shallow brain pan does not hold enough coordinate common sense and logic to enable him to know when to let go.

He is strong on tenacity, but weak on "dog sense." He is impervious to mercy, compunction, logic, and brickbats.

He may win his fight, just on that one trait of dogged tenacity. But after it is won, it may develop that he was wrong all the way through, and ought to be ashamed of himself—only he has not brains enough to be ashamed. All that he has is that projecting under jaw.

A man, a real man, should be built along different lines. A good, square jaw will help him through the fight, and is a fine thing to have. But he needs also a well-filled brain pan, and a conscience, and a well-developed sense of decency and right.

A man ought to be man enough to get out of a thing when he finds that it is not worth pushing to the end. He ought to be man enough to abandon a fight when he finds that he is wrong—and then get in on the right side.

A man ought to have consideration for the feelings of others and for the weak and defenseless, and not push his enterprise to success across the broken

hearts and hopes of others. It is splendid to have the tenacity of a bulldog; but contemptible to use it like a bulldog.

Some people pride themselves on the fact that they never give up; that they win out, right or wrong; that no one can silence them, or convince them, or down them. They do not know when they are beaten. Half the time they are worsted, and everyone knows it, only they will not admit it.

They would feel ashamed to make an apology, even when wrong. Once started they must mangle their way through things in some fashion, even after they have discovered that they "are in wrong."

To such this may seem a singular thing, but it is a fact, that among all the beatitudes, they will never find where Jesus said: "Blessed are the pig-headed."

Moral: Be men, not bulldogs.

A PICTURE OF THE WORLD'S WORK

DID you ever stop to picture the work that is done in the world in a single day? the immense exertion of humanity in a single day? All over the world they are laboring. Yonder to the east, in greater New York City, they are erecting their skyscrapers, shouldering the clouds aside, or digging their subways, until it looks as though a race greater than man had been at work; still further, across the waters, populous London, roaring with commerce, also Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham and the cities of Europe; to the west are busy San Francisco, Spokane, Seattle, and overseas the toiling little brown people of the nation of the cherry blossom, and the toiling millions of China; south of us the black man sweats and sings in the cotton fields; while to the north white men toil in the great wheat fields of western Canada; and all around us is the great valley of the Mississippi, a generation ago a wilderness, where now the armies of industry cultivate a lovely garden plot bigger and richer than many a populous and wealthy empire of old. All over the world with the rising of the morning sun the song of industry begins—the sound of trowel on brick, of wheel on rail, of saw through wood, of hammer on anvil, of escaping steam, whirling belts,

sounding whistles—the world's anthem of industry that goes on till the stars come out at night.

Think of the tremendous expenditure of human will power that drives this wonderful industry forward day by day, year by year, century by century. What is it for? Is it simply that we may live? Primarily, yes. But above and beyond that, that we may work out our destiny, which was meant to be one not only of dominion but also of honor—and it should be that we may do the will of God. Not until this tremendous expenditure of will and muscle and brain is consecrated to the service of God can humanity go forward towards its redemption. A single individual who goes out with that ideal is helping towards that state as can no other individual.

Do you think that all this goes forward without divine direction? Shall we accept the philosophy that is stated in the poem by William Watson, where he says:

In cave and bosky dene
Of old there crept and ran
The gibbering form obscene
That was and was not man.
The desert beasts went by
In fairer covering clad:
More speculative eye
The couchant lion had,
And goodlier speech the birds, than we when we began.

A soul so long deferred
In his blind brain he bore,
It might have slept unstirred
Ten million noontides more.

Yea, round him darkness might
Till now her folds have drawn.
O'er that enormous night
So casual came the dawn,
Such hues of hap and hazard Man's Emergence wore!

Can we think that back of all this was only the stirring of discontent in the brain of an ape, and that it has all come down through hap and hazard, casual and uncertain, until we have reached our present state? These poets may speak for themselves regarding their genealogy; we believe that God created man just a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory, and that his guiding and directing hand has been over all nations. In the language of Tennyson, "We doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs." That purpose will never be fulfilled until intelligently man moves forward into that higher stage, that state that some look forward to, which we term Zion, and which can only come when we realize that God indeed is with us.

Over and against this hap and hazard poem that brings man up from the ape, and that holds out no promise of the future, we will place one verse from a poem by Hermann Hagedorn:

Kinsman,
Our release is not yet.
Nor shall it come amid shouts,
The exhortations of loud tongues,
Or the uprising of multitudes.

Our release cometh
When the heart of man
Shall be as a plowed field,
Awaiting in the cool dawn
The footsteps of the Sower.

THE MAN WHO NEVER STOPS AND NEVER TURNS BACK

GOLIATH was a big man—no, he was not—he was a little bit of a man in a big hulk of a body. He was six cubits and a span high, and his spear's shaft was like a weaver's beam. But about all that we know concerning him is that he made a big noise and a lot of bluster and was killed with a pebble by a shepherd lad.

General Grant, by way of contrast, was a big man in a little body. He went around with his hat pulled down over his eyes and made one word do the work that two had always done before. But in the hour of his country's need he swung two great armies into battle and forced his terrible antagonist southward, inch by inch, and pounded him to pieces. He was as great in victory as he had been relentless in attack, for he refused to take from his brave adversary the sword that he was about to surrender.

It is said by one of Grant's historians that he was of Scotch descent, and that the motto of his clan in Aberdeenshire was, "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure." I do not know whether that statement is true or not, but I do find significant words in one of the first chapters of his Memoirs. He is recounting an incident that occurred in his boyhood days, and says, "One of my superstitions had always been,

when I started to go anywhere or do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished." A fine motto when one is sure he is right.

Not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished! When he graduated from West Point there were twenty-nine members in his class. He occupied twenty-first place. There were twenty young men above him who had abilities in one way or another superior to his, and who gave greater promise than he of being of service to their country. But he was the one who never stopped and never turned back.

There were many generals in the Civil War, and you may hear people arguing yet to-day that Sherman was a greater general, or McClellan was a greater general; but while they may have been greater in some respects, Grant was the one who never stopped and never turned back.

We who are engaged in the greatest warfare of all time may well take a lesson from the life of this man. How many of our young men and women will pledge themselves to go forward in that work, and never stop and never turn back until it is accomplished? Such an army of young people will be invincible. In that day the army of the Lord will become "very great and very terrible."

THE TESTIMONY OF THE CLOCK

THE midweek prayer meeting was in progress—if a long pause with nothing being said can be called progress. No one seemed willing to "improve the time." An intense stillness prevailed, broken only by the loud "tick—tock—tick—tock" of the old church clock, which seemed to sound louder and louder every time the pendulum swung to and fro.

Finally a young man arose and said, "That clock is getting on my nerves. I can't stand it any longer. That old clock seems to bear its testimony most loudly when we keep silent."

Truly the clock does bear its testimony, and that most loudly when the Saints are inactive and inattentive to duty.

It testifies that time is flying. Now is the time to act. The golden present is the hour of opportunity. Insistently it calls our attention to our duty and bears witness between us and God that we are having our chance NOW.

Some of us are young, some are mid-aged, some are already old. It is only a question of time, and that too of time that passes like a dream, like a shadow over still water, like a breath of summer air, like an iridescent, sun-kissed dewdrop, until we shall all be old. Youth and manhood, girlhood and womanhood pass quickly away, and men and women

find themselves old, with opportunity largely behind them, so far as this life is concerned. The splendid assets of youth are quickly exchanged for the grievous liabilities of old age.

Youth is the time for action. Let those who are still young and strong, vigorous and enthusiastic, enter upon this gospel warfare and throw into it their abundant energy. Youth is the time to enter fully upon service. Let us heed the testimony of the clock, and in harmony with the admonition of the Master, "Work while the day lasts."

BRAIN PATHS

A SINGLE step on the springing sod leaves little impression. A single pair of feet passing once over the greensward scarcely leaves a trail.

But when the feet pass often over the same ground, even if it be only at intervals, there appears in time a well-defined path. As the years go by, deep grooves are worn and the ground is beaten down until it becomes almost as hard as flint.

A single thought passing through the brain leaves scarcely a trace. But if the feet of the soul pass that way again and again, deep ruts of habit are formed that are as difficult to eradicate as the hard-beaten course of the ancient path across the meadow.

If the path be a forbidden one of thought about vile and sinful matters, along which the soul slinks ashamed and almost afraid lest some one by chance look in through the open windows of the eyes and see what is going on, the effect upon character is most disastrous.

Ever and ever it is easier for thought to take the old path through the brain. The habit becomes constantly stronger. The ruts are worn deeper.

Safety lies in thinking about legitimate and worthy things. Then habit becomes a friend.

Here we find a broad field for exploration. There

is no need to take the same old path every day, like the man who walks only to and from shop to dwelling, or from dwelling to store.

There are small souls who walk only one path, leaving all the broad fields of thought unexplored. These are men of few ideas; they approach monomania.

Prejudice is only another name for the hardened and narrow brain path to which they cling and from which they refuse to be diverted. They dare not turn aside a moment lest they lose the old familiar trail in which they have walked and in which their fathers have walked.

The old religion, the old philosophy, the old political allegiance, must not be disturbed. They speculated to a limited degree on these things years ago and blazed a little trail that ended too soon. They will walk back and forth over this path that leads nowhere, but new fields they will not explore.

That is why some men have but one sermon. That is why some men always vote the same ticket. That is why some men have a little light, but refuse the fullness of the gospel.

Dare to be progressive in thought. Dare to think clean thoughts and free thoughts.

There is a world of true philosophy in the injunction of Paul, indicating as it does pure thought and diversified thought:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are

just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

IN LINE OF DUTY—THE STORY OF THE *EVANELIA*

THERE was a time when the *Evanelia* rode over high and dangerous waves. There came a time later when she sank like a log in quiet waters. What made the difference?

We were profoundly impressed some years ago while hearing Captain (Elder) Joseph Burton tell how he took the *Evanelia* over the bar at San Francisco at the beginning of her long and perilous journey to carry the gospel to the islands of the southern seas.

When he put out to sea he discovered that an unexpectedly heavy swell was running in at the bar, due to a terrific storm that had been raging along the coast for one week while the *Evanelia* lay in the bay.

Another vessel that attempted to make the passage under similar conditions was literally turned bottom upward by the waves, so that her masts were thrust up through the bottom, and she sank.

But the *Evanelia* was preserved in safety. It had been predicted that she should ride the highest waves. She did so. She was in the line of her duty and God protected her.

Later certain persons, contrary to the advice of the Bishop, converted her into a trading vessel and

loaded her with "*bufa*," shells, and iron. While on such a trip she sank in quiet waters and without warning. She was out of the line of duty, and God did not protect her. She had been diverted from her mission and so perished.

There is a lesson here for all Latter Day Saints.

While we are in the line of duty God can and will take care of us in the midst of the gravest dangers and perplexities. If God is for us, who can be against us?

But if we permit ourselves to be diverted from the line of duty into something that God has not appointed for us, we have no assurance of divine protection and will most surely fail and may possibly perish most miserably.

Who, then, should hesitate long to make the choice made by Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"?

Remember the story of the *Evanelia*.

THE TIGER AND THE DERELICT

I REMEMBER a story read in early boyhood days. It was a story of such blood-congealing powers that it will never be forgotten.

A company of men at sea for a long time heard the slow regular tolling of a bell. I can still hear that funereal bell over the waters, presaging the worthy mysteries that followed.

Presently they sighted a battered derelict rolling in the trough of the sea. A bell rigged to the stump of a mast tolled slowly with the pitching of the ancient craft of mystery in the wash of the waves. I can still see that battered wreck which so piqued my alert imagination.

No living thing was in sight on this derelict; but at intervals came drifting over the waters a deep, mournful roar as of some wild beast. I can still hear that roar.

Putting off in a rowboat, these men drew near this ancient wreck of some unknown ship. They came alongside with tingling nerves, the tolling of the bell and the roaring of the beast in their ears.

Boarding the wreck they found the hatches battered down. Frightened by the awful sounds from beneath, some were for returning; but the captain insisted upon breaking open the hatches. While they were being battered down he stood with rifle ready for the unknown.

An opening effected, they descended into the evil-smelling gloom below, lighted only by the blaze of a torch. An awful roar greeted them (I can distinctly hear it), and in a far corner crouched an enormous, half-starved Bengal tiger, with blazing eyes, and red, wide-open jaws. Of course a lucky shot dispatched him.

By the side of the dead tiger was found the skeleton of a man. A broken chain and a staple in the wall showed where the tiger had been fastened.

A fragment of diary told the story of the skeleton that had been a man. He had been imprisoned and cast adrift in this old vessel by pirate chiefs off the coast of India.

The tiger had been fastened by a chain intended to hold him only until he became frantic with hunger. Crouched in a corner of the cabin the poor prisoner had written his diary, each day noting the increasing restlessness of the wild beast chained only a few feet from him. A break in the diary followed the break in the chain. I lived over those days in that vile cabin with that imprisoned wretch.

A strange, ghastly, and improbable story you say. Yes; but I have since many times seen it reenacted with more or less faithfulness to detail.

Keep your eyes open. There are numberless derelicts drifting on the sea of life. The man in each one has been killed by the tiger of lust, passion, appetite, greed, or thirst, with which he was imprisoned.

There is the situation: The derelict, the tiger, the

man—or that which was a man at one time. All that is lacking is the tolling bell. It will not toll until the funeral takes place. It should toll now for dead men that yet walk.

The man in the derelict could not kill the tiger and he had no deliverer. But men imprisoned in flesh with the wild beast of appetite or passion may have deliverance if they will. For one has come to set the captives free and to destroy all forms of evil.

The old story was not a fit one for a boy to read. But now perhaps it has served its purpose and pointed a moral.

We were reminded of this old story when we noted a statement made by a distinguished clergyman who was traveling in Europe at the outbreak of the World War. He said (as quoted in the *Literary Digest*) :

"Thousands of men that we saw howling in all the streets of Europe were not men any more. They had become beasts. The beast could be seen in their eyes. They howled for only three things: drink, women, and the blood of their brothers."

THE COLLECTOR OF VIRTUES

ONCE upon a time there lived a certain man who was a great collector of old paintings. His taste was good and his purse was long, consequently he acquired a notable collection. But he was of spare habit, and one foggy day the cold air got unusually close to his thinly-covered ribs and he died of pneumonia. His paintings were sold at auction and the collection was broken up. He could not take his treasures with him.

At the same time there lived another man who was a connoisseur of wines. Having a deep cellar and wide resources, he soon had a great stock of wines of the rarest and most ancient vintage. But he was a big, fat man, with a red face, and one day, after an unusually heavy dinner, his too abundant blood broke through upon the too small area reserved for brains, and he died of apoplexy. He could not take his wines with him and his heirs soon drank them up, cursed him, and went out to look for work.

Contemporaneously there lived a woman with a passion for jewels and precious stones. Having great revenue from tenements occupied by workingmen and widows, and from buildings rented for immoral purposes, she was able to acquire many valuable diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, moonstones, and other gems of every hue. But as the jewels came the years went. Her husband deserted her. There were no children. The poodle dog died. And after some

years of senile decay, the poor rich woman doddered off into eternity. She could not take her collection with her, and to-day her gems are scattered in ten kingdoms; but none of them in the kingdom of heaven.

There were others who collected postage stamps, bonds, deeds, horses, automobiles; what not? In time something unexpected and very unpleasant happened to each of them, and they left their collections and went out into the night.

There lived among all these collectors, almost unnoticed, a man of very moderate means. One day, chancing to look into the mirror while exceedingly angry, he beheld a vision that disturbed him greatly, and he set himself to the task of acquiring patience and an even temper. Once in his possession this great virtue bred a desire for others. And so he went on all his life long, collecting virtues: patience, temperance, humility, honesty, virtue, charity.

In due time he, too, died. And then it dawned upon the community that a truly great collector of the most priceless rarities had dwelt among them. But there was no quarrel over the division of the collection, for the collector took it with him. Only the benefits conferred upon others remained upon earth, and these, though truly considerable, as time alone will reveal, were subject to no legal attachments, and having been freely given were freely held by the recipients.

Truly wise Collector of Virtues! May many others follow your illustrious example.

THE DRIFTING BOAT

THE last slanting rays of the sun reflected back from the river glinted across the prow of an outward bound boat.

This boat was adventuring the coming night, the forces of the river, the menace of the rapids just a little further down the stream.

But her challenge was determined and intelligent. Her oars beat the water steadily. Her rudder held her to a certain, definite course. Her prow thrust the waves resolutely aside. Some certain fixed port awaited her at the end of the journey. Her oars typified industry; her rudder, determination.

As the sun disappeared and the evening mists came up from the river, another boat passed. This boat was drifting with the current.

There were no oars to propel her. There was no rudder to guide. She, too, adventured the night and the river and the rapids; but with no fixed course towards safety.

Her course was determined by the current and the winds, by outward circumstances—and it led ever downward.

Later we observed two young lives voyaging on the river of time.

One was striking boldly out—defying disaster, it is true, but doing so intelligently. Steady, hard work gave sure and uninterrupted progress forward. In-

telligent determination held to a fixed course towards an understood and definite aim.

The other life was just drifting. There was no sustained effort. There was no purpose or direction. Trivial circumstances directed the vascillating course. But the general and inevitable trend was ever downward, towards the menacing rapids.

Are you drifting with the current? Or have you set your own course, under the direction of God, towards some definite and worthy end for which you are willing to toil until the journey terminates successfully?

A LESSON FROM THE SHOP OF THE OLD VIOLIN MAKER

ONE day a certain Great Master of the violin wandered into the shop of an old violin maker. Upon the shelves there were violins in all stages of repair—some cheap and poor and dilapitated, others of great beauty of design and finish and almost fabulous value.

Selecting a carefully-cherished and ancient Stradivarius, of soft and mellow tone, he drew the bow across the strings and began to play as he alone could play. Passers-by who knew the Great Master, and others who fancied that they knew him, paused to listen, enraptured with the music that issued from the shop of the old violin maker.

But presently the Great Master put the priceless Stradivarius away in its case and turned to an instrument of more humble origin. As he drew the bow across the strings of this instrument doubt began to appear upon the faces of some. And a little later, when he chose to play upon a warped and battered violin whose notes were sometimes harsh and discordant, one declared, "That is not the Great Master playing. That is some novice or impostor who has taken his place."

But another replied, "That is the Great Master; I know his touch on any instrument. The harsh and discordant notes are due to the imperfect instrument

on which he plays, for even the Great Master expresses himself through his instruments, and if they are not perfect they mar his expression. Still it is the Great Master, and none other could do so well with a broken instrument; though, to be frank, I prefer to hear him play upon the Stradivarius."

Thus it is with the Great Master of men, who plays upon the heartstrings of humanity, and expresses himself through men—only in this instance volition belongs to the instrument of expression, and He will not speak through an instrument that refuses to submit to his touch.

When he speaks through a mind that is refined, talented, educated, and obedient, there is marvelous beauty of delivery and expression. But such an instrument is not always at his hand, and obedient to his will; and he may sing the same strain through the heartstrings and brain cells of another, who is willing to obey but is not capable of such refined beauty of expression. When this latter occurs, men should have enough of the spirit of discernment to be able to detect the touch of the Master even when it falls upon a broken instrument; and the message that comes to them, if understood and comprehended, may be as valuable as though it saluted their ears clothed with the greatest beauty of expression and emanating from a polished instrument of world renown.

The Saints of God are to be the light of the world, the Master says, and our light shoud never burn so

low that we ourselves will be left in doubt, unenlightened, and undecided when God speaks to us.

The abrupt and unpolished Peter and the educated and refined Paul do not speak after the same manner, yet the Holy Spirit inspired the minds and hearts of both and both gave a message to the souls of men.

Many of the writers of the Book of Mormon were unpolished men, pioneers, active men of affairs and adventure, not of the *literati*, and they apologize for the defects contained in their record, saying that they are the faults of men, and not the faults of God. The Great Master did not always play upon the Stradivarius.

The Master of Men does not always speak through a silver-tongued Isaiah. At times he uses a Lehi or a Moroni, or even an unlettered prophet and seer of Palmyra. Nevertheless, it is the Spirit of the same Master working in all, for the salvation of men; and those who know him best, recognize his touch on any instrument that he may choose to use and finds obedient to his touch to the extent of its limitations.

HAVE YOU KEPT YOUR HEAD?

ON THE morning of the day when President Joseph Smith passed to his rest, he was told of the burning of Edison's great plant, supposed to have been fireproof, and into which Edison had put the ambitions of a lifetime.

The aged President closed his eyes for a moment; then he opened them with a quizzical expression, and inquired, "Did his head burn?"

When answered in the negative, he added, "Well, he is all right then, if he has that wonderful head left."

There is a lesson in that little incident that is worth learning and remembering. Edison may lose the material accumulations that are but the external expression of his mental processes. But so long as his personality remains, so long as he retains his remarkable mental equipment, his work will go on.

The Edison plant can be rebuilded. It is largely a matter of dollars to duplicate the buildings and equipment.

There is not enough money in the world to duplicate the Edison head.

There was more than a jest in Sam Jones's challenge: "They say the newspapers made me! Well, all I have to say is, let them make another Sam Jones!"

Personality is the most remarkable thing in the world. So long as a man retains his personality and has the opportunity to go on developing his powers and expressing himself, he need not feel that all is lost.

Misfortune may overtake him. He may lose the cherished material things for which he has labored. But if he has his head left he can go on and retrieve his fortunes.

Perhaps you have had trouble. You have met with reverses. Misfortune cast you down.

Lips now turning to dust suggest the pertinent query, "Did you keep your head?"

PRESERVED OR PICKLED

THE Reverend Sam Jones used to say that some very religious people imagine they are preserved when in fact they are only pickled. He declared that he watched his good old mother preserve peaches and she always sweetened them liberally. He presumed that when God preserves his saints he does likewise.

There is more than a grain of common sense in the homely illustration.

Harsh, sour, critical cynicism has no place whatever in a truly religious disposition. Gentleness, patience, long-suffering, charity, these are the attributes of the Spirit.

Strenuous conflict with forces of evil in various forms sometimes tends to make one sarcastic, acrimonious, and harsh in his methods of attack and repulsion. Our people, particularly the ministry, should be on their guard lest this become a matter of habit, first reflected in speech, next in habitual thought, and finally in the sour and misanthropic character of the confirmed pessimist—pickled in his own vinegar. And the finest honey, gone wrong, makes the sourest vinegar.

No matter whether the evil that we combat be outside the church or in it, we must remain open, frank, manly, and even-tempered in our warfare. Much that we see in our opponents that seems so despic-

able is due to human weakness and imperfection. To permit it to react upon us and spoil our characters by robbing us of our charity for and love of humanity would be sad indeed. Thus we would defeat ourselves.

We must maintain the broad, deep sympathy that characterized the Master in his work of redemption. Often repulsed, we should never become discouraged. Often betrayed or defeated, we must work on.

Youth naturally is buoyant and hopeful; age tends to become more crabbed and austere. The disappointments, vexations, and cares of life account for the change so often witnessed as time goes by.

Happy the man or woman who remains optimistic, broad-minded, liberal, enthusiastic, kindly, in spite of disappointments and unrealized hopes and ambitions.

This achievement should be within the reach of the average Latter Day Saint, through the grace of God who has preserved them, i. e., liberally sweetened them with his divine love and compassion through the indwelling of his Spirit.

There is nothing more corroding than the acidity of a thoroughly soured "Christian"—so-called. As mother-of-vinegar tends to breed more acidity, so do such tend to discourage and sour those around them.

On the other hand, a life of sunny good will is like a flood of sunshine and a breath of fresh air combined, cleansing the spiritual atmosphere, killing malignant germs, and reviving and refreshing all who come under its benign influences.

PUTTING THE HALTER ON THE CAMEL

EVERY man needs self-confidence. No; we did not say self-conceit. We said self-confidence. True self-confidence is based (1) on confidence in God, and (2) on personal efficiency.

Confidence in God made the apostles of old invincible. They said, and felt: "If God be for us, who can prevail against us?" This deep-burning thought has nerved men and women for heroic tasks.

No one can feel that God is with him unless he is confident that his cause is just. He whose cause is just is "thrice armed." Supremely confident that God is with us, let us go forward along right lines with courage and hope.

Efficiency, the second prerequisite to confidence, comes from preparation. With assurance we approach a task for which we are prepared. We cannot have any confidence in ourselves if, for instance, we attempt to make a speech upon a subject concerning which we are ignorant. But if we have studied it and thoroughly understand some leading facts concerning it, we have good grounds for assurance in attempting to treat upon it.

Preparation and experience give efficiency, and efficiency will surely give a sense of ability to succeed that is invaluable.

Do not dwell too much upon your weaknesses and shortcomings. Think of them just enough to take the necessary steps to overcome them. Do not brood over them and become discouraged. The discouraged man is defeated before he begins the fight. Think of yourself in respectable terms, as one who can and will succeed.

Fear unnerves us. Resolution and determination carry us forward. Men fear a great many things, many of which are imaginary. As one said, "I am an old man, and have seen many troubles—most of which never happened."

Kleiser refers to the old fable of the camel. When man first saw a camel he fled in terror before the huge and ugly bulk of the creature. Later, taking courage, he marched up to the animal and put a halter on him and set a child to lead him.

Thus it is in many instances with the things that we fear. If we march directly up to them, we overcome and bind them.

Is it an evil habit? Is it a fear to speak in public? Is it a difficult problem? Is it a hard task? Is it a disagreeable duty? Is it your life's work? Prepare yourself to overcome: Have confidence in yourself and in God. Go straight at the thing, whatever it is, and win out. Put the halter on the camel.

COCKLEBUR FARMING

YEARS ago an old Iowa farmer was plowing his corn when he discovered a strange new plant. At least it was strange to him in that new prairie land.

So he plowed around it very carefully and left it standing, curious to learn what it might be and thinking perhaps he had made a valuable discovery. He cultivated it all that season.

The plant proved to be a cocklebur, genus *Xanthium*. In a few years his farm was headquarters for cocklebur and helped to seed the whole surrounding country with the noxious pests. He had missed a splendid opportunity to destroy a nuisance at its source. The best time to rid a farm of cocklebur is when there is only one cocklebur on the place.

Many a young man with his first taste of drink or tobacco or profanity or gambling experiences an entirely new sensation. He is uncertain regarding its exact nature, but decides to let the thing grow and see what may come of it. Somewhat against his higher instincts and with many qualms of stomach and conscience, he cultivates the new sensation.

By and by he discovers that he has merely grown a rank and evil habit. His entire system is filled with it. He is now headquarters for one or more forms of

vice and helps to contaminate younger members of the entire community.

Like the manager of Cocklebur Farm, he has made a sad mistake. The time to overcome evil habits is at the beginning—when they are few in number and before their roots have struck into the soil and before the seeds are scattered far and wide.

It is a good five-year job to eradicate cockleburs from a farm when they have become well established. It is the task of a lifetime to root out evil habits that have been cultivated and encouraged for years.

Every young man who reads these lines will say, What a fool that old farmer was! No need to say more.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

SOME one has said that it takes two to live the Christian religion. Every effort to retire to the desert or bury oneself in a monastery in order to be truly religious must fail. There is no opportunity for full fruition.

True religion involves at least three individuals, a man, his God, and his brother. Yonder is God. Here am I. There is my brother. It is the eternal triangle.

I have established relations with God. My brother has established relations with God. But Christ is not satisfied until my brother and I have established proper relations with each other. And we must maintain those relations.

For that reason Jesus has commanded that if one bring a gift to his altar and there remember that his brother has aught against him, he shall leave the gift and go and make peace with his brother.

When the line of communication is interrupted between a man and his brother it is interrupted between that man and his God. No man can perpetuate a quarrel, or refuse to do his utmost to settle a quarrel, without forefeiting his right to approach God. Others, too, may be affected. While it is said that it takes two to make a quarrel, a quarrel is seldom confined to two.

The shortest way to God may be the longest way around—via the third person. Inasmuch as you have done it unto him you have done it unto Jesus. We cannot pass a cup of cold water to Jesus excepting as we press it to the lips of a brother. In all temporal matters that is our approach.

So we are told: "If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And, behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support. . . . And inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me."

The time has come when the Saints must get closer together in love and sympathy. The triangle must be made strong and sure. The point of danger—the point where the break almost always occurs, is between brethren.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT

(Sermon at Lamoni, Iowa.)

HERE are two texts that appear in striking contrast:

"Unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."—Ephesians 4: 13.

"And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—James 1: 15.

Every factory is judged by its finished product. Every tree is known by its ripened fruit. The test is both scriptural and scientific. Men and institutions and powers, natural and supernatural, must abide the same test.

There are two great powers at work in the world, shaping the characters of men. One is evil; the other is good. One is of God; the other of the Devil. One works to make men; the other to destroy them. One works through the church, and many institutions and individuals not directly connected with the church; and everywhere, in the language of the Book of Mormon, "inviteth and enticeth to do good." The other works everywhere, as opportunity offers, through individuals and institutions, and everywhere "inviteth and enticeth to do evil." Both must be judged by the fully developed human characters that result from their influence and dominion.

Some people, it is true, seem to think that the Devil has gone out of business. He does not hold the prominent place in creeds that he used to occupy; but there is something to the poem which says:

Men don't believe in the Devil now as their fathers used to do.
They have forced the doors of the broadest creeds to let his majesty through;
There's not a print of his cloven hoof, or dart from his fiery bow,
On earth, in air, or anywhere—for the world has voted it so!
But who is binding the souls of men and making them willing slaves,
To wreck their lives on the rocks of sin and fill up bloody graves?
Who dogs the steps of the toiling Saint? Who digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows the wheat?
The Devil was safely voted out, and, of course, the Devil is gone,
But honest men would like to know, *Who carries his business on?*

THE DEVIL IS A GOOD ADVERTISER

If men think that Satan is not doing business at the same old stand and in the same old way they deceive themselves. They do not read the advertising section of the world. The Devil is a good advertiser. He advertises all the time, in city and village and country. He uses the most alluring and seductive devices, the saloon, the theater, the dance hall, the

board of trade, music, song, color, art, motion and emotion, everything that will appeal to the senses of men, and women, and children.

He is a good promiser. He makes wonderful promises of joy and satisfaction, and always stipulates that no one will ever find out, and no harm will result. But promises must be judged by the way in which they are kept. The advertisement must be compared with the finished product.

We will use three illustrations from their allied forces through which evil works to-day and has worked for many centuries.

THE DRINK HABIT

The Chicago *Home Herald* tells about a man who was riding on a street car. He chanced to notice an advertisement in one of the advertising spaces overhead, printed in bold, clear letters: "Pure rye whisky —Tones up the body; brightens the intellect; invigorates the soul."

There was the advertisement and the promise. But dropping his eyes involuntarily, he saw on the seat directly under the advertisement the finished product: a drunken man, slouched down in the drunkard's habitual attitude; eyes bleared, face bloated, intellect befuddled, body weakened, soul destroyed. The finished product gave the lie to the advertisement. The two are not always brought together so closely that we can see and judge as readily as in this case; but if we keep our eyes open and look far enough we can always see the results of sin in what-

ever form it may present itself to solicit our patronage.

While on the streets of San Bernardino, California, not long ago, we chanced to notice a saloon that bore the proud title: "The Senate." We asked the question of our companion: "Where is the House of Representatives?" I will tell you. You will find the representatives of the saloon in the gutters and jails and poorhouses, and in the potter's field. It is so everywhere.

Not long ago while riding through town we noticed on a certain front porch a great, bloated, purple-faced wreck of humanity. Some days later a companion pointed to the same house and said: "That is the home of an old saloon keeper." We replied, "No need to tell us that. We have seen the man." There he was, the finished product of his own business. The only difference between him and his former customers was that while he drank he sold, so that now he sits upon his own front porch, a mass of misery, while they stand at other men's back doors begging for a "hand-out."

The dram shop is one factory that is ashamed of its own output. Habitual drunkards are not welcomed at the saloon. They are driven away or are secluded in back yards behind high board fences, lest the public see the finished product and judge thereby. The raw material goes in, a boy or a man, bright, active, strong, beloved by his family. After years or months the finished product comes out, a besotted,

bestial drunkard, a disgrace to his family, a menace to society, spurned even by the thing that has made him what he is.

THE "SOCIAL EVIL"

Our next illustration is borrowed from a very ancient "sociologist" named Solomon, and refers to forms of vice through which the forces of evil have worked for centuries past.

"For at the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night; and, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtile of heart. (She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house; now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner.) So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come; let us take our fill of love until the morning; let us solace ourselves with loves. For the goodman is not at home, he is gone a long journey; he hath taken a bag of

money with him, and will come home at the day appointed."—Proverbs 7: 6-20.

There was the lure and the promise; music and light and beauty and laughter. There was to be great pleasure in sin. No one would ever know—the good man of the house was gone away, etc. It is the old story: splendid advertising, fine promises, the bringing to bear on man of the most subtle, powerful, and dangerous appeal—the appeal of sex to sensuality. But now note the result:

"With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattery of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thy heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."—Proverbs 7: 21-27.

The natural result of the social evil in all its forms is disease and death—death both natural and spiritual. Many strong men and many beautiful women have been wounded or slain by it. The finished product as it finds spiritual expression in blasted and lecherous souls, physical expression in hospital wards and on operating tables, and social expression

in ruined homes and degenerate posterity, is too awful to look upon with equanimity; yet he who reads the advertisement should look beneath it for the finished product.

MONEY MADNESS GREED FOR GAIN

Our next illustration is taken from the teachings of the incomparable Master Teacher. It deals with the lure of wealth through which evil has long worked:

"And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits, and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."—Luke 12: 17-21, Inspired Translation.

There is the advertisement and the promise: long life, plenty, bigger barns, finer houses, better clothes, opportunity to eat and drink and be merry, ease, luxury, power. But let us hear the conclusion of such a life:

"But God said unto him, Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So shall

it be with him who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."—Luke 12: 22, 23.

Everywhere evil appeals to men and women; offering money as the one supreme consideration, the universal solvent, the thing to be obtained at any sacrifice. In the service of Mammon men lie, and cheat, and steal, and murder. And what is the result? They do not get the pleasure that was promised them. Only misery and remorse remain. And at the end comes the summons: "Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" They come face to face with the proposition: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

WHEN IT IS FINISHED

Degradation of character is not instantaneous. The power of evil does not turn out a finished product in a day. It warps, twists, and hammers, and bends a man into shape so gradually that perhaps he does not know the process through which he is passing. The little changes may not appear so bad, each viewed by itself. But the finished product! That is the thing by which we must judge corrupt influence. The finished product is a ruined and debauched man, selfish, sensual, wicked, desperate.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envy-

ings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like."—Galatians 5: 19-21.

"Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, *when it is finished,* bringeth forth death."—James 1: 15.

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny."—Broadman.

When finally such a soul stands before God it will be judged by its deeds, that is true; but the thing that the man *is,* himself, will be sufficient to condemn him. What we *are,* that is what counts. What we *are,* no one can get away from that! The finished product before the judgment bar of reason condemns or justifies itself!

GOD ADVERTISES TOO

The Devil is a good advertiser; but God is also a good advertiser, and he makes many promises, all of which are unchangeable and true. He is working everywhere, primarily through his church, secondarily through many other agencies, to reach men and lead them to obey him. There are a few little electrical signs along Broadway in New York City, but God is still the great advertiser. Go out into the open any clear night and you may see thousands of miles of brilliantly blazing display advertisements, blue background of eternal, infinite space, studded with suns and planets and stars unnumbered, and all declaring the glory of God.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."—Psalms 19: 1.

One cannot look at the stars without feeling an impulse to do better. We cannot see or read of a brave or noble deed without feeling a desire to be brave and noble. We cannot come in contact with a good man or woman without feeling an uplift of spirit. In all things and through all things good and true God announces himself to us at every turn. Last, but not least, his word is to be found to-day in almost every home in every civilized land, to be read freely by those who care to even feel after that which is higher; and from cover to cover the Bible is an invitation and a promise.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matthew 11: 28-30.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Revelation 22: 17.

GOD'S WORKSHOP THE WORLD; HIS FINISHING ROOM THE CHURCH

We sometimes feel that God is confining his operations to the church; but it is said of Jesus that he is "the true light, which lighteneth *every man that cometh into the world*" (John 1: 9). God's workshop

is the world; his working day lasts for all time. Call the roll of great and good men of all ages. Every one of them was great and good because he lived in harmony with some part of the teachings of Jesus. He may not have known the gospel in its fullness; but he lived by that which he knew. Some time these men will know the law in its fullness.

But if the world is God's workshop, the church is his finishing room: "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Perfection must ultimately be found under gospel administration and in the church of Jesus Christ.

And so all through the work of God, as applied to men of varied abilities and characteristics, if we will we can see the glory of his work. The finished product speaks for itself. It is the strongest argument that can be put forward in defense of the forces that work for good. It accords with the advertisement; it fulfills the promise. Yet to us is not fully revealed all that may be included in the term, "the finished product." We must use the words in a qualified sense, for it is written: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him."

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

MARK TWAIN pictures Adam as brooding over Eve's grave and saying: "Whereso-ever she was, *there* was Eden!"

Don't change your spiritual gear to catch up with every fad that passes you. Some of them run "on high" for a little while and then lie in the ditch a long time. The only true peacemaker is the old gospel car.

Trouble is said to be a very efficient teacher. But most of us are such dull pupils that we must remain a long time under tutelage.

The church is a bank. We take out of it what we put into it—with interest. But if we do not make a deposit we cannot take anything out.

The trouble with the indirect sermon is that it does not start from any particular point—it does not lead up to any special place—and it does not pass anything of interest on the way.

Avoid the sermon that, like the sectarian God, is without body, parts, or passions—"whose center is everywhere and its circumference nowhere."

The emblems of the Lord's Supper seem even to cast a certain sanctity about those who serve them.

But they cannot make that clean which is unclean or holy which is unholy. So the Lord has commanded that those who bear the vessels of the Lord shall be clean. That means plenty of soap and water on the outside and good clean living on the inside.

If you are an elder, heed a word of counsel. Do not often indulge yourself to tell others of flattering financial offers that the world has made for your services, or the success that you might have made in secular matters. This for four reasons. 1st. You do not intend to boast, but you may be understood as boasting. The world has nothing to offer worth consideration as compared with that which the church gives. Paul boasted only in the work of Jesus. Rome offered him nothing worthy of a second thought. 2d. It may have the appearance of giving thoughtful consideration to a bribe. 3d. Most of us owe all that we are to the church. It educated us, gave us our ideals, and developed our abilities. They belong to the church. We hold them in trust. They are not at auction. 4th. In some cases these dreams are all moonshine. Perhaps they are in your case. Many who have left the church with the ambition to make a name in the world have made a flat and dismal failure. With God you may be making a success. Without him you might be just "another failure."

A mother complained because her hungry baby cried. We suggested that she reason with it. No results. Then we suggested that she try Christian

Science on the little thing. Again, no results. But a bottle of good warm milk soon brought peace. Strange that children prefer milk to the windy assertions of Christian Science—but of such is the kingdom of heaven.

If I were to paint a picture of the three graces, I would not picture Faith looking with longing eyes into the dim future. I would picture Faith at work. Let Hope scan the future. And I would not depict Charity, the greatest of the three, in the act of giving alms, but rather in the act of giving herself.

Kipling relates a legend about the great King Solomon. It seems that Solomon made a grand feast and with much pomp and flourish invited all the animals in all the world to come and eat. But lo, when the dinner was ready, an animal came up out of the sea and ate it all at one bite. When Solomon asked him who he was, he said, "O king, live forever. I am the smallest of thirty thousand brothers who live at the bottom of the sea. My brothers sent me to inquire when dinner will be ready. They will be along presently." The king said it was a lesson to him not to attempt to "show off." If we are inclined to "show off," let us remember the thirty thousand brothers.

When Jesus was here he beheld the multitude and had compassion on them. He wept over them. Not a heart in all the assembly that thronged him but had its own cares and sorrows. And he saw into

every heart and sympathized with every sorrow. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

I do not think that Jesus, being a part of the Godhead, and filled with infinite wisdom, sympathy, and love, needed to come down to earth and suffer with us in order to understand our griefs. But it was necessary for him to come in order that *we* might understand that *he* understands. Otherwise we would not believe that even God himself could understand *our* sorrows and temptations. But his life, from his birth in the stable to his death on the cross, is a compelling testimony that he understands.

BOOK FOUR

A Cup of Cold Water

THE DEAD NURSE

The sick, the broken, the distressed,
Whose brows her gentle hands have pressed,
Whose wounds her skillful fingers dressed,
These rise to-day to call her blest.

When God commanded us to build
A house of healing, unfulfilled
Had been the task, but for the guild
Of women nurses, kind and skilled.

The nurse's cap, the nurse's gown,
The uniform that she lays down,
Are like that robe of world renown—
Christ's seamless robe with glory crowned.

No more she hastes through the long hall,
To ward, or sick room, serving all;
But heeding her Physician's call,
Her "special" takes where shadows fall.

She challenged Death, his presence near,
In many vigils, long and drear;
So knew his face, but had no fear
When her last summons sounded clear.

And entering the low, green door,
That all men enter, evermore
She consecrates the name she bore
And the white uniform she wore.

And if her ministry to pain
Shall light in other souls again,
The lamp of service, it is plain
She neither lived nor died in vain.

A CUP OF WATER FROM FLOOD TIDE

A CERTAIN celebrated actor was entertaining a friend at Santa Monica. The friend was a faddist and his latest fad was to drink a glass of sea water from the incoming tide once each day. This was supposed to cure his indigestion.

The two were walking along the beach one morning, and the friend had just finished his glass of water. With the predisposition of faddists to go to the extreme, he looked longingly at the empty glass and said, "I wonder if I might take another."

The actor looked at the inrolling waste of waters and replied: "Well, I don't think that it would be missed."

There was no questioning the all-sufficiency of the inrushing tide. It had all old ocean's bulk and power behind it. The only question was as to the capacity and needs of the man.

There is never any question as to the power and sufficiency of God's blessing in every realm. In all things it is adequate to the willingness of the individual to receive and his capacity to take and use.

The law in spiritual things as well as in temporal is that every man shall receive according to his needs and wants, inasmuch as his wants are just.

That must be what Paul had in mind when he said

that every man should receive the manifestation of the Spirit, but each in his own way and measure:

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit."—1 Corinthians 12: 4-13.

God had this in mind when he said: "All are called according to the gifts of God unto them." The gifts of God are adequate to the needs of every man, yes, even to his wants, when they are not unjust. Each man may receive in abundance, nor does he thereby perceptibly diminish the flood tide or impoverish any other human being. There is no room for jealousy

among those who walk by the side of the incoming tide.

And there is a beauty and glory in the typically Latter Day Saint thought that the tide is still setting in every day. Just as it did in the days of Paul, or in the days of which it is written:

"Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them: and that rock was Christ."—1 Corinthians 10: 1-4.

A CUP AND A LOAF FOR THE MASTER

JESUS is not with us to-day, hungry, thirsty, weary, homeless, that we may administer to his needs. But through service to others he opens up to us an avenue by which we may hand to him the cup and the loaf. He has said:

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matthew 25: 35-40.

The Salvation Army, once despised and ridiculed, has won the respect of the religious world by deeds of mercy quite similar to those mentioned here.

A BOX OF ORANGES

As I have said, Jesus is not sick to-day that we may visit him. But thousands of poor human be-

ings are sick. Were you ever visited when you were sick? With the right kind of a visit? A little over a year ago I was sick on a lonely beach in California. And a good brother by the name of Will Mills used to drive down often and bring some of the brethren to see me. He would make a round trip of perhaps sixty or more miles just to take me out riding four or five blocks, for that was all I could stand. And usually when he was about to leave for home he would happen to think of a box of oranges for which he seemed to have no other use, so he would leave them with me.

WILL MILLS'S SERMON

That man was an ordained man. But I doubt if he could preach a sermon to save his life. That was his sermon. Some time I imagine he will stand before the throne of God and Jesus will say, "Brother Mills, I was sick and you visited me." And I can imagine his look of surprise as he asks, "When saw I you sick and visited you."

And the answer will come back, "You remember when Brother Elbert was sick at Hermosa Beach. Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the very least of these my brethren you have done it unto me. I tasted your oranges; they were sweet. I rode with you in your automobile."

I have watched the nurses at their work in the Sanitarium at Independence. And instead of the emaciated form upon the bed, to which they administered, I have seen the form of Jesus of Nazareth.

Yes, and I, too, have received their ministrations, and know that if I was worthy to be called one of the least of the brethren I was in Jesus' stead and their reward is sure.

PRAYERS FOR HUNGRY MEN

Jesus is not hungry now, that we may feed him. But others are hungry. I read not long ago a little account of how the Salvation Army lassies work in their dugouts, among the bursting shells, just back of the firing line, baking pies and krullers. And in the morning as the soldiers come from the trenches, each boy as he marches by receives from the kindly hands of a Salvation Army lassie, three hot krullers and a half of an apple pie. I like apple pie, but I presume that under those conditions apple pie tastes better to the soldier boys than it ever did to you or to me. There was a poem with the story. One verse runs like this:

> "Prayers are good, at proper times,
> As every soldier knows,
> But coming from the trenches,
> It's pie, not prayer, that goes."

I do not think that sentiment irreverent. I think that there are times when it is better to feed a man than to pray for him. James didn't like the idea of turning a man away with a prayer and an empty stomach. Then, if we can put the man in the way of earning his next meal, if he is destitute, we have done real constructive work.

A VISIT TO THE PRISON HOUSE

Jesus is not in prison now that we may visit him. But once in a while some poor mortal falls into trouble. Not long ago a brother in one of our larger cities in a time of temptation diverted the funds of an institution to his own pockets. He was put into jail and was about to be sentenced to the penitentiary. Brother —— called upon him, and later upon the bankers whose institution he had defrauded. He said to the bankers, "Come, let us go and see this man." They were astonished. Why should they go to jail to see the man? He had taken their money. They had put him in jail. The matter was ended.

But they were persuaded to go. They talked with the man. They heard about his family. The case was no longer abstract. It became concrete. The incident was humanized. In the end they consented, upon having their interests guaranteed, that the judge should parole this man to Brother —— and permit him to have another chance to make good and care for his family. The interests of society are best safeguarded by the reformation of the offender. Jails are the poorest guarantee.

Here was a case where one in prison was visited to some purpose. There is a story to the effect that the prisoners at Fort Madison were visited so often by ministers who so invariably preached from the text of the prodigal son that when the prisoners saw a preacher appear upon a Sunday morning they would say, "Here comes another prodigal son." But

in this instance something better than a homily was delivered. Is it too much to say that Jesus himself was visited in that prison?

THE HOMELESS SAVIOR

Jesus is not naked and hungry now. The seamless garment has given place to robes of glory. He is not homeless. He dwells on high. Yet he says, "I was a stranger [homeless], and ye took me in." One of the saddest plaints that ever ascended from human lips sprang from the homesick and lonely heart of Jesus Christ when he said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." These missionaries, some of them, have tasted of that experience, perhaps.

We cannot open our door to Jesus now and say to him, "Come in and lie in my bed." But we can sustain the Children's Home there on the hill, and homeless little children can go there and find shelter. And those who have no children of their own can open their homes to children, and as one has said, "love into maturity those whom others have loved into life." And in that way Jesus will come in at our door and sleep in our bed.

(Note: In the foregoing an effort was made to emphasize the principle of service, perhaps somewhat to the neglect of theological niceties of interpretation. The line between the "brethren" and the "righteous" may have been obscured at times. But I hold that if God will reward such works so glori-

ously when done by "righteous" men of the world, he will also reward them when done by the "brethren." Again, it may be urged that in the illustration of feeding the soldiers, many of those served were not among Christ's brethren. But I hold again that it would be a mistake to always demand a man's baptismal certificate before rendering an act of service. Paul said to do good to all men, but especially to the household of faith. The work of the Salvation Army and the Red Cross is essentially Christlike, no matter who may be the recipient. Again, it may be urged that the man in prison was guilty of sin and so could not be held to represent Jesus in any way. Would Jesus visit only those who are stainless? I read that he visited the spirits in prison who were disobedient under the preaching of Noah. He set up God's mercy seat in hell. So perhaps he would not refuse to visit a defaulter or decline to recognize a visit made under such circumstances.)

WHAT IS A MAN WORTH?

A man went down to Panama,
  Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains,
  And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
  And the mountains stood aside.

The Power that wrought the tide and peak
  Wrought mightier the seer;
And the One who made the Isthmus
  He made the engineer. . . .

—Percy Mackaye.

JUDGING from the acts of a great many men, they do not think themselves worth much to God, to themselves, or to the community. They are willing to sell themselves for a barrel, more or less, of alcohol. We do not know how much alcohol one can get away with before it gets away with him, but at best it is a bad bargain. The man who is trying so hard to break into a drunkard's grave should ask himself, Am I not getting the worst of this deal? I am bartering away body and soul, the respect of my friends and the peace of my family; and I get in return rags, hunger, filth, bruises, insults, and an amount of drink proportionate to my swinishness.

Others, both men and women, put themselves and their home life in the pawnshop for the privilege of

being fashionable and drinking from the cup of pleasure. Some go for a cash consideration, as in the case of some of our senators, and post office officials, and judges, and mayors. Probably the proportion of guilty ones who have been exposed is small.

Then there are many in business who are dealing in short weights. The fourteen ounces of meat that they sell for a pound is not all they have sold. They have sold themselves and have gone for the price of two ounces of meat.

Man prizes himself and his honor too lightly; and if himself, certainly others. So long as men will sell themselves for drink, or drugs, or money, or favors, men will be found to profit by their foolishness.

Sixty thousand men was the price of Port Arthur. These men were the pick of the two nations who fought over the walls of that doomed city. They were the pick physically, and in many cases mentally. And what were they given for? That Russia might seek to add somewhat to her domain at a time when she still had undeveloped territory that makes the United States look small.

So long as dirt means more than flesh and blood, there will be war—national, civil, and individual.

The doctrine of total depravity used to be a favorite one with the churches, and it must have been eminently pleasing to Satan. We read that man was made in the image of God. In what sense? In a physical sense? Well, no; because we have been told that God is a being without a body, or parts, or pas-

sions. Man has these. Then it must be according to that dogma that man is in the image of God spiritually and mentally; and at the same time he is by nature and inclination totally depraved? No wonder that God said those creeds were abominable!

That very act of creation shows the price God sets on men. He placed upon men the stamp and image of the divine form; and certainly he did not do that to worthless metal. Man was the crowning act of his creation, the culminating revelation of God's power and majesty; and we are told in the eighth Psalm that he was created only a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor.

He was in the image of God but on a lower plane; just as a child may resemble his father in form and disposition, yet be but a child. Man's growth has been perverted, and perhaps some few may become totally depraved; but did you ever see one who you dared to say was that?

Let us rather preach the dignity and worth of man as something too valuable to be used for a base end. Jesus said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Even the sparrow is God's handiwork, and when it falls to the ground, wounded, the same natural law begins to heal it that heals you of your bruises. It is not forgotten. Then the point of the lesson is driven home, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." If it be a tragedy when the sparrow falls, how much more a tragedy when man falls!

The parables of the lost sheep, the lost piece of money, and the prodigal son, were all designed to teach the worth of the individual and the pains God takes to save him, and the joy there is in heaven when he is saved.

The parable of the prodigal son teaches that it is seldom too late to break a bad bargain; make the best terms we can; get back home; make the very most we can of ourselves. When the prodigal got into serious trouble "he came to himself"; he had been a little bit deranged before. He saw that he could do better than herd swine and eat husks.

In Luke we read of a rich man who said to his soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." All that he thought he was good for was to eat and drink and have a good time. God said that man was a fool. The beasts are satisfied to eat and drink and take their ease; but a wise man should have a higher ideal.

The sacrifice that Christ made, the suffering he bore, prove the value he set upon men. Yes, even upon sinners. How much then must a good man be worth to God? See what God did for you. What are you doing for yourself?

Paul says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost . . . and ye are not your own? for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

God made man of the dust, but that is no reason for him to trail himself in the dust.

Diamonds are carbon, and so is coal; but we do not burn diamonds. The gross material has been glorified.

An ounce of paint serves a savage to disfigure his face; an artist will paint a splendid picture with it. He glorifies the pigment into a thing of art.

And herein is revealed the genius of God that he makes a sentient and lovely creation from the dust.

We have disfigured that work, and it is our business to gain once more our lost estate, and this we will do with the aid of Christ, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

Man is priceless in God's sight; apparently worthless in his own sight. How much work do we put on our houses and gardens, on our dresses and hats, on our farms and stores: yet these all shall perish. The one eternal thing within our reach to bestow untiring labor upon is the human character. No labor too long, no study too arduous, no sacrifice too great that makes it greater or better.

What are you worth to God?

You are worth something at the worst; but prize yourself at the best.

THE LESSON OF THE ROUND TABLE

KING ARTHUR was a great and good king who tried to teach the knights of his court chastity, charity, humility, and all true Christian virtues.

Like all such men, he met with disappointments in his efforts to adjust perverse human nature to his idealism.

The story goes that on a certain time he made a feast for his knights. He was the last to arrive, and while they waited for him to come they fell into a dispute as to who should have preeminence and sit near the head of the table, and who should be humble and sit at the foot.

The dispute grew into a tumult and a struggle, noisy and brutal. They fought for place like hogs at a trough.

So keen was the interest in the struggle that the king entered unobserved and stood in shocked silence, contemplating the shameful scene, a scene which in its very nature repudiated his every past teaching. When at last his presence was noticed, awed silence fell upon the group.

King Arthur then and there resolved that the scene should never be repeated. So he caused a great

round table to be constructed—no head, no foot—at which his knights might sit in absolute equality.

This was a mechanical contrivance intended to secure equality. Like all such mechanical contrivances, and later legislative devises, though splendid in purpose and original in conception, it was doomed to fail when put to the rigid test.

In a group of men whose hearts do not desire equality, equality can never be forced—not if any material or mental development at all is permitted. The love of preeminence will find some way of expression.

Long before the days of King Arthur, Jesus himself had an experience not unlike that which led to the founding of the celebrated round table. His "knights" of the gospel, the twelve apostles, fell into a quarrel as to who was greatest in the kingdom. Jesus asked them what they had talked about by the way, and they fell silent, for they well knew that their struggle for supremacy was foreign to his spirit and teachings.

He then proceeded to instruct them, sweeping away all material, worldly, commonly accepted standards of rank and position, and making service the standard of merit. His servants (or rather friends) must be equal, and content with equality. Any preferment must come from God and be received as the result of service—the one who is servant of all being considered greatest of all. Such preferment does not carry with it luxury and ease, as in the

world, but in most cases only greater responsibility and opportunity to work, so that they remain in the last analysis equal so far as position is concerned, each receiving all that he is fitted and willing to use and enjoy in the way of opportunity.

Jesus did not attempt to produce some mechanical device, nor yet any theoretical scheme that would bring equality, fraternity, and justice automatically, with or without the free consent of the brains and hearts of his subjects.

He chose a less alluring, a long and tedious, but the only practical, method—that of individual education and regeneration.

God is no respecter of persons. He has no regard for the artificial distinctions of wealth and birth that seem so important to men, and so often make base men and women seem honorable. Of him Peter says: "The Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work."

God does not recognize these distinctions, and he demands that his Saints shall disregard them, so far as is possible; by and by they will cease, though now they seem so important.

We are not to seek the best seat at the table, or the position of honor in the synagogue. If these places come to us, let them come at God's direction. It is better to take a lowly seat and be called to a higher, than to establish ourselves in an exalted position and be called down.

We should not glory in titles, or in dress, or in

wealth. We are to treat all with true Christian courtesy and not pander to those who are wealthy or well dressed. James says: "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

James was your true church democrat, and it irked him to see worldly class distinctions creeping into the church. He knew that when such a spirit entered in, religion would depart and church politics take its place, with all the shameful wire pulling and scheming that disgrace certain church circles where clique vies with clique in the struggle to outshine and outdress all others, church machinery being manipulated by the men with the longest purses, pew and pulpit alike controlled by money and not by brains and piety.

There is a lesson for us in the incident of the round table. The whole church should be and will be in one sense a great round table at which men may sit as brothers—banished every false and artificial class division.

AT THE PLOW

"No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking backward, is fit for the kingdom of God."—Jesus.

THE Master, desiring to admonish quitters, made use of a very striking illustration. Almost anyone who has followed a plow, or watched others plow, can understand its significance.

The farmer, as he prepares to strike his initial furrow, erects or selects some landmark at the further side of the field, usually a pole or staff bearing some sort of a flag or ensign. He keeps his eyes steadily upon this landmark and drives directly toward it, and thus he secures a straight furrow.

CROOKED FURROWS

But if he begins to look back over his shoulder every few seconds, and perhaps repent that he ever started, his furrow will be crooked. And if the first furrow is crooked, all succeeding ones will be crooked. These crooked furrows sometimes may be seen after the grain is sown and has grown up. Sometimes they can be discerned even after the harvest. The only way to obliterate them is to do the work all over and do it right.

Thus with the crooked furrows that we make in life. Unless they are corrected, and our "first works" are done over again, they will be seen all our lives and may even appear after the harvest, on the other

side of the resurrection, as a monument to the folly of those who have attempted to follow Jesus while looking back at the world.

In passing, we might note that in order to strike a true furrow the farmer must select a stable and reliable landmark. We have heard of one who tried to strike his furrow by an old white horse that was feeding on the further side of the field. But the horse did not stand still. He kept moving, and the result may be imagined. The world is full of crooked furrows made by those who are following changeable and uncertain guides—following the world with its fickle and passing fashions that change with every changing moon, or following human guides with their whims and notions. We have but to scan the history of the church during the "dark and cloudy day" to see the results of following the erratic wanderings of irresponsible or corrupt leaders. But our God has set up an ensign, fixed, and unchangeable, by which we can shape our course.

KEEP OUT! DO NOT TRESPASS!

What did Jesus mean by the term "*looking back*"? Evidently we are not forbidden to look back over our past experiences, for sometimes that can be done with profit. The poet has said:

"The joys we share to-day, when they have flown
Into the past upon their shining wings,
Are not from out our power wholly gone,
But shall refresh us like deep hidden springs."
—D. H. Smith.

But there are those who make the mistake of trying to live in the past to the exclusion of activity and blessing in the present. It is impossible for us to reconstruct the past. The writer looks back to his boyhood days and sometimes wishes that he might live one of them over again. But it cannot be. We may sing,

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
> Make me a boy again, just for to-night,"

until we are gray-haired, but time will not turn backward a single moment. Even if we could become young again, past scenes are forever closed. The writer lived as a boy out on the free prairies. He could take his pony and ride all day over the virgin sod, out of sight of human habitation. But now the prairies are all broken up. Men have fenced them off into fields, and if he goes back to those old haunts he sees everywhere signs, "Keep out! No trespassing allowed."

As a boy, the good Lord unrolled before him the beautiful, flower-bedecked plains, and said, "Come in!" But now men have partitioned that fair domain, and fenced it, and put up their notices, "Keep out!"

Before everyone born into the world God opens the bright avenues of youth, and says, "Come in!" But when we reach manhood's estate and try to wander back again, we come to an impassable barrier, where it is written, "Keep out."

It is an impressive thought that we cannot actually reconstruct and live over a single day of the past. We cannot reenact a single event, just as it occurred. The past is forever closed, except to the spiritlike excursions of memory. We must live to-day, and use to-day. We are journeying towards the future, not towards the past.

THE HAPPY SAINTS ARE THE BUSY SAINTS

So we feel that those Saints are in error who lament the present and talk all the time about the good times they used to have fifty years ago, or twenty years ago, or perhaps only five years ago. They say they do not have as good times as they used to have. They do not have such spiritual prayer meetings. They do not have such good sermons, nor such wonderful blessings. What is the trouble? Others are having a good time now! Others are having spiritual meetings! Others are enjoying the preaching services! God is blessing others with healing and many marvelous manifestations! What is the trouble?

Those people who are having a good time in the church now are the ones who are busy now. Those people who are not having a good time are, as a rule, not at work. They used to be active. And in those days they had their good times. What is the moral? Get busy! If we would be happy we must be active. If we will not be active we must pay the penalty and be miserable. It is a clear proposition. Why hesitate about the choice? Get to work and press for-

ward. Live now. Do not live in the past. God is willing to bless now. Meet him half way.

PAUL'S POLICY

So Paul resolved that he would not sigh and lament. He would not try to live in the past. He would not look back. He tells us: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Philippians 4:13, 14.

How much better this is than the policy that is sometimes pursued. When Moses came down out of Midian, he found the Israelites slaves. They were scourged to their heavy toil all day long, and so poorly fed that they had not vitality enough to resist. He led them out of bondage and struck a course towards the promised land. But they were scarcely out of sight of Egypt before they began to lament and look back. They reproached Moses for having brought them out into the desert to die, and said: "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic."

At the very time when they should have looked forward, they were looking backward. Do we as Latter Day Saints ever make that mistake? God has set us free under the gospel law, under the rule, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you

free." Do we press forward in the redemption of Zion? or do we pause and lament?

This was what Jesus had in mind. He was speaking about those who start out to serve him, put their hand to the plow, as he expressed it, and soon repent of their choice, or become discouraged, and begin to look back. Such, he says, are not worthy of the kingdom of God. Let us not make this mistake. Let us take fresh courage and press on, our eyes upon the standard, and then our furrows will be straight and our work acceptable.

FELLOWSHIP

(A sermon delivered at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri, March 9, 1919.)

THE TWO SPARROWS

THE subject I wish to talk about this morning is that of fellowship. It was brought to my attention casually some Sundays ago. One Sunday morning when I was sitting under some trees by a fountain in a little public park, I noticed two sparrows on the ground, and the words of the Master came to my mind, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your heavenly Father's notice." Immediately the thought came to me that these little creatures that I have noticed so casually were recipients of the notice and care of the great God on high. If one of them falls to the ground injured or ill, the same God-given forces of nature are set at work to heal it that are set at work for you or me, if we fall to the ground injured or ill.

I noticed that these little sparrows, when they drank at the fountain, lifted their heads as though they might be giving thanks to the same God to whom I look for his bounteous care and blessings. I realized then that there was between us a bond of fellowship. We had the same Creator; we shared the fellowship of joy and of sorrow, the fellowship of peace or of pain.

THE HUMBLER FELLOWSHIP

There is, in fact, a degree of fellowship between man and the lower animals. In one of his stories Kipling tells how the animals first came and attached themselves to man. The dog came first that he might warm himself at the fire, and so became "the first friend." The horse came next, bowed his head to the halter, and became "the first servant." I think that the reason the Uncle Remus stories and the bedtime stories by Thornton Burgess appeal to the children, and grown-ups as well, is because they touch something that is fundamental, the hereditary racial tie that has bound humanity to the lower animals through ages of mutual experiences.

The animals and birds share with us practically all fundamental physical problems, which reduced to the simplest are to secure shelter, food, and to perpetuate the species. They must have food; so must we, though by multiplying wants we complicate our problem. They must have shelter; so must we, only we are more fastidious. They love and mate without ceremony or benefit of clergy; we make marriage a sacrament (some do), but the end with both is to perpetuate the species. We have an added problem, that of dress—but many are reducing that problem to a minimum. Recently I read an anecdote: At a fashionable dinner party a certain man looked across the array of bare backs and bosoms and remarked to a friend, "Does not the Bible say something to the effect that when Adam and Eve had eaten the apple

they became aware that they were naked?" The friend replied, "I believe it does." "Well, then, isn't it about time to pass the apples again?"

The animals even share our mental problems. To be sure, we flatter ourselves that only man thinks. But sometimes I think that we think we are thinking when we only think we are thinking and that the animals think when we don't think they think.

But in this fellowship the animals can go only so far. They may share with us our physical struggles; they may even share our mental struggles, to an extent, but they cannot share with us our moral struggles. They do not realize any difference between right and wrong. They are neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. But we are, as Satan said we should be, to a certain extent, at least, become as gods, knowing good and evil. Yet we remain lamentably human, in that we must every day make the struggle of choice between the two.

THE UPWARD STRUGGLE

Then if we would find fellowship in our moral struggles, we must ascend to a higher plane and find it in the fellowship of man and in the fellowship of God. It seems to me that just as my reflections appeared to be led casually from the observation of those two sparrows that Jesus said received the notice and recognition of God, up to the fellowship of man, so likewise the human race, in its experiences, has pursued a course that superficially might seem casual, from the brutal plane, where the physical was

nearly all that was recognized, up to a plane where there was some sort of social unity and intercourse of a spiritual nature.

But that struggle, though it seems casual, has been one of tremendous sacrifice; and then the course upward from our social intercourse, to the point where we can fellowship with God, involves a struggle equally great, including the death and suffering of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—for we obtain fellowship with God by way of Jesus Christ, his Son.

The fellowship of man is a subject of vital importance, and has more, perhaps, than a religious basis, or a theoretical or theological foundation. Doctor Richard Cabot published a book several years ago called, What Men Live By, and in successive chapters in that book he deals with work, and play, and love, and worship. These four are fundamental, and we cannot take away any one of them and have a well-rounded life; but of course the last two mentioned, love and worship, come more directly under the subject that I have selected.

John is in harmony with Cabot where he says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

In one of his poems, Markham says:

> "The crest and crowning of all good,
> Life's final star is brotherhood."

And so this struggle, this upward leading, has its final culmination in brotherhood; brotherhood with man; fellowship with Christ.

LIFE MADE TOLERABLE

Just our common friendship is about all that makes life tolerable—the life and fellowship that exists between brothers, father and son, husband and wife. The household in which this fellowship has developed between husband and wife and among children and parents certainly is fortunate. In the church, however, this fellowship is sanctified and brought to a higher and holier plane; so we can truly sing, with the Spirit,

> "Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love.
> The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above."

Fellowship is all that makes life worth while. I remember one of the stories I read years ago in Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift, about the "Strulbrugs." I don't know whether you recall it, but this traveler in the realm of imagination visited a strange nation, and while there he was told that occasionally there was an individual born who was immortal—he never would die. Perhaps one or two or three such individuals were born in the course of a generation, possessed of eternal life, called Strulbrugs.

He thought to himself, how exceedingly fortunate these individuals must be, to live forever in this beautiful world with all its attractions and its joys; but when he came in contact with them his ideal

was speedily shattered. He found that these men passed through the various changes and periods of life incident to man until they became aged, perhaps ninety years old, with all the infirmities of age fastened upon them, and then they came to a stationary period and forever remained in that condition, their diseases neither increasing nor diminishing. But the thing that made their condition most intolerable was that with the passing of the years their parents died, their children passed away, all their friends whose friendship they had cultivated in their younger years, one by one passed from the scene of action. Being in this state they were incapable of forming other friendships, so at last they were left entirely alone, loving no one, loved by no one. This made their condition so almost intolerable that they fain would have died—but they were immortal.

A man who loves no one and is loved by no one does not need to die to go to hell. He is there now. Immortality would be the worst possible punishment that could be inflicted upon such a man.

UNRAVEL YOUR OWN HEART

I remember talking with a man some years ago who had a very wide circle of acquaintances, and I noticed that almost every man that was mentioned in the course of conversation caused this brother to say, "There's another man that thinks a lot of me." I didn't hear him say at any time, There's a man I think a lot of. It seemed to me he had hold of the wrong string. Sometimes we make a mistake in that

way. We cannot all the time pull love towards us as though we were trying to unravel the hearts of the people for our benefit. We must unravel our own hearts. Give our own friendship, and it comes back again a hundredfold, as the Master said.

We do not need to limit our friendship and fellowship, either, to those who are effusive in their demonstrations toward us. Markham has another verse:

> "He drew a circle that shut me out—
> But love and I had the wit to win,
> We drew a circle that took him in."

The greatest fellowship is found in our fellowship with Jesus. The sweetest words in the New Testament—at least I think they are the sweetest when I read them—are those that he uttered when he said, "Henceforth I will call you no more servants; I will call you friends." There was to be no longer Master and servant, but Jesus and his followers were to be friends.

EXCEPT YE ARE ONE

Just as he had been united with God and was willing to become one with us, so he said to us, "Except ye are one ye are not mine." These are significant words, and they might be discouraging words to me if it were not for the philosophy that I have propounded in my own mind, that though we may not be one in opinion—which seems almost hopeless under existing circumstances, with our various past experiences and differences of training—though we

may not be one in opinion, it is yet possible for us to be one in spirit, one in heart, one in consecrated desire to know the will of God, and knowing it, to do it. If we can only attain to that position, the time eventually will come when we will be one in understanding. The divine condition cannot be obtained instantaneously, but by a process of growth.

In three of his miracles Jesus compares the kingdom of heaven to things that live and grow: The parable of the corn, first the blade and then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. The parable of the mustard seed that grows up and becomes a great plant. The parable of the yeast, that grows and multiplies until it leavens the whole lump.

THE KINGDOM NOT MANUFACTURED

The kingdom of heaven cannot be manufactured. It is a process of *growth*, and it involves the growth and the action and interaction and reaction upon each other of a multitude of souls. It would seem to be a fine thing if we could take pencil and paper and sit down and draw the plot of Zion and set the masons at work building the houses; and then draft rigid rules of conduct and life, and compel the people to conform to them. In a week's time, or a month, or possibly a year, we could have Zion; but we cannot do that. We have to wait for the growth of ourselves and the people. It is incumbent upon us to bear with the people, with each other, as God bears with us, until finally the kingdom of heaven

has time to grow—and the Master says it comes not by "observation," either.

THE INCOMING TIDE

I have sometimes tried to illustrate the love of God and its influence upon the heart of man by the incoming of the tide. Two or three years ago my companion and I were living upon the beach in California where the tide came up at night and almost touched our doorstep. I noticed there would be a great many days in succession, perhaps for a week, when the waves coming in would deposit along the beach all sorts of rubbish and refuse from the ocean: seaweed, barnacles, kelp, and mussel shells —all sorts of stuff would be piled up along the beach.

Then there would come a night when a tremendous tide would come in from the ocean and sweep that beach from end to end, and in the morning when we looked out the sand would be as clean and fresh as on the morning of creation. So, when the pure love of God, in those "times of refreshing" that the apostle speaks of, comes to our hearts, as in our communion services, we will say, it sweeps away all evil passions, the envy and hatred and malice and temptations that have accumulated, and leaves us pure and clean in spirit and in soul. Then we can realize what the Master meant when he said, "The pure in heart shall see God."

LEARNING ZION'S ALPHABET

Sometimes we are discouraged, we feel so insignificant—I presume you have shared with me in this

feeling, all of you—when you realize the tremendous difficulties that stand in our pathway in our effort to redeem Zion—the problems that seem beyond human power to solve. I think many of them will be solved in a simpler way than we imagine.

I may perhaps illustrate it in this way: Two or three Sundays ago when I visited Des Moines I had a little conversation with my first teacher, the one who taught me to read, taught me my letters. I felt then and feel now that I am greatly in her debt, and you are, too, to the extent that I may be able to administer to any of your spiritual needs this morning, for the fact that she placed in my hands the key to all English literature in those first few simple yet tedious lessons. Yes, and the key to other literature, if I should care to use it.

The same fundamental principles that she taught me in those early lessons I use every day. By their aid, while then I could read those simple lessons in the primer, I can now read the Sermon on the Mount, the Twenty-third Psalm, the Gettysburg Speech, a treatise on science, or the constitution of the new League of Nations. There is nothing so profound or so exalted that it does not yield its treasure to me when I remember and use those first few fundamental lessons in reading and use the simple letters in the alphabet to spell out the words.

In a like manner I believe that Jesus Christ in the very kindergarten of our religious experience, has taught us many things, that if we will but re-

member and use will help us solve these problems—and we may not need so many wonderful further revelations as we sometimes feel that we do.

Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This is the first great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two great commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

These are primary lessons that we have been taught for years, but I believe that they will be just as vital and effectual in the school of the prophets as they are to-day in a quorum of deacons—just as effective in Zion as in the most obscure branch. So I take heart of hope, realizing that perhaps if we will but apply the lessons that God has already taught us, all the treasures of Zion and of heaven may yet be within our reach.

AN IMPORTANT ADMONITION

Before I close I would like to leave with you a little parting exhortation or admonition. I do not know what point of merit the sermon may have carried to you, but I do feel that the admonition and exhortation are applicable to the present situation, and ought to be of some force and benefit to the people.

It is reasonable to suppose that in the hastening time, which apparently has come upon the world, as well as upon the church, (when everything that can be shaken will be shaken, and is being shaken, and nations are being destroyed or built in a day) that

the church also will have its turmoils, and that Satan more strongly will endeavor to frustrate our work as it draws to its culmination.

President Joseph Smith told us years ago that we would never be led into immoral teaching, as some were in the past. That Satan would make his attack within the church and attempt to disrupt that bond of fellowship that I have been talking about, by the use of suspicion and slander, and all that tends to divide brother from brother.

Now, to the admonition. In the closing verse of section 122, the Lord says: "Let nothing separate you from each other and the work whereunto you have been called." Let nothing destroy this holy bond of fellowship. "The work whereunto you have been called." Every man is called. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants tells that all are called according to the gifts of God unto them, and the work is intrusted to all.

"THESE ARE MY PEOPLE"

In the communion service last Sunday in the lower auditorium there was a testimony borne that I wish all might have heard. It was borne by a sister, well known to you, a daughter of the late President Joseph Smith. It seems that some weeks ago, while in a period of mental distress, because of burdens known to herself better than to us, feeling that perhaps she too might fall, in some way, on account of that which she was called upon to bear, she passed a sleepless

night of prayer until nearly morning, at which time she fell asleep and experienced this dream:

She thought she was here in the vicinity of the Stone Church. There were many people around the church, some going in and some going away. And a great many were simply wandering around in an undecided way. On many countenances there was a look of doubt and distress. She then saw she had in her hand a little traveling bag, indicating, perhaps, that she, too, was going away. But she looked towards the church and saw those who were going up the steps into the church, and she handed the traveling bag to some one else, saying, "Here, take this! These are my people! My place is with them!" And when she started towards the church the heavens opened and there was a flood of light and glory, and she saw the Father and Son.

This is the thought: We do not know what may be before the church. We do not know! You do not know! As you sit here under the sound of my voice, perhaps feeling secure, firmly grounded in your faith and convictions, you little realize what trials, what false philosophy, what doubts and strife may be brought to overthrow you. We ought to remember the admonition, "Let nothing separate you from each other and the work whereunto you are called," and with this good sister say, "These are my people! My place is with them."

MOTHER'S PLACE IN OUR LIVES

(A sermon on Mother's Day, at Central Church, Kansas City, 1921.)

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—1 Corinthians 13: 4-7.

YOU may wonder why I have selected this scripture reading for this day. The reason is, I believe that we could substitute the words *mother's love* for the word *charity,* because it is a fact that mother's love is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, but beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, hopeth all things, and never fails.

There is a French poem which recites the deeds of a Paris "Apache," the lowest type of Parisian criminal. This young man loved a girl of his own class. In his infatuation he told her that she might ask him to do anything to prove his love and he would do it. And she in the wanton cruelty of her nature told him to bring her his mother's heart. So he tore the beating heart from his mother's breast and started with it to his *inamorata.* But on the way he stumbled and fell heavily. Then the bleeding heart of his mother found voice and cried from the rough cobble

stones where it lay, "Son, did you hurt yourself badly?"

That may seem to be an overdrawn picture, yet thousands of broken-hearted mothers have continued to love and pray for the sons who have brought them to disgrace and death.

MOST NEARLY LIKE THE LOVE OF GOD

True mother's love is perhaps most nearly like the love of God of anything we can comprehend: it is so full of charity, it demands so little, and gives itself so freely, especially when most needed. You have all seen the popular cartoons, "When a feller needs a friend." Certainly when man is born into the world he needs a friend. We come here quite helpless and without a rag to our backs (we may have plenty of them later). We come without money enough to pay for one square meal, and could not eat a square meal if we had it. But mother's arms are open. She says, "Come and warm yourself in my bosom, eat of my flesh, I will warm you and feed you and clothe you." Mother's love is the coin that pays our way.

Every boy, and every girl, who has a mother, has a friend whose friendship is not based on beauty or merit. Here, for instance, is a little tow-headed urchin with a pug nose, and freckles so thick that some of them stand on edge; perhaps dirty, and certainly boisterous; one who would stand no show whatever in a beauty contest. He doesn't appeal to you or to me, but if he were a beautiful, golden-haired cherub from the gates of glory his mother

could not love him any more than she does; she would not love him any more, because she could not. A mother gives all that she has and she could not give any more.

She asks no questions, but opens her arms and takes that which God gives her in the hour of travail. If the little one is beautiful, so much the better. If he is homely—no difference, she does not know it. If he is crippled, she lavishes the more love upon him, to atone for the misfortune. The mother may live under the cherry blossoms of Japan and welcome a little slant-eyed youngster; she may be the granddaughter of slaves and receive a little black pickaninny; she may be a Sioux woman with a son of Laman in her arms; she may be an Anglo-Saxon with a baby as lovely as Greek statuary; there is no difference in the welcome—mother's love is universal.

True, the father may have his own private thoughts about the appearance of the newcomer—he will do well to keep them to himself. The little brother makes no secret of the fact that in his opinion the baby is quite unfinished. But the mother has no misgivings. She has made an investment. She has risked her life in the venture. We are not too critical of that for which we have risked all.

A certain reticent Scotchman is said to have taken a bride, a girl not noted for her beauty. His mistress hearing about it said to him, "I suppose, Sandy, your new wife is very lovely." The cautious Scot replied, "Weel, she's the Lord's handiwork; but I'll na' say she's his masterpiece!"

Every mother is sure that her baby is not only the Lord's handiwork, but also his masterpiece.

Mother's love is a noble thing, even when it is manifested among animals. I remember one occasion when as a boy I was crossing the prairie with my dog. (No real boy ever got anywhere satisfactorily without a dog. I suppose that the friendship that exists between boys and dogs is because boys to-day are just about where men were when they first formed the friendship of dogs—the boy is just about where man was when the dog first came in out of the forests and attached himself to society.) I was crossing the field with my friend when from under my feet there sprang up a prairie chicken apparently with a broken wing. She flopped through the air and fell to the ground about ten feet away from me. The dog went after the bird, but he got only a few feathers, and the poor wounded mother struggled on a little farther. The process was repeated until we had gone two or three hundred feet. Then, suddenly, this "wounded" bird sprang into the air and flew away absolutely unhurt, and we realized, of course, that we had been fooled. This mother, twenty times in as many minutes risked her life to save her brood. I have seen this done many times since that time, by plovers and other wild fowl. It is an old trick of the mother prairie chicken, to lead an enemy away from her nest.

On another occasion I was crossing the prairie in the wake of a fire. It was always a great experience

to follow after a prairie fire and see what had been uncovered—and this time I happened to come upon a little brown prairie bird that had remained on her nest and perished in the flames rather than leave the two little fledglings that were under her. She had two strong wings and she could have flown away at any time into the open sky far beyond the smoke and heat, but she chose to stay, and perished with her children. They say that self-preservation is the first law of nature, but there was a stronger law, a primary law, the law of love, and she perished in an effort to save her young. She was just one of the humblest of the animal creation, but Jesus said, "Greater love hath no man than this: that he should give his life for another."

HUMAN MOTHER'S LOVE

Of course, when we come to consider the love of the human mother, it is much more Godlike because it is so much more intelligent and associated with so much more imagination and feeling. In the animal kingdom even the greatest mother love seems to end with the period of dependency. The little wren that cherishes her young so carefully now, in two or three months will cast them off and will not know them from other wrens. That is true to a greater or less extent of all animals, but it certainly is not so with the human mother. Neither time nor distance lessens her affection. I knew an old man, perhaps seventy years old, whose mother, ninety years of age, watched over him just as jealously as she did

when he was a little boy. If he were gone from her sight on some errand an undue length of time she worried about him and chided him on his return.

The passage of time had made no difference. The mother whose baby died five, ten, twenty, or fifty years ago still cherishes the little lock of hair and the little blue shoes that are silent helps to a memory that needs no help.

Neither does distance seem to make any change, for the mothers whose boys not long ago were in far-off France loved them just as dearly as when they were at home. To that extent, love becomes Godlike, because it does not recognize change, or time, or space.

THE MOST INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

I believe that to a mother is intrusted the most interesting experiment a human being can engage in. Some people are deeply interested in the culture of flowers; some are interested in the culture of fruit; and still others in the culture of animals; but the mother is engaged in the culture of a human being, and to her is intrusted the welfare of a human soul. Certainly no one can say to her that she can dream this dream and may not dream that one; and no one can put a barrier around her dreams, because no one can say what will come from the experiment she is carrying on. She may be cradling a Moses, or a Solomon, or a David, or a Saint Paul, or a Gladstone, or an Abraham Lincoln. No one knows. There is no

limit to the dreams she can dream or the ambitions she may entertain.

But on the other hand, there is no limit to the fears that may come into her soul, because it is true that while she may be nursing a Saint Paul, she may be nursing a Judas Iscariot! Some mother did! While she may be rearing a Mary or Martha, she may be rearing a Jezebel! Some mother did! And even if moral catastrophe is avoided, there is always the danger of other catastrophes that bring anxiety to the mother's heart.

One of the most remarkable pictures of Jesus as a boy represents him standing facing the morning sun, his arms outstretched on either side. His mother is shocked to see his shadow fall in a perfect cross at her feet.

Do you remember the statement that was made to Mary, the mother of Jesus, "And because of him a sword also shall pierce through thine own soul." And there is a second statement found in the nineteenth chapter of John and the twenty-fifth verse. Just a few words: "There stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother." Yes, you may be assured his mother followed him to the cross.

THE MOTHER OF MOSES

I want to tell you this morning the story of three mothers. The first of these was that Hebrew girl, a daughter of Levi, who married and lived on the banks of the Nile. In due time she gave birth to a boy, and nursed and cared for him as long as she dared, being

afraid of the edict that had gone forth that all male children of the Hebrews should die. Then she formed an ark of bulrushes, coated it over with slime, put the baby in the ark, and set the ark afloat on the river. Presently the daughter of Pharaoh came to the river to bathe and found the little boy and, loving him immediately, she adopted him and wanted a nurse to take care of him. Miraculously the mother was just at hand and consented to take the little one and nurse him. So this mother took her boy and nursed him and cared for him for wages—no, not for wages, but for love.

The significant thing is that when she cradled that boy in her arms, she cradled in her arms the destiny of a nation, and more than one nation, because it was said to Abraham that his wife should be the mother of nations; she held the Hebrew race, she held Hebrew literature, Hebrew theology, Jerusalem and the Holy Land, Gethsemane, and Calvary in her arms—because this was Moses who was destined to lead slaves out of Egypt and make of them a nation and give them a law, and organize them, and lead them to the very edge of the promised land into which they would move and occupy; and it was destined that under their administrations all the children of the earth should be blessed.

In other words, here was a woman to whom was intrusted the safety of a state, the destiny of a nation; and it is also true that every nation must to an extent intrust its destiny to its mothers.

THE MOTHER OF JOSEPH SMITH

The next story is that about the widow who was left living upon the banks of the Mississippi River following the tragedy at Carthage that robbed the church of its prophet and president, and its patriarch.

You remember how she was left alone in that day when the church was breaking up, when ambitious men and false doctrines were wrecking and ruining that which God had sought to build up. From the East, where her father lived, there came a plea that she should go and live with him. There was the promise of ease and plenty and respectability (she had not been considered by the world respectable from the day when she united her fortunes with the "Mormon prophet"). She could renounce her religion and go back to her father's fold and live in comfort, but instead she chose to live in Nauvoo in poverty and drudgery all the days of her life. The East called and so did the West, for there came also the appeals from the dominant church in the West to come to them with her children and they would take care of her; but these, too, she rejected, and chose to stay at home in Nauvoo in the midst of strangers, teaching her boys the pure principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ as they had been intrusted to her husband, and teaching them reverence and honor of the law.

And so, in 1860, she delivered to the church her

son, and the church received him on the 6th day of April. She had kept her charge. A little later, for good measure she gave Alexander, who was to be the presiding patriarch of the church, and David, who was destined to write some of the songs that we yet sing.

We may say that at that critical time when she gathered her children about her in the old Mansion House of Nauvoo, and made her decision, she held in her hands the destiny of the church; in her hands was the reorganization of the church, and the return to Zion. If she had not proved true I might not be here preaching to-day, and what is worse, you might not be here as a congregation. What would have happened if she had proved unstable or untrue? Of course, the Lord would have found some other way, but from a human standpoint the destiny of the church was intrusted to this mother, as it often is to mothers.

Women have no priesthood, it is true, but in some regards they are the greatest religious teachers, and always have been. They seem to have a simple faith that is not vexed by some of the things that come into the minds of men. When the disciples doubted and slept, the women were faithful; when the disciples said, "It is all over; let's go fishing," the women went to the tomb—faithful even to the death. It has been said that women were the last at the cross and the first at the resurrection.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS

The third story is that about Mary, the mother of Jesus. When we stop to think that a woman mothered the Son of God when he was a little boy, that she washed his face and mended his clothes, that she corrected him, bound up his finger when it was cut, and that she rocked him to sleep in her arms—we may say that when she did that she was cradling in her arms the hope of humanity.

So, then, we see back of Moses, the Hebrew girl to whom was intrusted the destiny of a nation; and we see back of Joseph, his mother Emma, to whom was intrusted the destiny of the church; and we see back of the figure of Jesus Christ, his mother, Mary, to whom was intrusted the destiny of humanity. And the experiences of these three women come home to the heart of every mother, because no mother can tell all that is intrusted to her care. Certainly, we know one soul is intrusted to her care, and perhaps many. No one knows—church, state, humanity look to her.

MOTHERHOOD SHOULD BE GENERAL

Every married woman at some time in her life ought to have the experience of motherhood or she will miss one of the finest things in life. I want to approach this thought with a good deal of caution, because it is a delicate one. I remember how, after my wife and I had been married for a number of years, we were made to suffer because of a thought-

less, ill-considered, hard sermon that was lambasting the childless home. Death had robbed our cradle of the first born and our home was at that time childless. But where children are denied the home, there is still recourse—the childless home may make a place for the homeless child. And certainly the woman who does this, to my mind, has right to the title of mother and to recognition on a day like this. The woman who is willing to "love into maturity the child that some other woman has loved into being" is entitled to the name of mother, and has taken a mortgage on humanity that certainly is not a second mortgage.

Abraham Lincoln was reared to maturity by a woman who was not his mother. Can you realize the indebtedness that the world is under to that woman? All people in America to-day love Abraham Lincoln, and so do many in foreign lands; but there was a time when no one cared for him, excepting one woman, who was willing to go into a poor, old log house and take the homely and unpromising and ungainly boy, Abe Lincoln, and be a mother to him.

So, to-day, we meet here to honor the name of mother—those mothers who have taken into their hearts and into their homes by birth or by adoption the helpless of humanity and cared for them.

In conclusion, perhaps the status of a mother in the home is best set forth by a selected poem that I will read to you, entitled, "Mother":

"I am the pillars of the house;
The keystone of the arch am I.
Take me away, and roof and wall
Would fall to ruin utterly.

"I am the fire upon the hearth,
I am the light of the good sun.
I am the heat that warms the earth,
Which else were colder than a stone.

"At me the children warm their hands;
I am their light of love alive.
Without me cold the hearthstone stands,
Nor could the precious children thrive.

"I am the twist that holds together,
The children in the sacred ring,
Their knot of love, from whose close tether
No lost child goes a-wandering.

"I am the house from floor to floor,
I deck the walls, the board I spread;
I spin the curtains, warp and woof,
And shake the down to be their bed.

"I am their wall against all danger,
Their door against the wind and snow,
Thou whom a woman laid in manger,
Take me not till the children grow!"

FATHERS' DAY

(An address at Lamoni, Iowa, October 31, 1915.)

FATHERS, this is our day. Mother has bouquets thrown at her for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year; but this is the day when we get what is coming to us.

The libraries are full of tributes that have been paid to mother. These tributes are deserved; and yet I am reminded that it takes just as many letters to spell the word *father* as it does to spell the word *mother*. It takes just as many letters to spell *papa* as it does *mama;* that is, the way we spell *mama* to-day. It even takes just as many letters to spell *paw* as it does to spell *maw*.

This may be simply a fancy, but it suggests to me the thought that a certain equality should exist between father and mother. I am reminded also, that while it takes just as many letters of the alphabet to spell the word *father* as it does *mother*, after the first two letters the words are identical.

And this perhaps is typical of the life of the two individuals who preside over the home—the father and the mother. The first years of their lives have been spent individually and separately, but there comes a time when they are united in the holy bonds of wedlock and of parenthood, and after they are as one, in harmony with the divine edict that was issued

in the beginning, "Therefore, shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

And so while *mother* is the sweetest, the most tender word in the English language, father shares it in common with mother after the first two letters. Two thirds of the name is held in common.

This suggests to my mind the idea that there is a divinely appointed copartnership between father and mother. According to the old tradition, and in harmony with the word of God, the father is considered the head of the family. The way in which it is stated is not obnoxious if we take the definition the Apostle Paul gives us. He says, "The husband is the head of the wife [or of the family] even as Christ is the head of the church." It is the mission of Christ to be the protector, the companion, the lover, the partner of the church, and in that sense the father is the head of the family—not the "boss."

Whenever you find a home where the father has abdicated his lawful place, and has compelled or permitted the wife to become the head of affairs, and perform not only her own proper functions, but his also—you will find that home in nearly every instance a failure, and in some instances it is absolutely ruined.

WOULD YOU SELL OUT TO ROCKEFELLER?

I want to talk to you a few minutes this morning, first about the joys of fatherhood; and second, about the responsibilities of fatherhood.

A *real* father is worth a great deal, and it is worth a great deal to be a father. I leave that to the vote of any father in the assembly. You know very well that though you may count yourself poor, John D. Rockefeller has not enough to buy the little hand that nestles so confidently in your own; or if your children have grown to manhood and womanhood, you know that J. P. Morgan has not resources enough to buy that thrill of pride and joy that you feel in your grown sons and daughters, and in the pleasure that you have in planning the great things that they are to accomplish.

It is worth a great deal to be a father. But Paul tells us that in the last days some people will be without "natural affection." I was in Kansas City last week in one of the largest and most aristocratic of the department stores; and I noticed a young couple who came in to do some shopping. They had the cutest little poodle dog you ever saw. While the woman did the shopping the man held the little dog in his arms like a baby. The more I looked at the man the more sorry I felt for the dog.

Now, let me tell you, right around the corner and down the street from that store is a divorce court, and that couple were going in that direction when I saw them last. It was never written, "A little dog shall lead them."

MURDERED UNDER WINGS OF STORK

There are some homes, it is true, that are denied children, where children would be very welcome. We

ought not to add to the sorrow of any such home by any thoughtless jibe or remark of any kind. There are homes, on the other hand, where children are not wanted—where they are murdered while yet they hide under the wings of the stork.

Do you know where I think such people ought to go? I will just give you a hint and you may draw your own conclusions. They ought to go where they won't have what they don't like. They do not like children. There are no children in hell. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," Jesus said.

IF LOVE HAD FAILED

The responsibility of fatherhood includes that of love. Love is the great factor that is responsible for the very existence of the human race. The human creature comes into this world absolutely helpless. Unless he receives attention he will die within two or three hours. He has nothing at all with which to buy his own way—only the coin of love that he brings with him. But as Jesus Christ said in speaking to those who were presently to go over on the other side, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you," so when these little child spirits come here to this world, he sends the spirit of love before them to prepare a place for them.

Think back over the line of your ancestors, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, away back yonder; mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, back to the very beginning of time. If at a single link in

that great chain, love had failed, you would not be here to-day. This is an impressive thought. The first duty of fathers to their children is that they shall give them the love on which the existence of the race depends.

FIGHTING THE CHILDREN'S ENEMIES

This means that they will provide for them. The father is the breadwinner; the mother is the bread-maker. It means that the father shall provide the things that they need to eat and to wear, a home to shelter them, and an education; and that he shall protect them against their enemies. In the past the father was expected to go out and fight all enemies, to protect the children against lions, and tigers, and savages. Generally we do not have those things nowadays to contend against.

But still there are enemies that threaten their welfare, and it is the duty of the father to go out and contend against them by his franchise, and by his personal influence; that the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling den, and all the lesser evils that would destroy your children and mine may be cast out of the community.

It is the duty and the responsibility of a father that he do all these things in defense of his children and his neighbor's children. But his duty and responsibility do not end there.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

It devolves on the father, then, equally with the mother, to teach the children morals, as well as re-

ligion—that they shall "Walk uprightly." And I know of no way in which he can teach this so forcefully as by his example.

You will probably remember a story that one of our fathers told, I think he is in the audience today, at one of our preaching meetings. He went down to the Supply Store one evening, and while talking to the storekeeper he absent-mindedly helped himself to some raisins from a box. On the way home he became conscious that his little boy was tugging at his sleeve, and on being asked what he wanted, the little fellow said, "Father, how many did you get? I got this many." He had a lot of them.

You may have heard about the father who was walking across a field, and he happened to look around and saw his little boy stepping as far as his little legs would reach. He said, "What are you doing?" And the little boy answered, "Papa, I am stepping in your tracks." They are bound to step in our tracks.

Nine times out of ten the boy is a chip off the old block; or, perhaps, sometimes, as the Frenchman said, "A chip off ze old blockhead."

TEACHINGS THAT STICK LIKE A BUR

It devolves on us to teach our children not only by precept, but by example, and we will find that the work of the church, of the Sunday school, and the Religio are valuable helps along this line; but we should never forget that, after all, the home is the place where we have the greatest influence.

I have heard some people reason along this line: They say, "My boys are bound to do so-and-so away from home, so I let them do it at home. I would rather they would do it at home than to go away from home to do it."

That always seemed to me to be a false line of reasoning. Sometime my boy may go away from home to smoke cigarets; but he will never smoke them at home with my consent, or if I can prevent it. Sometime my boy may go away from home to gamble, but he will never gamble at home with my consent; if he does it at all it will be over my protest. Sometime my boy may go away from home to drink, but he will never drink at home with my permission.

He will never be allowed to feel that the roof that shelters and sanctifies my family altar will also sanctify the cigaret, the poker deck, and the beer bottle.

And if he goes away and does these things I hope that my teachings may have so impressed his mind that he will be uneasy and unhappy all the time, and that his conscience will gnaw at him when he does that thing until finally he will turn away from it and come back to the home and say, "Father, your teaching stuck in my mind like a bur under a pack saddle, and I could not get rid of it."

That is the sentiment of the second verse of the song we sang at opening:

"And when my wayward feet
Seek worldly pleasures fleet,
His counsel grave I meet,
Afar or near."

A JOLLY GOOD TIME

I do not mean by this that we should rob life of all joy and pleasure. One good father said to me, "If boys need recreation, let them saw wood." You need not tell me that sawing wood is recreation. I have tried it. The wood should be sawed, it is true, but after the wood is all sawed, what are we going to do? We should oppose evil practices and pleasures, but recognize legitimate and proper recreation.

There is no earthly reason why a Christian father and a Christian mother, together with their Christian sons and daughters, in a Christian home, should not have a jolly good time; so that all the days of their lives the children will look back to that home, not looking back to the card table, the theater, the dance hall, the beer bottle, but back to the happy home of godly parents who were their chums and where they freely enjoyed life.

Now, fathers, this is our day, and in conclusion I want to impress on your minds the thought that parenthood is partnership with God; "Our Father which art in heaven," our father which is on earth. The two are in partnership, working for the salvation of the souls that are developing here below.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

I HAVE a theory that the rattlesnake developed his terrible poison while brooding over personal grievances.

The soft answer may have a double meaning. A Catholic priest fresh from his glass and game of cards met a worldly young woman clad in ball dress and dancing slippers. The priest frowned and said: "How are you, daughter of Satan?" With demure courtesy and quick wit, the girl replied: "How do you do, Father?"

Some sermons, like the dictionary, are full of words, but are too disconnected to be interesting.

The Gettysburg Speech, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount are very brief, yet they endure forever. But when Paul preached till midnight all we know of the sermon is that one man went to sleep and fell out of the window.

Some men would hesitate to give a disciple a cup of cold water. But they would willingly keep him in hot water all his life.

Edison says that the horse is the most expensive motor ever invented, and intimates that if the "first

servant" had been made properly he need not have been bigger than a soap box to develop one-horse power. This would indicate that things were done in too much of a hurry at the Creation. It has taken a long time to remedy matters and get what we need. But fortunately Adam was old-fashioned, (the most old-fashioned man that ever lived,) and no doubt he preferred his horse to a Ford, and Eve to a phonograph.

A startling figure stood in the gateway of hell. His clothing was torn and bloody and muddy—such portions of it as were not burned away. His flesh was charred with liquid fire and pierced with bayonets. His face was covered with a grotesque gas mask. But suddenly, to the surprise of all spectators, he threw his mask in the air and shouted, "Hosanna!" "Who is it?" asked His Majesty. And the Private Secretary replied, "It is a common soldier from the trenches of Europe. He thinks this is heaven."

Everything indicates that the forces of evil are preparing for the final "grand drive." Truth everywhere in all forms and persons must become militant or be overwhelmed. But we have the assurance that eventually Jesus Christ will destroy all the works of the Devil.

BOOK FIVE

The Word That Became Flesh

THE TRANSIENT GUEST

Now to and fro the night winds go,
  And seek and are not satisfied;
They seek for him who on the dim,
  Far eastern hill was crucified.

He held them still beneath his will
  Upon the troubled Galilee,—
They wander now on Olive's brow,
  And unrebuked they vex the sea.

The night dew weeps where Jordan sleeps;
  And in Gethsemane again
The moonbeams seek the lowly, meek,
  Great Leader of the race of men.

They cannot come to his dark room;
  But when at last the night is o'er,
The morning sun gives light to one
  Who seeks her Savior's lowly door.

'Tis open quite, and filled with light,
  For he has risen up newborn,—
A transient guest, the first and best
  To meet and greet the Easter morn.

And now we know the green and low,
  Last inn to give poor mortals rest
Is brief, at most, with God as host,
  And every man a transient guest.

E. A. S.

THE WORD THAT BECAME FLESH

(Sermon at Independence, Missouri, December 21, 1919.)

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth."

YOU may sometimes have noticed in a crowded, busy city street some person of such striking appearance or character that as he passed by every eye was turned to observe him. Jesus Christ crossed the stage of human action once, he passed through this old world once and every eye has been turned to observe his passing. John looked up from his baptizing in the Jordan and said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" Pilate looked up from his political intrigues and said, "Behold the man!" And he added, apparently in some perplexity, What shall I do with this man that is called Jesus?

That question must be answered by every person some time. If he doesn't confront it in this life he will certainly meet it in some other world. And so to-day all civilized nations are agreed in celebrating the birth of our Lord and Master, the only individual who seems to have so attracted the attention of all men.

Every newspaper that comes to us, every letter that we read, every document by its date line says that so many centuries, so many years, so many

months, so many days ago Jesus was born into the world. All men seem more or less anxious to at least claim his authority for their undertakings in the world. All kinds of fads and reforms and fashions appeal to him and lay claim to his authority. The Socialists tell us that he was a great socialist; Spiritualists tell us that he was a great medium; Mrs. Eddy says he was a Christian Scientist, and of course all denominations, Catholic and Protestant, claim to march under his banner. It would seem that all men feel that the name of Jesus Christ is a mantle so broad they may hide under it with any folly or fancy that may claim their allegiance; but we ought to remember that we can bear the name of Christ only when we have the Spirit of Christ.

WHY DID JESUS COME TO EARTH?

We as a church believe that we have found Jesus, that we have found the law of life and salvation. If so, it will behoove us to study it carefully; and certainly I do not know where we will find any more powerful exposition of that law than in the life and character of Jesus, the Master. The text that I have read says that the "Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth," and in the Inspired Version in the same chapter the statement is made explicitly that the Word of God is the gospel. The gospel, then, became flesh and dwelt among us.

I wonder why God determined that the law of life and salvation should become flesh and dwell among men. I wonder why Jesus chose to take upon

himself flesh and blood. I think it was because he wanted to appeal to the hearts of men and he wanted to appeal to the intelligence of men. The thing that appeals to one will not always appeal to the other. I suppose that not every young man who falls in love pauses to analyze the thing that has happened to him. It does not interest his intelligence, particularly; he does not care. But certainly it has had a profound influence on his heart. On the other hand, there are many things that we understand clearly that have no appeal to our hearts. We can work up a perfectly intelligent defense of taxation, for instance; but the man who goes to purchase a marriage license feels quite different to the man who merely gets a tax receipt.

I have pictured to myself Jesus in meditation. I have imagined him following that occasion when in the councils of heaven he volunteered to come to earth and undertake the salvation of man, and I have fancied him thinking to himself: "Now I have undertaken this mission, how shall I go about the task of reaching men? Shall I call angels and send them forth with trumpets to sound the message through the heavens so that every living creature shall hear the law of life and salvation? If I do that, some man will look up and say, 'Your law is all right for the angels, but I am no angel; I am dragged in the mire; I may be part angel, but I am part beast and cannot even attempt to live by your law.' Shall I summon ten legions of angels and send them forth to write

billions of tracts and scatter them broadcast over the land, like snowflakes in January? If I do, some man may look up and say, 'What is a printed page to me when God remains in heaven and I am chained to the earth?' Shall I summon the archangels and gather together the lightnings of heaven and blaze the gospel upon the sky in letters of fire so that all men may see? Men are children, and if I do that they will be afraid. I do not want their fear; I want their love."

Then I imagine that the corrugated brow is smoothed and Jesus says, "Father, I know how to reach men; I will go to them myself and I will live the law of life and salvation." So it came about that the Word became flesh and dwelt among men. That was the only way to reach men. That is the secret of the success of some of the men who have represented this church in the past who have not been men exceedingly brilliant, but they have gone out among the people and have shared with them their privations. You would be surprised sometimes to follow the trail of some man, who in Independence is not considered so very forceful; but go out in the rural districts where he has ministered to the needs of the people and you will find that they consider him a wonderful man, and the secret is, that in that field in the person of that minister "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among men."

HIS APPEAL TO THE HEART

The appeal of Jesus was to the heart. A cold, abstract statement of law does not appeal to the human

heart. You cannot reach your child by handing to him a written list of things he may do and things he must not do. He will obey his father either because he loves him or because he fears him. Jesus chose to appeal to us through the avenue of love, and so he attempted to identify himself with us in all the phases of our lives.

I think that I remarked from this stand when preaching about the character of Jesus at one time in the past that by becoming a little child Jesus consecrated all childhood and took all children into his fellowship; by receiving birth from a woman and resting upon her bosom he consecrated all womanhood; and when he became a man of Galilee and mingled with men he consecrated all manhood, and so he has put every man and every woman and every child under obligations to him, and his message is to every man, and woman, and child.

I do not see any reason why Jesus Christ should not have come into the world as a babe. It was the most natural way for him to come. All of us came into the world in that way, and Jesus wanted to identify himself with us in all things. And I suppose that it was perfectly natural that he should be born of humble parentage. It is conceivable that he could, if he so desired, have been born in some rich Jewish home or in some aristocratic Roman household, but not very many men are born of rich or aristocratic parents; the great men of the world have come from humble surroundings. So Jesus chose to

come as he did and identify himself with us. As he grew to manhood he had his temptations and trials the same as we do.

Jesus was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. He knew what it was to lose his friends by death: he loved Lazarus, and Lazarus died. He knew that which is infinitely harder to bear, the treachery of his friends: Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver, and Peter denied him. If we are to trust the Apostle Paul, Jesus was subject to the very temptations that appeal to you and me. All of the temptations that come to the normal man Jesus met and overcame, and he endured privations as he went out in his missionary work homeless and practically penniless. On a certain occasion he voiced the sad lamentation, "The birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Some of our missionaries, perhaps, who have gone into some city or village at night with no place to go and not a single friend, have walked the streets and seen the windows of many homes lighted up, but no place for them, have perhaps realized how Jesus felt when he walked through Galilee and saw those little villages among the hills with their windows lighted up, but no place for him to lay his head. He encountered all these things, including death on the cross, because he wanted to come here and identify himself with man. And I believe in that you will find the secret of the

atonement—in his desire to identify himself with man.

Out of all that experience came the great invitation that he voices, found in Matthew 11: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Most of us know what it is to bear burdens. There may be a few very young people who go singing through life, thus far at least, with their shoulders straight and not bearing any burdens; but man does not need to live very long until he finds his shoulders borne down with burdens of sorrow and perplexity and toil and adversity and possibly temptation and sin. Jesus says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Lay aside those burdens of unnecessary anxiety and worry; lay off those evil habits, temptations, and worldly cares; cast them all aside and take upon your shoulders the legitimate burden of responsibility and service; but his yoke goes with it and his yoke is easy and his burden is light and ye shall find rest to your souls. That is the wonderful message that comes to us when we think about the Master. I wish that we could all drink it in and realize what it means.

HIS APPEAL TO THE BRAIN

Jesus desired, also, as I have said, to appeal to the intelligence of man. It is difficult for man to under-

stand the idea of God in the abstract. To think about God just as an abstract idea is very difficult and men for ages past have been endeavoring to understand that idea. Every idol that man ever carved out of wood or stone represented an effort to understand God. It was his attempt to visualize something that would aid his imagination in an effort to comprehend God. Of course, now it seems ridiculous and absurd. Little better, perhaps, were the creeds, along the same line. They represented man's effort to understand the abstract idea of God; and it has been a task almost insurmountable.

It seems almost that God himself in attempting to reveal his character to man comes against a difficulty that perplexes even him. It is not that he is not willing to reveal himself, but it is so difficult for man to comprehend. How can a man whose abilities are taxed to administer the affairs of a nation or a state or a village, or even his own home—how can he understand the great Being who builded the earth and administers the affairs of the universe? In what terms can God speak that we will understand, that we will not misunderstand and misconstrue? In section 85, God says, "Unto what shall I liken these things that ye may understand." He seems face to face with that problem that I have mentioned: I understand these things, but to what shall I liken them that men can understand?

But we can understand Jesus; and as a last resort —perhaps not the last resort of divinity, but the best

recourse—Jesus came into the world and the "word became flesh" so that we could understand it. There cannot be propounded any printed or spoken statement of the law of life and salvation that will apply to man that will be understood by him if it is divested of the personality and the life of Jesus Christ. It would not appeal to him, would not be understood. But he came to interpret God in terms that would appeal to man and that might be understood by man; in other words, he came to live the law of God.

Does God in the Bible command obedience? Jesus Christ was obedience! Does God command love? Jesus Christ was love! Does God require sacrifice? The whole life of Jesus Christ was sacrifice. Every chapter, every line, every word in the law of God as we have it in the printed page, Jesus Christ came here to live, and certainly in our status as members and as a ministry we ought to carry with us his example, his precepts, and his personal touch, because we can hardly find ourselves in a situation where we will not find some example that Jesus Christ set that will help us to solve that particular perplexity. His every human deed was beneficence and his every divine deed was full of blessing. I mean that in his human deeds, such as you and I can perform, all that he did was for the good of humanity. And in his divine deeds, his miracles, he also was beneficent. I cannot recall that he ever exercised his supernatural powers to bring harm to a single individual.

You remember the occasion when he and his disciples were passing through Samaria and he wanted

to spend the night in a certain village, and the Samaritans would not permit them to remain in the city over night, the disciples spoke up and said to Jesus, "What shall we do? Shall we pray the Father to send down fire and destroy them?" That was man speaking then. Jesus answered them and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them. I think sometimes we might well ask ourselves the question, What spirit am I of? We should be sure that we are of the spirit of Jesus Christ, who came not to destroy but to save. He came to transform human lives, and he transformed them by his personal contact. He came not only to teach, but to exemplify in his life. In that particular, he was a supreme teacher. There is not a thing that he teaches us that he did not first live. His gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and the greatest miracle that Jesus ever wrought was in the transformation of human lives as he came into contact with them. That was the greatest demonstration of his power when he was here and it is the greatest demonstration of his power to-day; greater than the healing of the blind, the cleansing of lepers, the raising from the dead, is the transformation that is wrought in human lives, and you and I can remember miracles of that kind to-day.

OUR GREATEST NEED TO-DAY

If I were asked the question, What is the greatest need of the church to-day, what do you suppose I

would answer? What do you think is the greatest need of the church to-day? Is the greatest need of the church that God should hand us five millions of dollars and say to us, "Use it in buying land in Zion and in sending a great force of missionaries into all the world"? I think if that were our greatest need, God could very easily supply it. This summer I tramped through the gold fields of Colorado, and I thought when there: "If our greatest need were money, God could tell me where we could find untold wealth for the church in a very short time." But evidently our needs along that line must be supplied by the legitimate and usual avenues of tithes and offerings through sacrifice.

To my mind, the greatest need of the church to-day is a thorough baptism in the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Paul tells us that, "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." If we have put on Christ we have conformed ourselves to the nature of Christ, we have taken on ourselves his nature.

I notice that in this old world everything clearly acts in harmony with its own nature. Syrup never forgets to be sticky, vinegar never forgets to be sour, and iron never forgets to be heavy. But sometimes we forget to be Christlike. Jesus Christ never forgot to be Christlike, because he was Christ, and if we fully put on the nature of Christ we will never forget to be Christlike, because we will always act in harmony with our inner natures.

I think there is a great need that we should be baptized more thoroughly with the Spirit of Jesus Christ. I will say frankly that I sometimes have seen among our church members quarreling and contention and bickering and fault-finding and division, and have found myself that it is so difficult to avoid this thing, that in hours of despondency I have said, "Is there on earth a single Christian, one man who is thoroughly Christian all the way through?" But then has come to me this cheering thought, "Though all men fail, Jesus is the same to-day as he was yesterday," and he has blazed the trail. Though I might fall often, he will assist me to rise again and follow in his footsteps; and what he will do for me, certainly he will do for others. Then, as I look around me and see some noble character among the Saints who is conforming to the law of life and salvation, my heart is encouraged, and I look around and see others—I believe there are many of them, though, like myself, they may make their mistakes and in hours of weakness may for a while cease to be Christlike, yet they are endeavoring to endure: they have within themselves that spirit that eventually will transform their lives.

I believe that is the hope of the church. I believe our hope is in those who are trying to carry on the work of Christ, who have, like the Master, transformed the word of God into a living being, who have made it, as the Apostle Paul said, a living epistle known and read of all men.

I hope and pray that our hearts may be touched by His Spirit, that our lives may be like his life, that it may be said of us that in our lives the "Word became flesh and dwelt among men, full of grace and truth."

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(A Thanksgiving Day sermon, Independence, Missouri, 1919.)

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Ephesians 5:20.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."—Hebrews 6:19, 20.

WHAT HAVE WE TO BE THANKFUL FOR?

WE MIGHT ask ourselves this morning what there is that we have to be thankful for. And I presume that a man who has been accustomed to think mostly about material things and the gratification of the physical desires would immediately answer that we ought to be thankful for food and clothing and shelter, and for coal in the bin, while the individual who is of a very religious temperament and inclined to think about spiritual things would say, "Let us be thankful for intelligence, for liberty, and for religion." But the Apostle Paul, who seems to have plumbed the depths of human need and scaled the heights of divine mercy, said we ought to be thankful in all things.

Man is of a dual nature and therefore has a two-fold cause for thanksgiving. We are dependent upon

the physical for many things, and certainly it is not without its importance. The spirit depends upon physical contrivances almost altogether for its power to perceive. It is true that we believe that some things are perceived spiritually, though scientists would not admit that, probably; but as a rule almost everything is perceived through physical apparatus. And perhaps to a greater extent, we are dependent upon physical things for our power of expression and our ability to execute our desires.

It is true that once in a while a spiritualist claims to tip the table or perform some act of levitation without the intervention of mechanical contrivances; but almost exclusively the spirit depends upon some mechanical contrivance for its power of execution. In other words, the spirit sees through material eyes; it must have ears with which to hear; it depends upon hands with which to work out its desires; and it depends upon legs for locomotion. Of course, in this age of the automobile, people have almost dispensed with the use of legs, except perhaps upon the stage.

With all due regard for Christian Science, I cannot sit at the bottom of the hill and by thinking place myself at the top of the hill. I must have recourse to some sort of mechanical contrivance or physical exertion to change my location. I cannot sit in my library and spade my garden by mental suggestion. I wish I could.

DINING WITH THE ANIMALS

In order to support these mechanical and physical contrivances upon which the spirit depends, there has been built up in man that complicated alimentary system by which his food is ground, digested, and assimilated, and perhaps that, more than anything else, emphasizes his kinship with the animals.

We dine every day with the animals. We eat with lions and tigers, with wolves and coyotes. I do not presume that it is an especially delectable spectacle to watch a bird or beast of prey picking at a carcass, but what essential difference is there between that and you and I eating the Thanksgiving turkey, providing we had the turkey? Of course, we wear clothing instead of feathers, excepting perhaps in some of the evening restaurants where more feathers are worn than clothes. We have napkins and silverware and sometimes finger bowls. But what essential difference is there? We still are eating with the beasts.

We cannot change the principle if we dispense entirely with animal food and become vegetarians. We still eat oats with the horse, wheat with the birds, and corn with the hog; and even if we indulge in "angel's food" (and perhaps some of us will get more of that food in this world than in the next), the principle remains the same. We cannot live on high ideals. The old receipt of faith and apple dumplings goes further.

Still this thought need not be repulsive, though I

believe there are some Oriental races who regard the act of eating as being shameful and hide themselves when they eat. Jesus sanctified the social board when he ate the honey comb and broiled fish after his resurrection; and Jesus it was who taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Almost in the same breath with which he mentioned the great spiritual conception of the kingdom of heaven, he mentioned and pleaded for the material loaf made of the grains that are eaten by the birds and beasts.

DINING WITH GOD

But Jesus also voiced another thought. He said that man shall not live by bread alone. In that we are distinguished from the animals. While man may dine with the animals in a physical sense, in a spiritual sense he dines with God. Man has his feet in the mire, but his head in the clouds; bound to earth by his physical organism, he is wedded to heaven by his spiritual life.

So to-day when we meet to give thanks to God, we may thank him not only for the physical things, but also for the spiritual things, namely; intelligence, truth, light, liberty, religion, and brotherhood. As we have said, we have a two-fold cause for thankfulness, the material and the spiritual.

I believe it was a fact that the pre-war sermons on Thanksgiving Day and the prayers that were offered on those days dwelt very largely upon material blessings. At any rate, that is my impression as I look

back. We emphasized generally the abundant harvest that had been gathered in, the wonderful prosperity that had blessed us here in America. The reason for that was that before the war America was a land of repletion, gorged with all kinds of material blessings.

A STRANGER IN THE LAND

I remember going on a steamboat excursion down the Mississippi River. There were many children on board and they were served with sandwiches. I presume I saw fifty children eat the meat and throw the bread into the river. A thing like that would not have happened in any other land on earth. No wolf came snarling at the American door. The specter of hunger never stalked through the land.

But during the past few years we have had a stranger in our midst, and that stranger is the fear of possible famine that has peered in at many a window. We have been more or less circumscribed in our living. We have been told what to eat and how much we should eat. To-day in the midst of the coal strike and facing a possible railroad strike, we begin to realize what it would mean to have a general strike throughout the land. It would mean in many communities, at least, famine, actual starvation. We may fare better here where we have access to the corn bins of Missouri and the wheat bins of Kansas; but it goes without question, it needs no prophet to predict that when that day comes, as evidently it may come, there will be widespread suffering

throughout the United States. Even as it is, we have felt to a certain extent the danger and have sensed the menace.

OUR NEEDS SUPPLIED

And yet most of us have received during the year, if not an abundance, at least sufficient to supply our needs, if not our wants. You know there is a difference between one's needs and his wants. The Lord says that a man shall receive according to his needs and just wants. To illustrate this: I overheard two boys at the breakfast table one morning indulge in a colloquy. The older boy told his brother not to drink so much milk, but the younger brother said, "The doctor said I might drink all I want." "No," said the elder boy, "the doctor did not say you should have all the milk you want: he said you should have all you need, and in your case there is a vast difference—there is about five gallons difference." Of course he took the liberty of an elder brother, and exaggerated.

But often there is a vast difference between our needs and our wants; however, the Lord has bestowed upon us at this time sufficient to meet our needs; and so to-day we are justified in humbly returning thanks to him that he has watched over this Nation, and especially this community, and granted the necessities of life.

THE LANTERN TO OUR FEET

Going back to the question of our spiritual blessings. These are dark and dangerous days. You do

not need to be told that—you simply have to read the daily papers to get that impression first hand. But you know that the darker and the more dangerous and tempestuous the night, the more we appreciate the lantern that we carry in our hands to guide our footsteps; and so the more perilous and chaotic the times become, the more, as a people, we appreciate the divine light of the gospel of Jesus Christ that God has given us to guide our footsteps in these last days.

Not for nothing did those Saints back yonder name this the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. You and I who have lived some years in the world have only to look back and remember the early sermons that we heard some years ago. You will remember that almost every series of sermons had one in it devoted to the signs of the times. We have not been taken unawares; we have looked for these things, and in that perhaps we have been distinguished above other people.

PAUL, YOU WERE RIGHT!

All these things we say we have expected. We have heard so often an exegesis of that remarkable saying of the Apostle Paul, "This know, that in the last days perilous times shall come." Some months ago I happened to be in Omaha on that Sunday night when the mob destroyed the courthouse and hanged the mayor till he was nearly dead, and finally killed and burned the negro they were scarching for, and with a rope around the charred remains dragged

them about the streets until morning. I thought then, "Paul, you were right; we have been told for a quarter of a century that man was becoming more civilized, more gentle, more Godlike; but, Paul, you were right, for you said that in the last days perilous times should come and that men should be fierce, and treacherous, and lawless."

And we have seen an exhibition of that not only in foreign countries, but in Boston, in Chicago, in Washington, in Omaha, and Centralia, and many other cities within the past year. But in the midst of all this tumult and confusion and chaos in the world, we have, with the Apostle Paul, an anchor that reaches within the veil, sure and steadfast, and we believe that we do not need to fear greatly, for it will keep the soul.

We have seen how the predictions concerning these things are coming to pass! but the same prophets tell us about the building up of Zion and the coming of Christ and the final dawn of peace and justice on this earth. And we can look beyond the storm to something that others may not see or understand.

WARS TO COME

Let us consider for a few moments some of the things that engage our attention in the world, the first of these being, perhaps, the question of war. A little over a year ago we were at war; now we are said to be at peace—but there is no peace. We are talking about peace, but it is something that seems

to be taken from the earth, in harmony with the prediction contained in the Doctrine and Covenants. Following the close of the World War, when the nations came together they had such an opportunity as never was given to the nations of men since Christ came.

All humanity was sick and tired of war; their souls revolted against the thought of more battlefields; the slogan on the lips of every soldier of every land was, "Never again!" And so, I say, when the nations came together around the peace table they had such an opportunity as they never had before to form some sort of a confederation of nations, a brotherhood of men which, though it might not prevent all wars, at least would reduce the danger.

But it is said that Opportunity knocks but once at the door, and evidently it does not linger long; and, having departed, it cannot be seized, for it must be seized from before. So, if I understand the situation, the opportunity perhaps has already passed.

There has come a revulsion of feeling. Already we forget the horror. The nations, almost all of them, now are giving their attention again to their own national aspirations; they are beginning again to depend upon the force of their own arms, and we may have a return to the old secret treaties and intrigue that without doubt will result in further and worse wars. So the prediction of the Master that we should hear of wars and rumors of wars, without doubt will continue to the end.

Then there is the one struggle that is going on between capital and labor, and there is also within labor itself a war going on between the radical and the conservative. The plan and the aim and the desire of the radical is revolution. He does not promote strikes to get better wages or more favorable hours or better working conditions. He regards every strike, no matter how small, as an incipient revolution, and a final general strike he contemplates as a general revolution that will overthrow this Government, and all other governments. We watch with some concern the struggle that is going on.

THE DECAY OF MORALS

Together with these things that we have noted, there is another which fills us with some concern, and that is the evident decay of morals. A correspondent writing from London to the Associated Press just a few days ago said that Scotland Yard had unearthed vice conditions in London that make the pre-war vice conditions seem puritanical. The same thing might be said of America. The vice commissions and authorities in nearly all the large cities are commenting on delinquency, particularly among young girls. The motherhood of the race is being poisoned at its source.

These things have interest to us because the Book of Mormon tells us that if this country is overthrown and comes into bondage it will not be because of any foreign enemy, but it will be because the nation has lapsed into wickedness. And that is exactly in har-

mony with the prediction of Abraham Lincoln when he said that we did not need to fear foreign aggression, that there are not armies enough in Europe in a thousand years to make one footprint on the Appalachian Mountains or dip one cup of water from the Ohio River—that our destructor would spring up among us, if it came at all, and not from abroad.

This Nation was founded by men who feared God. They may have been extremists, but they were sound and clean and dependable, and the work they began cannot possibly be carried on by a godless posterity.

A DECAY OF RELIGION

Accompanied by this decay of morals, there seems to have been an even further decay of religious sentiment in the land. Here is a little clipping from the *Literary Digest* for November 1, 1919:

"Missionary societies especially and church people of all creeds and denominations in America 'can find material for thought,' says the *Detroit Free Press*, in the statement by Bishop Tucker, of Kiota, that Japan sent a special commission to the United States to study the influence of Christianity on the lives of the American people. Their report on their return was that 'while education, commerce, and industry have been developed to a wonderful degree, there is little evidence that the Christian religion is regarded as important by most of the people.' The *Free Press* giving the layman's view of the matter, adds some reflections of its own:

" 'This is a judgment by a presumably honest and

thoughtful body of outside observers. And it would be a courageous man who would undertake to prove that the Japanese investigators were profoundly in error in their conclusions.' "

But in the midst of these things that seem so menacing—war, the prospect of civil war, the apparent decay of morals, and the loss of religious sentiment—we as a people have every reason to give thanks to God for the gospel that has been committed to our care. We have reason to give thanks to Him for the hope of the future, that beyond all this chaos we see a condition of order; that beyond the reign of injustice and criminality and lawlessness we see the dawn of peace under the dominion of Jesus Christ, not away off beyond the bounds of time and space, but here on this old earth.

FELLOWSHIP

We ought to be thankful that we are permitted to be partners with God in this work; and I think we ought to be especially thankful, and my heart is filled with gratitude because of the privilege to enjoy fellowship and brotherhood with men and women of this church. I regard that as the greatest thing that ever came into my life. Of course, in harmony with many men, I am devoutly thankful to God for the love of father and mother, of wife and children. I feel that no life is complete that has missed the experience of filial and marital and parental love—but that is not all.

God never gave me brothers and sisters, but through the gospel he opened up means by which I can go out and find brothers and sisters wherever the gospel message has found its place in human hearts. I believe we ought to cultivate this spirit of fraternal brotherhood; I believe that it ought to be the band to hold us together and finally bring victory.

"I HAVE MEAT THAT YE KNOW NOT OF."

(Sermon delivered at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri, January 19, 1919.)

I HAVE read some verses from the fourth chapter of John. I call your attention more especially to the statement just read, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." This saying of the Master is one that might be termed cryptic. It has a meaning that is hidden. It does not appear on the surface. The surface meaning is not the one that Jesus had in mind. We cannot imagine for a moment that Jesus meant, as the disciples thought at first, that some one had secretly brought him meat, which he had to regale himself upon without their knowledge.

His words have a spiritual meaning, which he explains a little further where he says, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." This was right in line with the statement that he made early in his ministry, that man should not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. The bread and meat of Jesus was the Word of God, and to do the will of God.

On another occasion he says, "I do always the things that please the Father." This would argue a constant communication with God, a never broken

touch with the Father. He lived by every word that proceeded from the mouth of God. He did always the will of the Father; always the things that pleased the Father. He was in communication with God and sought to know every day what God wanted him to do.

REVELATION AND DUTY

When we analyze these texts in this way they suggest two ideas: The first, that of Revelation; and the second, that of Duty. In regard to the idea of revelation: here was an individual who claimed to be in touch with God. He was receiving spiritual communications and divine revelation absolutely unknown to those who stood at his very elbow, surrounded him, and talked with him frequently.

This would perhaps be regarded with a great deal of skepticism by scientists, and certainly it would be rejected entirely by agnostics, who, not knowing anything themselves about such matters, do not believe that it is possible for anyone else to know—I mean nothing regarding things divine, things not perceived by the ordinary human senses. You will notice that in this group of individuals, the one who counted in the history of the world was the man who knew. And so to-day, the individual who says he does not know may be dismissed without further interrogation.

There are some things that have come to light in the course of history, both sacred and profane. Some things that are a common matter of observa-

tion and modern experimentation, that should cause us to be very slow to say that a thing is not because we have not observed it and verified it. I might use a very modern illustration. Back of this church there stands the tower of a wireless station. Its mate is at Graceland College, in Lamoni, Iowa.

THE WIRELESS MESSAGE

Early in the war I was somewhat interested in the work of the wireless students at Graceland College. They would receive messages from the air—messages from San Francisco, New York City, the American Squadron in the Atlantic. They even picked up messages from Germany. Now the thing that seemed so singular, so dramatic to me, was that these messages were passing constantly through the air about my ears, but I could not hear them. I could not detect them. I could not perceive them. I could not apprehend them. I knew nothing of them excepting as I believed the testimony of others, and sometimes, putting the matter to the test, sent messages and received an intelligent answer. But these men were almost like the gods, and listened to the chatter of the universe that was unknown to me.

It is quite possible that at this very moment the air of this place is thrilling with messages from the Peace Conference. We do not know, but it is at least within the range of possibility. It seems to me that ought to make us a little cautious how we say that a thing cannot be, simply because it does not appeal to our senses.

I believe that the otherwise stagnant atmosphere of this old world is constantly thrilling with divine messages from on high, that give intelligence. Once in a while a great prophet, who is in touch, in communication with God, receives a great message for the world that others know not of; and constantly, if we will, you and I, who do not profess to be major prophets, may receive spiritual communications, and do, in our prayer services and in our secret prayers, when we come in touch with the Spirit of God. So that we may say we have meat that others know not of.

SIX HUNDRED FOOLS

This, of course, seems utterly foolish to the world. Shortly after the General Conference at this place when President Frederick M. Smith presented the communication naming Brother McGuire to be the presiding bishop, a Canadian paper appeared with an article which was headed, "Six hundred fools," and went on to say that six hundred delegates of this organization met in Independence and President Smith presented to them something claiming to be a revelation from God, and they accepted it as the word of God; which was sufficient to give them the title of six hundred fools. It seems to me, however, that the fool is the one who refuses to recognize truth simply because it does not appeal to him, or come to him along the lines he has marked down, and he will not receive it along other lines.

Jesus said to the Pharisees when he was here, "Ye

blind and deaf." Now the Pharisees, each one of them, probably had two pretty good eyes. Each of them doubtless had two good ears. They could see what they wanted to see and hear what they wanted to hear; but so far as Christ's message was concerned, they were blind and deaf.

Right along this line there is a little poem I have clipped, entitled:

BLIND

"The spring blew trumpets of color,
Her green sang in my brain,
But I heard a blind man groping,
Tap, tap, with his cane.

"I pitied him in his blindness,
But can I boast I see?
Perhaps there walks a spirit
Close by who pities me.

"A spirit that sees me tapping
The five-sensed cane of mind;
Amid such unguessed glories,
That I am worse than blind."

It was Sir Oliver Lodge who said that "the ways of science are not the only ways to discover truth." The ways of science of course are investigation, discovery, and verification. Very properly so, too. It it very proper that science should confine herself to those methods. But I am glad that there is one great scientist who is willing to admit, and does freely admit, that these are not the only ways to dis-

cover truth. He leaves to religion the possible discovery of truth by revelation. So that Jesus was not necessarily in conflict with science when he said that he was enjoying things that those who stood by, observant with their eyes, and listening with their ears, could not perceive.

VOICES OF SOCRATES

Profane history, I believe, presents some illustrations along that line. Take the case of Socrates. Socrates was born of very humble parentage. He was exceedingly poor and so grotesque in appearance that he was a laughing stock in the community, at times, and yet he achieved such distinction as a philosopher that it is said now that Greek history is divided into two periods—the period before Socrates and the period after Socrates. In fact, he was greater than Greek history and rises up like a mountain peak, and belongs to the world. Socrates claimed, all his life long to be guided by inner voices, audible to himself, but not audible to anyone else. He yielded obedience to those voices, even to the giving up of his life when he was sentenced to death and the privilege of escape was offered to him.

Modern writers have tried to explain the voices of Socrates on the ground that he was an epileptic. Anything that cannot be explained, that comes from God, some people try to push aside on the charge of epilepsy. Saint Paul was supposed to be an epileptic. Joseph Smith had been declared to be an epileptic.

What a pity that epilepsy is not contagious! We need a little more divine or sublime insanity along that line.

JOAN OF ARC

There was the famous case of Joan of Arc, a girl born of a peasant family; uneducated; unable even to read or write, who received, as she claimed, communication from the angels. At the time France had been suffering from a terrible war for nearly a hundred years, and her land was overrun with the enemy, England, now her friend. This girl professed to be told by the angels to present herself at the court, and she would be given supreme command of the armies of France, and the Lord would lead her to victory.

She possessed some power over the king, then uncrowned, so that she was actually placed in supreme command over the armies of France. Mounted on her horse, she led her troops from one victory to another until in a few short weeks she was able to assist in the crowning of her king. It is remarkable the military strategy she displayed without previous training. We do not need to say from what source her inspiration came. The French said it was from God, and the English said it was from the Devil, and they burned her at the stake; but it was quite evident that she did receive something from some source that others knew not of. Mark Twain truly says that the world has never explained Joan of Arc.

When we take up sacred history we have many

instances: Moses watching the burning bush; David singing the Twenty-third Psalm; Paul on the road to Damascus perceiving Christ, and finally Jesus, himself, who declared that he was receiving, at that time, meat that others knew not of.

HIDDEN MANNA

There is a statement in the book of Revelation to this effect: "To him that overcometh it shall be given to eat of the hidden manna." We may think of that as something that will occur in the far-distant future, when those who have overcome all tribulations, resisted all temptations, shall enter into a glorified condition and be given to eat of the hidden manna. That may be true, but I believe that the individual who is not overcoming now, probably never will overcome; and that the individual who is overcoming now is receiving his portion of the hidden manna every day, quite in harmony with the prayer that Jesus offered, "Give us this day our daily bread." I do not think he had in mind entirely the loaf of barley or of wheat, though he may have had that in mind also. The individual who is overcoming now, is entitled to receive the hidden manna that will sustain him.

Look around you and note the men and women of the church who are good men and women; who are living their religion; who are Godlike to this extent that they are the same yesterday, and to-day, and to-morrow. I mean by that, that they are not here to-day and gone to-morrow; in the straight and nar-

row path one day, and wandering in by and forbidden paths the next; but rather pursue a straight course, without deviation to the right or to the left. Men whom you can depend on and you know where they are—and these are the men and women who are overcoming and are sustained by the hidden manna. They have meat that others know not of, in common with their Lord and Master.

I mention these things because I believe the Saints ought to enlarge their horizon, and not give their attention exclusively to material things, but let their horizon include spiritual things. I know there is danger that we will be accused of being idealists and dreamers, but the idealists of the world have been the ones who really have been pioneers in advancement.

You know that the king told Paul that he was mad. Paul said, Agrippa, I would that thou wert altogether like me, excepting for these bonds. If there had been several hundred thousand madmen like Paul, the history of Christianity would have been different. Columbus was an idealist. He dreamed of another world, and persisted in his dreaming in spite of all obstacles—and he discovered a new world. Galileo, watching the chandelier swinging to and fro in the cathedral, had a vision of worlds revolving on their axis. The hard-hearted churchmen of the age made him get down on his knees and recant, but as he arose he whispered to himself, "It does move."

John Brown was an idealist who dreamed of the

overthrow of slavery and went upon what seemed to be a hair-brained expedition. He gave up his life, apparently without reason; but in a very short time there were thousands of men marching and singing, "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

We have an ideal also, that the world says is not practical, and that is the ideal of Zion—something the world says cannot be realized. If it is realized it will be because we are partaking of meat that the world does not know of. It is true that Zion does have a material basis; must have a common sense basis, plenty of good, hard, common sense. But we want, also, divine direction, divine inspiration, for otherwise we certainly shall be overwhelmed by the problems that confront us.

PLEASING GOD

The second divison of the subject is certainly not less important, though I may give it less time. Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." From this I draw the conclusion that it is not our business to do what we want to do. It is our business to do what we ought to do. Jesus inquired the mind of God. Then he said, My meat is to do the will of God. Too often we inquire the will of God. We say, Send us a revelation; but there is the end of the matter. We are not so keen to do the will of God, as we were to learn the will of God. So, on a certain occasion, in speaking to a certain class of people, Jesus will say, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the

things that I command you?" You see these two are intimately associated: First to learn the will of God by revelation or otherwise; and second, to do the will of God.

It is not necessarily our province to do what others want us to do, or what their will is. It is our business to do that which pleases God. When we start out with the idea of pleasing others, we are bound, sooner or later, to find out that we absolutely cannot escape the condemnation of some people. The most carefully considered action, the most sincere step that we may take, as I have discovered personally, may immediately be talked about by some one who will regard it as absolutely wrong. So, whatever course we take we are liable to come in for condemnation. It reminds me of a little verse, which says,

"Weep and you're called a baby;
Laugh and you're called a fool;
Yield, and you're called a coward;
Stand fast and you're called a mule."

So we may despair of pleasing others; at least, of pleasing everybody else. Our aim should be to please God, and then we can leave the outcome in his hands. "I do always the will of the Father," Jesus said. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me."

THE STORY OF A MIRROR

Jesus, perhaps, had the advantage of knowing all the time what the will of the Father was. We are

limited, no doubt, but you know Jesus gave the promise that his Spirit should guide us into all truth. We must know the truth first, and perceive our duty clearly before we can understand it, and consequently before we can do it properly. I assume that we are altogether in a great study class in the church trying to find out the truth. But there is one thing that grieves me sometimes, and that is that when one perceives a portion of the truth, from his standpoint, he concludes it is all truth, and he has no patience with his brother who perceives it from a different angle.

That reminds me of the old story of the Japanese mirror that you may have heard me tell. A Japanese peasant went to town on a certain occasion, and looking into a shop window saw a mirror. It was the first mirror he had ever seen, and when he looked into that mirror, what do you suppose he saw? Why, the very picture of his father, as he remembered him as a young man. He thought it was the spirit of his father, and so he got together all the money he had and bought that mirror and took it home. He carried it into the attic and built a little altar to put the mirror on. Every day he would make offerings and pray before that altar, look into the mirror, and the spirit of his father would look out at him.

All would have gone well excepting that this man had a wife who was curious, as women sometimes are (and men as well), and she began to wonder why every day her husband went up into the attic, and

why he locked the door when he came down. So one day when her husband was gone, she climbed up into the attic, found the mirror, and looked into it, and what do you suppose she saw? A young woman, and rather a good looking woman, too, she thought.

Ah, she knew why her husband went into the attic every day. The perfidious wretch went up there to see that woman. So she went down the ladder, and when her husband came home there was trouble. He insisted he saw a man in the mirror, and he told the truth; but she said the thing that looked out at her was a woman, a young woman, and she told the truth. Finally, to settle the controversy, they concluded to send for an old woman who was something of a sorceress, and so they brought her in. She was bent and crippled with age, but she climbed laboriously up the ladder and was gone a long time. When she came down again she said, "You are both fools. It is an old woman that is in the mirror." Then they had a worse quarrel than before—all three of them. The remarkable part of it is, she also told the truth. Each one told the truth from his or her angle, as they saw it, and from their viewpoint.

Had there been some one there to explain, and had they exercised a little patience to compare their views they might all have arrived at the absolute truth, whereas each one had but relative truth. And so sometimes I look at truth from my standpoint, and it is colored by my personality, by my prejudices. I see the truth, part of it; but you look at it from your

standpoint and you get an entirely different vision. The only trouble is, we have not any patience with each other. We begin to quarrel and contend, but Jesus said, "For this cause came I into the world, to bear witness unto the truth." His Spirit will guide us into all truth; but in the midst of this process, as a class of students who are learning at the divine knee, under the direction of the Spirit, we must learn in the Spirit of the Master or we never will arrive at the truth. We must have charity. We must have the spirit of forbearance as well as that of investigation.

Then the burden of my thought this morning is, that we must get in touch with God. Be in communication with him as Christ was. We may learn the truth—our duty—and then if it becomes our will to do the will of God and finish his work, we may say to the world that we have meat that others know not of.

PREACHING JESUS

THE great lesson of the Christmastide is the fact that Jesus was the Son of God. That is the underlying fact of Christianity. It is the very rock upon which our faith is predicated and upon which our church is builded.

It is the mission of the gospel to teach men this fact. It is our work as his followers to help men to see that he is indeed the Christ. But how shall this be done? How shall we preach Christ?

We may place the Bible in their hands and they may read all the record of his matchless life; but the infidel does that and so does the Unitarian, and neither discerns anything but the record of a good and great man.

We may travel to the Holy Land and retrace every step that our Master took, thus imbuing our minds with the spirit of the past; we may study well the history of our Lord, and then from the pulpit, with all the eloquence of Savonarola or Paul, preach to the world the fact that he was the Son of God. The crowds may listen spellbound; but what do they hear? The history of a man—nothing more.

How shall I preach Christ?

In desperation I may invoke the aid of art. I prepare my canvas and my paints and bestow upon my work the best labor of a lifetime. I think about my Lord by day, and I dream of him by night, until my

eyes pierce the obscurity and I see the lineaments of his face, and with all the skill of Raphael or Hofmann I faithfully outline my ideal upon the retentive canvas.

Then I turn to the world and say, "Come and see the picture of the Son of God." They look, and what do they see? The picture of a man! It is useless!

Let us go back, if we may, to the days of Christ himself. For us let time be reversed. Back to the days when America was born! Back to the days when Britain was born! Back to the days when Rome fell! Back to the time when Christ called his twelve apostles! Let us seek Jesus! And as we enter the narrow streets of Jerusalem, and thrill with the life of the Holy Land, we come upon the object of our search. It is ours to touch his hand, to listen to his voice. Eagerly we turn to the throngs of bystanders, and in the language of John cry, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

They look and what do they see? They listen, and what do they hear? Having eyes they see not; having ears they hear not. "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph? His father and mother are well known to us. Why, then, say that he is the Son of God?"

In despair we cry out, "Lord, if they are to see this great fact you must reveal it to them! We cannot."

Ah! there is the secret of it all. For the Master

himself said that flesh and blood had not revealed that fact to Peter—nor indeed could it do so.

Therein is shown the need of present revelation. Without a constant revelation to each generation new born into the kingdom, there would soon be a church composed of members who would be ignorant of the great fact on which the church rests. For it is not a fact that can be made known by word of mouth alone, or by written word, or by art or science. "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost."

Therein is revealed the cooperation between man and God. It has pleased God to save the world by the foolishness of preaching, and to that end preachers are sent; yet it is equally true that no man can discern the Son of God excepting as divine influences make him known.

The apostles had been with Christ. They could tell of his life and teachings down to the minutest detail. They were those "who from the beginning were eye-witnesses"; they told what their "eyes had seen and what their hands had handled" of the word of life. Yet these facts did not qualify them to preach Christ to men. They had to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endowed with power from on high, so that when they preached Christ that Spirit would whisper to the hearer, "It is true," and being powerfully drawn he might obey and be born again by that same power from on high.

Let those who preach Christ ever bear this in

mind. The Comforter is sent to testify of him, and without its cooperation we are commanded that we shall not teach—it is useless and even dangerous to attempt to portray divinity to humanity unless divinity shall aid us.

LOVE

(Sermon at Lamoni, Iowa, 1915.)

MY THEME is compassed in a single word, a word of only four letters. This word, or its equivalent, is as old as creation. Adam whispered it in the ears of Eve as they walked in the lovely lanes of Eden. With it they solaced each other when they were driven out into a harsh and bitter world. The sons of Adam still delight to whisper this word into the ears of the blushing daughters of Eve; and speaking it and hearing it, they turn their footsteps back towards the paradise that was lost. If we ever regain that paradise it will be because we have learned the full import of that word.

This word, we may presume, is the watchword of the angels of heaven when they leave the courts of glory and come down to earth to minister to the heirs of salvation; and having finished their work of watching over the cradles of little babes, guiding the wandering feet of children, ministering to strong men and women who are heartsick, and smoothing the pillow of troubled age, when they return again, I imagine that the austere angel who stands at the pearly gates, halts them until they repeat this watchword.

They do not forget it. If they were to forget it, they would not be worthy to remain in heaven as the

angels of God. They could not minister on earth to the heirs of salvation.

CHRIST IS GOD'S DECLARATION OF LOVE

This is the word that God himself, stooping down from on high, spoke to a dying world, in the person of Jesus Christ; for Jesus Christ is God's declaration of love to the world. "God so loved the world," we are told in John 3:16, "that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The theme, then, that we wish to consider is that of "Love."

I call your attention to three texts. The first one is: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God" (1 John 3:1).

The second is: "We love him, because he first loved us (1 John 4:19).

And the third is: "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another" (1 John 3:11).

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

Taking up, then, the first division of the theme, the love of God for man: Why was it that God sent his Son into the world?

He was not moved by any of the considerations that commonly sway humanity. He did not have anything to gain. His glory could not possibly be increased. It was already infinite and ineffable.

But we are told that he sent his Son into the world because he so *loved* the world. Yes, he loved us before we loved him. We are told that "We love him, because he *first* loved us."

We have had some discussion about the atonement of Jesus Christ and the place of his death in that atonement. I do not intend to enter upon any discussion of that at this time, but we will all agree in this thought, that the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ were not designed to bribe or to propitiate an angry or an indifferent God and win his favor and approbation for man.

Before there was the first dimmest stirring of an impulse of love in our hearts for God, God loved us. He loved the world *before* his Son came into the world.

BRIDGING HELL GATE

What place does this have in the economy of God? They are building now in New York City at a place called Hell Gate (an appropriate name for our illustration), a great steel bridge, and they are building simultaneously from the two banks of the stream. It is to be a single great arch, or span. By and by this arch will meet in the middle of the span, and the bridge will be complete.

And so, when the love of man for God, and the love of God for man, springing from earth towards heaven, and from heaven towards earth, finally meet, then the gap is bridged, and there is a highway

formed by which we can approach God. That is the place that love has in the economy of God.

IN LIFE OR IN DEATH

What evidence have we of God's love? We have the evidence of his sacrifice and his service.

What is the extent of this love? We read:

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Romans 8: 38, 39.

That means, if it means anything, that the love of God is going to seek after every individual born into the world, and there is no power on earth, or under the earth, there is no other creature that can overthrow the designs of God. His love will reach every man somewhere, sometime.

WHO NEITHER LOVE NOR ARE LOVED

I heard Billy Sunday say, about two weeks ago, that those people who say there is probation after death are all liars. But a greater than Billy Sunday has said that *death* cannot separate us from the love of God. The gospel is to every creature.

If there is any benighted creature in any dark corner of the universe whom this message of love has failed to reach in this life, it will reach after him until it finds him, somewhere, sometime. He will not be given up until he rejects that message. There is

only one thing that can separate us from the love of God—our own personal will.

And finally when that love reaches that individual, if he shall then fling it away willfully, after tasting it, then, and only then will he be sent down to dwell with the "sons of perdition," who neither love nor are loved—and that is hell.

LOVE IN THE PRESENT TENSE

As Latter Day Saints, we prefer to think of God's love in the *present* tense.

We read that God used to give the people certain blessings, and we are told that certain signs shall follow, and that the manifestations of the Spirit are given to every man; but the world tells us that these things are not for us. What is the matter? Is God a respecter of persons?

He always connected his commandments to serve him with his promises of blessing. If the promises of blessing are not good any longer, then the commandments to serve him are no longer binding.

THE SHADOW OF A LOAF

Two travelers came to an inn and put up for the night. One of them became very sick and could eat neither supper nor breakfast; but in the morning the inkeeper insisted that he should pay for both of the meals. Finally a third man appeared, and all agreed to leave the dispute to his judgment to decide.

He said to the man who was sick, "Give me two pieces of silver." He was given the pieces of silver,

and then he rattled them by the ear of the inkeeper and said: "This man got only the smell of your meat; you get only the jingle of his money."

If we get only the smell of the meat that our older brothers ate, then God can justly claim only the jingle of our money in the way of service—and that, by the way, is about all the world is giving him.

But the matter is reversed. The world is only *willing* to give God the jingle of its money, and hence the world gets only the smell of the meat that Peter ate, the shadow of the bread of life on which Paul feasted.

God is willing to bless now as much as in the past.

HARD-HEADED AND SOFT-HEARTED SERVICE

Taking up the second division of the text, our love for God: We are commanded in Mark 12: 30, that we shall love God with all our heart, and with all our mind, with all our soul, and with all our strength.

The heart is the seat of the emotions, so our religion ought to be emotional. The brain is the seat of intelligence, so our service should be intelligent, rational. We are to love him with our heart, and with our mind; so our religion and our service ought to be intelligent as well as emotional.

And finally, we are told that we should love him with all our soul. The soul, we are told in the Book of Covenants, is the body and the spirit, the whole man. There is no power or quality, no part of us that should not be enlisted in God's service, dominated by love.

Who is it that loves God? In John 14: 21 we are

told, "He that *hath* my commandments, and *keepeth* them, he it is that loveth me."

We have here the test of our love for God; that is, that we shall have his commandments, and that we shall keep them. We should manifest our love by service and by obedience.

LOVE TRANSLATED INTO TERMS OF SERVICE

I will not, however, dwell long upon that part, but pass to the third division: The love of man for his fellow men.

John says, in substance, How can a man love God whom he hath not seen, if he does not love his brother, whom he hath seen. In other words, if we love God we will manifest that love in service for our fellow men.

We are told in Doctrine and Covenants 42: 8:

"If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And, behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support, that which thou hast to impart unto them, with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken; and inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me."

The thought is that if we love God we will love our fellow men. And if we love our fellow men we will give of our surplus properties for their support when they are poor and in need.

The same idea is presented in James the second chapter:

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of

daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

And he goes on to tell us that kind of religion, like faith without works, is dead.

And in 1 John 3: 17: "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The answer is, It does not dwell there at all.

Our love of our fellow man will be manifested in our service to him, and it will take not only a spiritual, but a material or temporal turn. Without this evidence we cannot demonstrate that we do really and truly love God.

One thing that we as a people must cast out of our lives is selfishness, the very reverse of this love of God. Selfishness is the thing that hinders our progress. He who labors in Zion for money, according to the divine statement, shall perish. But it seems that on every turn we are hindered by this selfishness that occupies our hearts. How shall we get rid of it?

I think Tennyson perceived the truth when he said:

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords
with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music
out of sight."

This hateful love of self, when it is touched by the divine love of God, passes in music out of sight.

TWO JUDEAN BROTHERS

According to an old tradition, two brothers lived in Judea on adjoining farms. One of them was single, and lived alone; the other had a wife and many children. One night during the harvest season the man who was single said, "My brother has many mouths to feed. To-night, while it is dark, I will carry some of my sheaves over and set them in his field, and in the morning he will rejoice to see his plentiful harvest."

And the same night the other brother said, "My brother is sad and lonely, while I have many to cheer me. To-night I will carry some of my sheaves over the line and set them in his field, and in the morning his heart will be made glad to see his bountiful harvest."

So each carried out his plan for two nights in succession. But on the third night the moon came out and they came face to face. Tradition says that on that spot the temple at Jerusalem was built, because there earth came nearest heaven.

When we get the fullness of that spirit, and each seeks his brother's good, then we can build the temple of God, for then earth will come near to heaven and heaven near to earth, and Jesus will be ready to come and take up his abode among men.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM— THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

THE twenty-third psalm is recognized as one of the masterpieces of literature. Its beauty has won the admiration of the irreligious. Those of a religious inclination have loved it because it expressed in the finest possible manner sentiments that they have felt but could not express.

The twenty-third psalm is a triumph. For three thousand years it has stood as a witness that simplicity is the best expression of greatness. How simple its imagery—a stream of water, green fields, a shepherd, a flock of sheep. How simple the words, as translated, mostly one and two syllable words. Common words. Yes, common words. Who can dispense with the common things? As one old violinist expressed it in his homely way, "You may buy a fifty-dollar violin; but you can't make music without the aid of a five-cent lump of rosin."

The twenty-third psalm is a triumph. Almost anyone can take an unimportant thought and clothe it in big words so that no one can understand it. That is easy. To take a thought that is profound, fundamental, and explain it so simply that all may understand, is a triumph. The twenty-third psalm contains elemental thoughts. It deals with life, death, love, enmity, and above all with faith, in an arrange-

ment of something like one hundred and seventeen words that anyone can understand and no one can excel.

The man or woman who imitates this psalm in his life and makes that life a simple and humble interpretation of great truths will be the true and successful messenger of the covenant. Simplicity of dress, simplicity of conversation and deportment, are all consistent with true greatness; in fact, are inseparable from true greatness.

The twenty-third psalm breathes sincerity. David meant what he wrote. Otherwise he could not have written the twenty-third psalm. He might have written a pretentious poem, ornate with sounding phrases, but a minor poem. To be sincere and simple is to be Godlike. David felt what he wrote as plainly as one feels hunger, cold, love, repose; and so his psalm goes home to the hearts of men and women.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." The man who can say that and say it truthfully is indeed fortunate. In this age of uncertainty and doubt, when many conflicting claims are urged in the name of religion, and when thousands have abandoned religion and have written as the chief articles in their confession the negative proposition, "I do not know," it is a wonderful thing to be able to say, "The Lord is my shepherd." It may be easy to say, as a mere matter of articulation, but let us not deceive ourselves; to say it truly one must not only acknowledge

the leadership of Christ, but indeed be really following him.

A great many people acknowledge Christ, in a way. Spiritualism and every other ism tries to hide behind him. "Yes," they say, "Christ was a spiritualist. Christ was the greatest medium that ever lived." And so the argument is, "Christ was like me," which is vastly different from saying, "I am trying to be like Christ."

To be able to say, "The Lord is my shepherd," argues not only a certain amount of obedient righteousness, but also a certain communication with God. Yes, we can base our argument for continued revelation even on the opening line of the twenty-third psalm, the classic that has cheered multitudes of orthodox Christians. There is only one way for any man to know that Christ is his personal shepherd. He cannot know that fact by reading it in the Bible, because it is not stated anywhere in the Bible. He cannot know it by reading that Christ was the shepherd of David or of Paul. He can only know it when, like David and Paul, he establishes personal communication with the great Shepherd.

"He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow."—John 10: 3, 5.

To argue that this is not an age of revelation and

that communication between God and man has ceased, is folly. If we have no communication with our heavenly Leader, then we are indeed left with earthly leaders who are no better than we—blind leaders of a blind people. Yet, strangely enough, such a proposition has been urged ever since the day when Joseph Smith first announced that he had seen a vision. It is merely an argument of convenience, urged because no other comes to hand; and we can afford to ignore it because the men who urge it most strenuously themselves deny it at every popular revival.

"*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*" This might not mean so much in a land where all fields are green and where water is so common that though indispensable to human life it is described as "having no economic value." But in the land where David dwelt were many sandy wastes, streams were infrequent, and the words *water* and *green fields* conveyed more than mere poetic pleasure.

As a shepherd lad, David had often led his sheep along the dusty highway and over barren plains, hot sand under foot, hot sun overhead, hot wind on the cheek, until at last they came down into the feeding places, cool green fields beside the still waters.

When he became the sweet singer of Israel, he remembered that scene. He made it a part of his great psalm. He recognized that even as he had been a

shepherd and had led his sheep, so Christ was a shepherd and was leading him.

The individual who has journeyed even a short distance in this old world begins to appreciate what it means to bear the "heat and burden of the day." Sorrow, sickness, poverty, loss of loved ones, the unfaithfulness of friends, one or all of these will find him out, whatever his station, and will compel him to seek consolation somewhere. Happy is the man who finds his way to the green pastures and the still waters of God's love.

"*He restoreth my soul.*" The Book of Doctrine and Covenants tells us, "The spirit and the body is the soul of man. And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul; and the redemption of the soul is through him who quickeneth all things." In the light of this definition of the human soul, a true one, we believe, we see that the restoration of the soul means the conquering of death and sin and the reuniting of body and spirit in a condition of purity and perfection.

"*He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*" The Saints of God are bought with a price. They are no longer free to do whatever extravagant fancy may urge. Their actions reflect credit or discredit upon their Master and upon the cause for which he died. It is their duty to walk in paths of righteousness "for his name's sake." They cannot go with the world and do as the world does. To be correct in doctrine and dogmas is not enough.

They must cleave to that which is good and eschew that which is evil, "for his name's sake," if for no other reason.

When we reach the point where we will stop to consider the inevitable results of certain lines of conduct as affecting the work in general, the church will begin to arise and shine. When the world sends us a gilded invitation to attend its continuous vaudeville, let us write across the face of that invitation the third verse of the twenty-third psalm, and say no, "for his name's sake."

"*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil*: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." It is easy to see where David got that figure of speech —"The valley of the shadow of death." As one approaches the mountains he crosses sun-kissed plains, but when he enters the canyon, where granite walls loom up on either side, he enters the chill and shadow of another world. Yet, if he persists on up the valley, he at last comes out upon the heights where the sun is still shining, shining with a beauty not before realized. Wonderful the panorama that is then unfolded to his vision!

The valley of the shadow of death lies before us all. The chill and gloom that is there felt by the bravest explorer has given death his title, "The king of terrors." Yet David said that he would fear no evil. Why? Because the Lord would be with him;

and because he knew that beyond that valley of the shadow the sun was still shining.

"*Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*" Sometimes an obscure expression is understood when we know the customs surrounding the author during his youth. Apostle Paul M. Hanson gave an explanation of this phrase gleaned from his travels in the Holy Land. He was told that it is the custom of the shepherds on dark and stormy nights to precede their flocks, and as they go to rap with their staffs upon the rocks and bowlders; the sheep hear and are comforted as they follow the unseen shepherd home to the fold.

"*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies*: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." It seems strange that a follower of Christ should have enemies. Yet such is frequently the case. The lion's den, the fiery furnace, dungeons, the scourge, the cross—with these arguments an offended world has reasoned with men whose pious lives have been a rebuke more scathing than any denunciation. The day of such persecution is not past. Husbands who are otherwise kind still make life a burden for wives whose only offense is that they wish to live the life of a consistent church member. Young men and women are still disinherited by parents and disowned by associates because in the day of choosing they have chosen the right and because that right came under the banner of the restored gospel.

When the young man through whom that gospel was restored went out in the woods to pray on that spring morning, the only thing in the world that he wanted to know was what he ought to do. God told him what to do and he did it. For that he was hated. The thread of hatred that runs through the history shows red at Carthage, Illinois, as plainly as it did in Jerusalem or in Ephesus. Yet, paralleling it, runs the white thread of God's love. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Have not the individual Saints tested that promise, at Kirtland, in Missouri, at Nauvoo, and found it true? Immortal psalm! Unfailing promises!

"*Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*" This is an expression of the unstinted beauty of God. We serve a generous God. Christ, our elder brother, is an advocate of the idea of giving good measure, pressed down and running over.

"*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*" How proud men are to build and beautify a house here on earth! The poor man saves and economizes and never quite gives up the idea of owning a little home of his own. He dies in a rented house, and some one has cheated him out of his birthright. The rich man schemes and speculates, beats close to the lee shore of the law, that he may build a mansion. All that money and power can command and art and skill supply goes into a marble pile of faultless design and appointment.

But while the mills of finance are grinding out the dollars and the masons are building them into walls and the sculptors chiseling them into statuary and the landscape gardener transmuting them into lawns and parks, the sun rises and sets, time moves regularly on, and about the time the grand ensemble is nicely arranged, the proud owner is filed away in the family vault, where the quarters are close and the atmosphere depressing, yet where none complain.

Why give so much attention to our temporary home? Why give so little attention to our eternal home? If all would plan to be associates in the house of the Lord in the life to come, we might be able to strike a balance between the palace and the tenement here in this life. So far as the future is concerned, we are assured that in our Father's house there are many mansions.

The twenty-third psalm deals with affairs in this life, with affairs in the world to come; and with the much dreaded passage from the one to the other. It is essentially a message of comfort, and its keynote is trust. It defends its own claim to immortality. The Jews carried it with them into Babylon. The ten tribes took it with them into their captivity. Probably Lehi brought it with him to the promised land. Our Lord heard it repeated when he was a lad. Now it comes to us, after long centuries, "borne on the wings of a hundred translations," venerable with age, yet clothed in immortal youth.

MUSIC AS THE HANDMAIDEN OF RELIGION

(Address delivered at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri, June 27, 1920, during the Musical Festival, held under the auspices of the Department of Music.)

THE theme that I have selected for the morning's address is, "Music the handmaiden of religion." It might be well for us briefly to review the historic connection of music with religion.

One writer on the subject, that I have read after, says that "among all people music first originated in religious service." If that be true, it means, in other words, that among all people music first originated in man's effort to express his religious emotions and convictions, and would justify the theme I have selected, music as the handmaiden of religion.

Filmore, in his Lessons on Musical History says, "In all ancient nations music was believed to be of divine origin," and Tapper, in his Essentials of Musical History says, concerning the Hebrews, "Both Hebrew poetry and music seem to have served from the beginning no other purpose whatever than to extol Jehovah and proclaim and emphasize divine ideals and ideas."

We are particularly interested in Hebrew history because, as Christians, we inherit from Judah; and

it is equally true, probably, that in the early Christian church music served no other purpose whatever than to extol the name of Jehovah, and to proclaim divine ideals and ideas.

Of course in modern Christianity music has come to serve many social functions; also military functions, and it is probably true that a great many modern Christians are more familiar with the music of the dance hall and theater than the music of the church.

ORIGIN OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

The origin of musical instruments was prior to authentic history. We do not know whether Adam and Eve had any music in the home. If not, that may account for the trouble they had with Cain. It is hard to think of them raising their children without at least a jew's-harp, or its equivalent. But it is a fact that as far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis the statement is made of Tubal-cain that he was the "father" or teacher of all those who played upon the harp and organ. He was about the seventh or eighth from Adam, so thus early in their history they had developed two very distinct types of musical instruments.

It is thought that instruments of percussion were first invented, beginning, perhaps, with the effort of some ambitious drum major, who pounded on a hollow log with a club. From this evolved the great family of drums, bells, cymbals, and other instruments of percussion.

The wind instruments were next invented, beginning with very simple forms, a flute with a single note, or a whistle, or something of that kind, and from that humble beginning was evolved the many wind instruments that we have, up to the great pipe organ, king of them all. So that the shepherd lad who played upon a pipe of oat straw, or the pandean pipes, had a potential cathedral pipe organ in his hand. Of course, he didn't know it. He was a pioneer experimenter, and many had to follow after him.

Then came the stringed instruments, beginning, perhaps, with an instrument of a single string, and suggested by the twanging of a bowstring. That would be my guess, and the theory of evolution being a series of guesses, I guess that my guess is as good as anybody's guess. From that beginning was evolved all the various stringed instruments, including that prince of them all, the violin, whose beautiful music we have just listened to. Finally, in our day we have invented the most singular instrument of all, the mechanical mocking bird of the musical world—the phonograph. I sometimes think it must have been a severe jolt to Father Time when the phonograph was invented. Singers sometimes sing to kill time, and time then kills the singer, and that used to end it. When Father Time got tired of the croaking of any particular musician, he could finish him off and that was the end of the story; but now we can wind up a man's voice on a spool and unwind it long after he is dead.

Caruso, I suppose, will sing just as sweetly twenty years after he is dead. Harry Lauder will laugh just as infectiously the day after his funeral as he does to-day. But, of course, if that were the only kind of immortality, consisting of a series of indentations in wax, it would be a poor kind of immortality.

The point I am working up to is this, that all these instruments have been used in religious services: and all of them, moreover, have been used in conjunction with the human voice, which is the first great musical instrument, in the service of God. So we are justified in concluding that music is indeed the handmaiden of religion.

THE DEVIL STOLE MUSIC

It is true that the Devil took over to his own use musical service, to a large extent. We ought not to hold that against music, however, because we must remember that he took over the whole thing, monasteries, churches, ministers, ritual—the whole business—not simply music. Yet there was in Christendom a rather natural reaction on that account, and the early Christians would not tolerate any kind of musical instrument, because they had seen how in Greece, where they had a large following, all these instruments were prostituted to the service of Bacchus and Venus in all kinds of immoral rites. They went to the extreme of rebellion against that prostitution, and it was a long time before they would tolerate any kind of musical instrument.

We have seen the same reaction in our own day.

The organ had a hard struggle to get into the church. There is one denomination to-day that will not have the organ in its service. The violin was long considered to be of the Devil, and would not be tolerated in the musical service. And it is said of one of the early pioneers in our church, Lyman Wight, that he would not allow the congregation in his charge to sing the different parts. They could sing soprano, but they must not sing anything else—lest they pander to the world. So the young people congregated out in the woods, of moonlight nights, while Lyman was asleep, and sang the different parts.

SPHERE MUSIC

There have been in the past a number of great musical festivals. Job tells us that when the foundations of the earth were laid, "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." That may be the origin of the idea that we so frequently note in literature. I refer to the idea of sphere music. The idea that the stars, as they roll upon their wings, "in the midst of the glory of God," as the Book of Covenants says, give forth a melody too deep and grand for mortal ears to hear, but always ascending to God on high in praise and adoration.

Be that as it may, if Job was right, when the corner stone of the earth was laid they had a musical festival.

On the occasion when the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea, and while they were yet looking upon

the dead bodies of the Egyptians cast upon the shore, and while their hearts were filled with the terror and the wonder of the miracle that they had witnessed, they got together and held a musical festival, and the record says, "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." The song continues through the greater part of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus; and at its close all of the women, led by Miriam, came forth with their timbrels or tambourines, and danced and repeated the song that the men had just finished.

IN THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS

The Israelites are said to have carried with them the musical culture of Egypt, which was more or less well developed and then they proceeded to develop a musical program of their own, particularly in the temple service. The leaders in this movement were the prophets, and especially David. Luther said, "Music is the art of the prophets." And Smith's Bible Dictionary is authority for the statement that music was one of the chief things taught in the school of the prophets. Speaking of David, you will remember the occasion when he went into the tent of Saul, who was possessed of a devil, and with the aid of his harp, cast out the evil spirit. Rather a significant incident. David seemed to have been efficient in casting out devils; he cast one out of

Goliath and one out of Saul, using two different instruments, but both of them very effectively.

I might digress here to say that I have heard different men on different occasions argue that the experience of David was an evidence that we ought not to make preparation. We ought simply to trust God. Now that's a good argument if it is properly applied, but it may be carried too far. We may have a mental picture of David waving aside the armor and sword offered to him and going out with his sling, firing at random, God taking charge of the missile and planting it, ping! right in the center of the giant's forehead, thus ending the story; but probably the facts are that David had passed many years practicing with the instrument used against the giant. He had been a shepherd boy, and I presume he had practiced on animate and inanimate targets until nine times out of ten he could put a pebble just where he wanted to; so, while he went out with faith, trusting God and giving him glory, he was ready. If there is anything in his experience, it is an argument in favor of practice and preparation.

So, when he went into the tent of Saul, I do not think he went unprepared. Saul was a fearsome man to face, at best, and when he was possessed of a devil it must have been a trying experience to go into his tent and confront him. I do not think that David went in and practiced some wild incantation like an Indian medicine man that exorcised the evil spirit through some magic rite. David was a master of the

harp, and I imagine that he played melodies, and sang songs redolent with sacred memories that appealed to Saul, and created a religious, harmonious atmosphere in which the Devil did not feel at home, so he got up and left. That was all. The Devil doesn't like harmony. He likes discord. David brought in a quieting, soothing, religious atmosphere of music, and the result was that the evil spirit left Saul. But it takes practice to do that. I wouldn't try to play on the harp. I am afraid it would have exactly the opposite effect and the Devil enter into my hearers.

AFTER THEY HAD SUNG A HYMN

When Jesus came into the world it is recorded that the heavenly host appeared over Judea singing and praising God, and wishing humanity well. When Jesus was about to leave this old earth he called his disciples into an upper room where they observed the Passover. He served them the sacrament, and finally when they were about to disband, never to meet again in the flesh, this very brief but very significant statement is made, "And after they had sung a hymn they went out unto the Mount of Olives."

Who do you think suggested singing that hymn? Who do you suppose selected that hymn? Jesus Christ had been Master of ceremonies all during the evening. He was president of the meeting, and without doubt he chose, at the last moment of his last meeting with his disciples, to engage in song service with them.

THE OBJECTIVE OF MUSICAL CULTURE

But perhaps we had better pass on to another phase of the subject that I am to consider, and that is, Music as a means and not an end, in itself. A critic I have recently read after, said that too often church music is regarded as an end in itself, when it always should be a means to an end. In other words, our musicians should not be satisfied with obtaining perfection of expression.

They ought not to think of it as being their function to entertain or to show off, but it is theirs to engage in religious service, and their profession is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. We may discover what that end is when we ask ourselves, What is the end of all religion? The answer comes back immediately, It is the development and salvation of man: First to win sinners to Christ, and second to help Christians live the Christian religion.

The gospel of Jesus Christ has a twofold task. The first is by argumentation and logic to convince the mind of man; and the second is to break the stubborn and wicked heart of man; and I conclude that you cannot get very far convincing the brain of man until you break the heart of man, and make him truly repentant. Here is where music enters in, because it appeals, not logically but directly, through emotion. It is the language that speaks to the heart. After the preacher has reasoned and the sinner sits unconvinced, the people sing "Nearer, my God, to

thee," and something comes into his heart that completes the work.

If this, then, is the objective of music, there ought to be in the church the closest cooperation between the music department and the department of preaching—the work of the preacher being primarily the mission of preaching to save the world.

IS MUSIC PERFORMING ITS MISSION?

We may ask ourselves two questions, and the first of these is this: Is music performing its full mission in the work of developing and saving man in connection with the work of preaching the word? I mean throughout the church, in all the branches and districts. Not so many years ago I attended a reunion. The prayer services were splendid; preaching was fine—I thought so; I did part of it myself—but the music was simply atrocious. It was a tragedy. There was one time when the music department was not performing its full function in the work of reaching sinners and comforting Saints.

Music has its work among Saints in the preaching meeting, in the prayer meeting, and in revival services, to create an atmosphere religious in character, so that the hearts of the people will be ready for the word of instruction or admonition, as the case may be, and in missionary work in tent meetings and street meetings, and missionary meetings of all kinds, the music department must rally to the support of the preachers.

The chorister comes into close connection in his

work with the preacher, and has it within his power in his selection of hymns either to make or mar the service, to a very great extent.

You have all heard many anecdotes about hymns that have been unwisely selected. Brother Greene likes to tell about one time when he and Brother Phillips were holding meetings in a city in the East. Brother Phillips preached on the subject "Hell" and his sermon was immediately preceded by a solo, "Tell mother I'll be there."

Strickland W. Gillilan said when he finished his first sermon the choir sang "Hallelujah, 'tis done."

I remember—perhaps I ought not to tell this, but when Brother Richard Lambert, Brother Carpenter, and myself were leaving Lamoni with our families they gave us a little farewell meeting and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." One might have thought them glad to get rid of Brethren Lambert and Carpenter.

In contradistinction to these experiences, I recall many times when the opening hymn, without any previous arrangement or understanding, has fitted in with the theme so completely that it was perfectly evident that there had been a spiritual cooperation between the preacher and the chorister, or whoever selected the hymn.

I recall one time going into the pulpit in Lamoni to preach on the mission of Jesus Christ. No one knew what I was going to preach about, but Brother Burgess announced the anthem, "From glory down

to Calvary," which fitted in with my theme so perfectly that I felt that the Spirit of God which had directed me in my subject had directed him in his selection of the anthem.

I may as well confess that, as a rule, I do not feel very much interested in many modern anthems. It is probably a lack of education on my part, but I have heard a great many of which I have sometimes said, if they were selling for ten cents a dozen I wouldn't take home more than six of them. But sometimes I hear one that is so perfect in its text, music, and rendition that I feel well repaid for listening to those I did not enjoy. Probably, as Mark Twain said, the others were better than they sounded. I am more interested in congregational singing.

DOES MUSIC EVER EXCEED ITS FUNCTION?

Now we must ask the question, Does music at any time exceed its proper function? In the sectarian churches, as we sometimes call them, the sermon has been gradually crowded into a very secondary place. The average sermon is not only short but thin. The modern sermon is a sermonet from a preacheret. A little sugar-coated pellet in a teaspoonful of musical jelly—and the preacher devoutly hopes the audience will swallow the jelly without discovering the presence of the pill.

I hope our church will always have upstanding preachers who give a man's dose of gospel truth; and that their efforts will always be accompanied by a

beautiful and powerful musical program, of proper length, that will prepare the hearts of the people and carry home to their emotions the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Therefore I say, God speed the musical work, and especially congregational singing. *We* want to revive the spirit of song service among people, so that they may sing with the choir. We will need trained singers to lead us, but *we* must be a *singing* people to sound forth our songs of everlasting joy in Zion.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

NOT long ago I stood on the summit of Mount Manitou. About me were giant granite bowlders and great pine trees; before me were the eastern plains, out over which I could look for more than a hundred miles and watch the play of sunlight and Titanic shadows; about me were the rush and roar of the elements, for it was storming where I stood.

And there I had a new vision of the awful majesty and power of God. But the bigger he seemed to grow to my vision the smaller I became. There was nothing there in all that I saw to indicate to me that the God who made Manitou had the slightest interest in an insignificant creature like me.

But then there came to me something else, a clearer perception than I had ever before enjoyed of the great necessity that Jesus Christ should come in the flesh teaching men that God does care. The mountains declare a God of majesty and power; but Jesus came to reveal a personal God of sympathy and understanding.

The law of Moses came down from Sinai with thunder and terror, so that the people trembled in their shoes and hid their eyes and said, Surely our God is

a terrible God of power and dominion. But Jesus Christ came walking along the shores of Galilee, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Through him we may dare to presume to make friends with God, for he said to his followers, "Henceforth I call you not servants; but I have called you friends." We don't get that idea from elemental evidences. We must have a spiritual revelation, a revelation of God's personality. That thought is tremendously important.

In all the infinitely varied, multiform manifestations of intelligent life in the animal world, there is ever a struggle upward towards a more well-marked, clearly defined, positive, and enduring personality, reaching its climax in this world in man. Passing from man to God is there any reason to presume that the process will be reversed? Rather may we assume that in him is ever resident the most complex, yet clearly defined personality, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, beyond our power in and of ourselves ever to understand or find out. What is that personality? What are its moral attributes?

Thomas Carlyle declared that light was ahead for him and his feet had found firm standing only when finally he was able to believe that God and not a fiend had made the universe. Browning rejoiced

when he could write: "So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too."

Very many scientists admit the existence of God —a God—something unaccountable, unapproachable. But what sort of God is it? Exactly the God that is revealed by the heart of a granite bowlder, the roar of the mountain winds, the sweep of the far-flung plain, the arch of the skies—an elemental force, awful, magnificent—that may care or may not care, that may feel or may not feel—who knows? Man cannot commune with Saturn, or have fellowship with the tides, or be friends with gravitation.

Yet the idea of the personality of God is infinitely important to us. On that idea hinges our destiny, our very conception of our own personality. As Snowden says:

"The question of the personality of God is one of fundamental importance. Our answer to it will frame our conception of God, of his character and worth and relation to the world; shape our view of the universe; determine the reality and worth of our own personality; measure all our values; decide character and destiny; and underlie all our psychology, ethics, economics, sociology, politics, science, philosophy, and religion. As this central, sovereign Personality of the universe stands or falls will all finite personalities and worth abide or wither."

We are dependent upon revelation through faith to bring us any true concept whatever of the character and personality of God. And the most vital and all important revelation of all time was in the person of Jesus Christ. In him "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." For that revelation I was most profoundly thankful as I listened to the roar of the elements upon Manitou. It lightened the whole vast universe like a candle in the window at home at night. It put a life and a soul and a purpose into all things that I saw and heard and felt.

BOOK SIX

The Inside of the Cup

OCEAN EVENING HYMN

The wind-tossed pines are still at last and rest them from
their strife.
A single star in all the vast blue sky leaps into life.

The waters sing their evening hymn along the sloping shore.
Now falls the purple twilight dim and night draws near
once more.
The day is dying on the sea and in the forest aisles;
And yet serene as one might be who falls asleep and smiles.

. . . . . .

How ends the day for you and me, when, all life's tumult o'er,
The sun goes down into the sea and darkness hides the shore?

Shall we be steadfast as the pines?—obedient as the tides
That follow where the hand divine with mighty power
guides?
Will our good vessel reef her sail by quiet, friendly shores?
Or rush where storm and wind prevail and angry breaker
roars?

God grant us that the twilight dim may shroud some peace-
ful bay
Whose ebbing tides shall sing of Him—our refuge night and
day.

E. A. S.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

Sermon Sunday evening, October 2, 1921, at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri.

MY TEXT to-night is found in Matthew, the 23d chapter, the 26th verse, "Cleanse first that which is within the cup and the platter, that the outside of them may be clean also."

I presume that you are all quite familiar with the setting of this text, which might give us the theme, "The inside of the cup." Jesus had been invited to dine with the Pharisees. I am sure I do not know why they invited him to dine with them, as they had little in common, unless it might be that they wished an opportunity to watch him and criticize him and find fault. At least that was what they did. They began immediately to complain that he had not washed his hands before he ate.

Jesus Christ was prepared to pour out all his splendid powers in the great work of the salvation of men, but he was constantly confronted by small-spirited and mean-spirited men, who picked up these trivial things that they might use them to defeat his work. They watched their opportunity to complain that he had not washed his hands before he ate. They complained that he came eating and drinking and not fasting as John had done. He healed the sick on the Sabbath Day—dreadful desecration. He even had

the bad judgment to hail from Nazareth—"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" We can only guess at the amount of heckling that he was compelled to endure and the volume and kind of rumors concerning him, current in Jerusalem. They began to drive the nails in his hands long before the cross was put together.

To-day any man in any department of church work who is prepared to give all his service and strength and power to the upbuilding of Zion, who finds himself confronted by obstacles thrown in his path, may comfort himself with the thought that the servant is not greater than the master.

I do not think these Pharisees had any real cause to find fault with Christ. I imagine that the reason he did not wash his hands was because they were clean. The difference between Jesus and the Pharisees was that they were clean on the outside only while he was clean inside and outside. They were thinking about ceremonial cleanliness, not sanitation. From their standpoint, a vessel might be spotlessly clean and sanitary and yet be ceremonially unclean.

FROM VESSELS TO MEN

Jesus usually selected his illustrations from things familiar to his hearers. The country people could understand the picture of the sower that went forth to sow. The fisher folks could understand the illustration of the net cast into the sea that gathered of all kinds. The people from the market knew what he was talking about when he said, "Are not two

sparrows sold for a farthing?" And so in this instance he used an illustration from the very table before him; in Yankee parlance, from under their very noses, and said, "You ought to cleanse first the inside of the cup and platter."

We understand, of course, that he was not giving them a lesson in dishwashing; he was talking about vessels and thinking about men. And he led their attention instantly from the cleansing of vessels to the cleansing of men and so came immediately to the very root of his philosophy; you ought to cleanse first the inner man and not give all your attention to externals.

That is strictly in harmony with the lesson I have already read (John 3: 1-7) where he was speaking to Nicodemus, and said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." I do not intend to preach a sermon on baptism, but the thing that baptism stands for is of supreme importance, and that is the thing I am talking about.

A brother who had become skeptical said to me at one time that he could no longer see any significance in water baptism. It seems to me to have a very splendid significance. From the very beginning man has been accustomed to cleanse his body with water, and when God selected a symbol that would stand, not only to the individual but to all who had become conscious of his conversion, as a symbol that would typify the cleansing of his spirit from the stains of

sin and evil, he instituted the ordinance of baptism by immersion in water.

Of course, we understand that water cannot actually cleanse the spirit, because the spirit is immaterial and sin is immaterial and cannot be washed away with water, actually. But the outward cleansing in water is a symbol of the inner cleansing of the spirit that must accompany baptism if baptism is to have any force or any significance whatever.

DE FACTO CLEANLINESS

But of the two, while God teaches the great importance of ceremonial cleanliness, cleanliness in fact is of much more importance. The ceremonial symbol means nothing unless it is accompanied by a corresponding cleaning of the life of the individual who submits himself to the ordinance of baptism. God wants de facto cleanliness. We may have in the church men who are entirely clean ceremonially, whose lives are absolutely unclean in the sight of God.

Jesus Christ believed in individual regeneration. That was the keynote of all his preaching. It is true that he believed in social regeneration, but he proposed to build a regenerated society out of regenerated individuals. He did not make the mistake of some philosophies and societies of to-day who are trying to build a regenerated society out of unregenerated individuals. The mode by which regeneration is to be wrought out is revealed in his gospel. It strikes at the very root of human need and begins

with the transformation of the character of the individual.

People tell us that Jesus Christ lived a long time ago, that times have changed, that this is the strenuous age, that his philosophy is not adapted to our age, and that man cannot live by it now. I believe that if Jesus Christ were here to-day he would not change his philosophy in any particular. I think if he should come to Kansas City or New York or London to-day he would preach absolutely the same doctrine and the same plan that he preached when he was here before. I do not think that anything we have to offer in this wonderful age of ours would impress Jesus Christ in the least or disturb his serenity at all.

They say that a real typical Indian never allows himself to reveal a trace of surprise at anything the white man has done. He may be taken from his tepee, his pony herds, his reservation, to New York among the skyscrapers, and look out upon the battleship and aeroplanes. He does not allow a muscle of his face to show one particle of surprise. There is a racial idiosyncrasy and a racial pride which forbids him to betray surprise at anything the white man has done.

THE SON OF MAN

For quite different reasons, if Jesus Christ were here to-day he would not be in the least disturbed or surprised or disconcerted by anything that this world could present for his consideration. The reason is

that while we look at externals and are wonderfully impressed, they do not impress him at all. He looks beyond them.

We look at a grand modern skyscraper or one of our palatial hotels and we are filled with wonder and admiration. The building may swarm with thieves and harlots, but we do not stop to think about that. We are thinking about the building. When I say thieves I do not mean pickpockets; I mean thieves who steal on such a gigantic scale that their operations are entirely legal. And when I say harlots I do not mean street walkers, but women who are so wealthy and so well-placed socially that they may indulge in philanderings all their lives and pass through the embraces of a series of men, and yet are respectable. Now, if Jesus Christ were here he would not look at the building, but at the men and women in the building. He would ponder the eternal problem, how to reach and save them.

I do not know why Christ should be impressed by anything we have to offer. We are told that he was with God in the morning of creation and that nothing was made without him. Why should the great being who saw the stars and planets come out of the great garage and go down the heavenly speedway, be impressed when he sees a millionaire ride by in his limousine? We speculate about the automobile, but he speculates about the man in the automobile.

"I AM A MAN; I CHANGE NOT"

Jesus Christ would not need to change his philosophy, because he is the man of the age. The title that he took to himself, "The Son of Man," to my mind is full of significance. Not the son of one race or one age, but the Son of Man, the representative of man in a racial sense. And we are told in the Bible that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He changes not; neither does his plan change. And if God in heaven with divine confidence can say, "I am God, I change not," it is true that man with humility but with equal truth can say, "And I am man, and I change not."

The primal passions and needs of man are the same in all ages; they never change. It is true that men may change in the sense that they are better or worse in one age or in another, but that is because man has either taken these passions and caused them to serve noble purposes or else has permitted them to drag him down. Man is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever so far as his needs, his temptations, his appetites, and his passions are concerned. I presume there is not a type of man that ever lived in the history of the world but what is on the earth to-day. If Jesus were to walk the streets of Kansas City to-day he would meet Pilate, Herod, blind Bartimeus, Mary Magdalene, and the very twin brothers of the Pharisees with whom he dined.

We may for a time consider the application of our text, "You ought to cleanse first that which is with-

in the cup." I believe that it has an application to communities, to the nation, to society as a whole, and especially to individuals. We will make the application first of all to our city life—our community life.

THE INSIDE OF THE MUNICIPAL CUP

We have in this country one city that is bigger than any other and one that has a more profound influence on the national life than any other. The foreigner who comes to this country, landing at New York City, views first of all the Statue of Liberty holding aloft the torch which is supposed to enlighten the world and which gives promise that he is coming into a community where he will find freedom and virtue. Next he sees the wonderful skyline of New York City. He becomes gradually cognizant of its fabulous wealth and power. But later he finds that it is very largely promise. He learns almost as soon as he is naturalized that he can sell his vote just as easily as he sells his labor. He finds that he can buy the police just as easily as he buys his bananas. The chief of police in Chicago reported only a few days ago that one half of his entire police force is engaged in the illicit sale of liquor.

We may come a little nearer home, because every large city is a small town grown up, and every small city and every small community has its gamblers, its bootleggers, its cigaret fiends, its crooked politics, and its fallen women; and every large city depends upon the patronage of the smaller cities to keep up

its vice districts. The vice district of Chicago lives upon income derived from visitors from small towns and country districts. A certain number of our boys and girls each year traverse Fifteenth Street from Independence to Kansas City that they may help to maintain the vice dens in that city.

It is a good thing for us to have fine lawns and parks and public buildings and paved streets, but the thing that is of primary importance is the men and the women and the children that live in the city. So the voice of Jesus Christ comes home to every community, whether it be great or small, with this statement, "You ought to cleanse first the inside of the municipal cup."

I believe that wherever members of this church live in any community their interest ought to be cast towards making it a better city or village, a better community in which to live. And I am glad that we, here in Independence, though we have fallen short in some things, at least have made good in some others. Long before the Nation went dry, the saloons were compelled to move out of Independence, and it was largely the vote of Latter Day Saints that caused them to move, and was so stated by the Kansas City papers at the time.

THE INSIDE OF THE NATIONAL CUP

Next our text may be applied to our national life. The Book of Mormon tells us that America was destined to be a land of liberty and a land of light and freedom. When I speak of America in this sense I

always think of our Canadian brethren on the north, because they have as much actual freedom as we have. But I am now speaking in the United States, and the message comes to us and applies particularly to our own Nation. I want to read to you the promise made in the Book of Mormon. This is only one of many promises.

"And now we can behold the decrees of God concerning this land, that it is a land of promise, that whatsoever nation shall possess it, shall serve God, or they shall be swept off when the fullness of his wrath shall come upon them. And the fullness of his wrath cometh upon them when they are ripened in iniquity; for behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God, or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God. And it is not until the fullness of iniquity among the children of the land, that they are swept off. And this cometh unto you, O ye Gentiles, that ye may know the decrees of God, that ye may not bring down the fullness of the wrath of God upon you, as the inhabitants of the land have hitherto done. Behold, this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it, shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ who hath been manifested by the things which we have written."—Book of Ether 1: 31-35.

We learn from this statement that the people on

this land are to be a free people, that God will protect them against all nations, only on condition that they are a righteous people, and if they are ever overcome and destroyed it will be because iniquity has grown up among them.

That is exactly in accord with one of the statements Abraham Lincoln made in one of his speeches at Springfield: "At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? By what means shall we fortify against it? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined . . . could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reaches us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction is our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freed men we must live through all time, or die by suicide."—The writings of Abraham Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 149.

Edwin Markham once wrote a poem:

"So, I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land.
I fear not the Titan traitors who shall rise,
To stride like brocken shadows on our skies;
Not giants who shall come to overthrow,
And send on earth an Illiad of woe.

"I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel, school and shrine—
The worm of greed, the fatted form of ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of state in unsuspecting hours."

It may be necessary for a nation to have its army and its navy, but the real defense of the nation is its men, its women, and its children. This country of ours was founded by God-fearing people. We call them Puritans. It is true that they may have been too rigid. They may have been very austere. But they were honorable, upstanding, clean, honest, and God-fearing men and women. And if we think for a moment that the work they began can be carried on by a drunken, a dissolute, an irreligious and Godless posterity, we are making a terrible mistake concerning the designs of God regarding this Nation.

The greatest menace to our national life is not Japan. It is the decline of religion and of morality that is undermining the very foundation of the character of our citizens. And certainly the statement of Christ comes to us, You ought to cleanse the inside of the national cup, and not give all your attention to external power and riches.

THE INSIDE OF THE SOCIAL CUP

Let us consider now the application of our text to society—any group of society or society as a whole. A long time ago a man by the name of Paul

was permitted to look down the vistas of time and to give a diagnosis of the spiritual diseases of the latter days. Or perhaps I should say it was a prognosis. Possibly by diagnosing the diseases socially of his time with the added inspiration of God he was able to make this prognosis: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts."—2 Timothy 3: 1-6.

I do not know which is the worse, the obscene man, or the silly woman laden with sins and lusts; but the two of them are beginning to loom up in our social life. The attention of the whole world has recently been attracted to the scandal involved in the decline and fall of Roscoe Arbuckle. Yet it has been wisely said that this is an incident and it will be forgotten in a few weeks. It is but a symptom that reveals a systematic condition of our social life. Some one else has said that it is but a surface indication of the great undercurrent. Paul said that in the last day people should be "without natural

affection." The old strong love of wife and children and home that safeguarded the very issues of life is giving place to the play of unnatural passions and affections, unrestrained by law or conscience.

Latter Day Saints used to preach very often on the signs of the times. We don't need to any more. The times preach for themselves, and they have hundreds of interpreters who are not tinctured with the prejudice that might be laid to the account of Latter Day Saints, who have insisted for years that these were the latter days and that the predictions in the Bible were destined to be fulfilled. We were met with an almost universal cry of denial and were told that the world was growing better and rising constantly to higher planes; that men were becoming more religious, more enlightened, and more humane. We do not now have to interpret the times. Others do it for us.

WHAT A JUDGE SAID

I want now to read what a judge says. Judge Lazarus in finding on the Arbuckle case said, "In my opinion, we are not trying Roscoe Arbuckle alone, the screen celebrity who has given mirth to the whole world. We are, in a sense, trying *ourselves*, our morals, our present-day social standards. The question is larger than the guilt of this unfortunate, it is a universal issue."

Now, what is the trouble? We cannot conclude that the people of society, the men and women of society, are not outwardly clean. They are not

strangers to the bathtub. A San Francisco physician says that people bathe too much to-day for their own health. It is not that they do not put on enough powder and perfume. It is not that they are sparing in clothes. I refer to quality now, and not to quantity. I read a little story the other day about a man who went to one of these fashionable balls and when he looked about at the expanse of bare backs, shoulders, bosoms, and arms, he turned to his friend and said, "Doesn't it say somewhere in the Bible that when Adam and Eve ate the apple they became aware that they were naked?" "I believe so," the friend replied. "Well, isn't it about time to pass the apples again?"

No, it is not that we do not give attention to externals; but Jesus Christ says, "You ought to cleanse the inside of the cup." Of what good to society are silk dresses and furs and powder and perfume and baths if there is that corrpution within the character that sooner or later find expression in action?

Paul, you were right. Jesus, you were right. We ought to give attention to the inside of the cup.

WHAT A LAWYER SAID

Let us hear also from a lawyer. An account of a speech by James M. Beck, solicitor general of the United States, before the American Bar Association, August 31 of this year, is as follows: "A spirit of lawlessness always has existed, Mr. Beck said, but cited the prevalence of burglaries, holdups, theft, murder, and graft, to show recent growth of lawless-

ness." Then he is quoted directly as follows: "Accompanying the indisposition to work has been a mad desire for pleasure, such as has not been within the memory of living man. Man has danced upon the verge of an abyss. . . ."—*Kansas City Star,* August 31, 1921.

WHAT AN EDUCATOR SAID

Let us now hear from an educator. Dean Frederick S. Jones, of Yale University, in his commencement address last year, as reported in the *New York World,* and in the *Literary Digest* for July 20, 1920, said, "It is a more subtle influence, I believe, that is bringing about the decay of the national conscience. It is the acquiescence of parents to the loosening standards of morality. In that fact we face a dangerous and terrifying progression. The children of to-day are the parents of to-morrow. Will they in turn acquiesce to continually lowering standards? What will then be the result? So-called modern 'liberty' is fast approaching license. It seems to me at times that the very core of our civilization is at stake. The crazy seeking after gayety, the rush of social activity, the liberty between man and woman, increase in dishonesty, and in all forms of crime and nervous disease—these are not confined to our youth or our college towns, to our cities, or to any one class of society. They are nation-wide and world-wide. . . . The morals of the college man have, I think, been in the past well above the average. I believe this still to be true. That does not argue well for the

morals of the rest of the country. We are approaching a moral crisis, nor do I think we can avoid it by education."

WHAT A CHURCH MAN SAID

A prominent church man of world repute, Bishop Nicholai of Serbia, is reported by the *Des Moines Evening Tribune*, March 14, 1921, as having said in that city, "Of course, it was expected that after the war would come reaction from the years of glory and self-sacrifice, but none expected such corruption as obtrudes its loathsome head. The moral weakness of Europe to-day is far more definite than her material weakness. Destruction may have stopped, but construction has not yet begun. You have heard the history of the end of Babylon, of the old Greece, of Pompeii and ancient Rome? Well, you can read the signs of a dying empire on the bodies of the European state to-day."

WHAT A HISTORIAN SAID

H. G. Wells, who is known all over the world as a novelist, and of late years as a historian, says, "This world of mankind to-day seems to me to be a very sinister and dreadful world. It has come to this—that I open my newspaper every morning with a sinking heart, and usually I find little to console me. Every day there is a new tale of chilly bloodshed. Every day I read of anger and hate and oppression and misery and want—stupid anger and oppression, needless misery and want—the insult and suspicions of ignorant men and the insane and horrible self-

satisfaction of the well-to-do. It is a vile world, because it is an undereducated world, unreasonable, suspicious, base, and ferocious."—*Kansas City Star*, July 10, 1921.

What an awful arraignment, equaled only by Paul of old!

We might go on multiplying these statements from men of experience and of observation, but surely the more casual observer has formed some opinion of the state of society. And without doubt there is a decline in morals, which comes as an inevitable result of a decline in religion.

How many of the young people of the coming generation are receiving any sort of religious education? The percentage must be very small. Where do they spend their Sundays? At the ball park, the dance hall, the beach, the movies. Religion is at the very basis of morality and is a safeguard of the human race, yet it is practically neglected. No wonder there follows a corresponding decline in morals.

THE INDIVIDUAL

Let us now consider the application of our text to the individual. This is the most important, and is reserved to the last because the individual is the unit of which the community and the nation at large is composed, and is most vital to us because the individual is the unit that goes to make up the church. Individuals are the atoms of which the church is made. You cannot make a gold piece out of brass atoms. We are told that Zion is the pure in heart.

You cannot make Zion out of people who are not pure in heart. Zion exists for the people, not the people for Zion; and Zion will never exist unless there is a people worthy of Zion.

Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I do not blame our young people for seeking pleasure if they will go where pleasure is found. I will tell you the greatest pleasure a man can have, and that is to be able to look into the faces of all men and women, conscious that there is nothing back here behind the windows of the soul that needs covering up. If there is any greater happiness than that, it is to be able to kneel down at your bed at night conscious that there is nothing in your life that God will look upon with disfavor.

You—father and mother—who have a boy, you want that boy to grow up to be a good and noble man, don't you? Why, of course you do. That is the thing that you pray for. Let me ask you, Why don't you put that boy in a brick house with iron bars over the windows and doors, and shut him in so that he cannot get out? You could keep him away from all temptations and he would have to grow up a good man. But you say, "I don't want a prisoner; I want a man to grow up to bear my name."

God is just like you. That is why he gives us our free moral agency. He does not want slaves or prisoners. He wants men and women who do not sin, not because they cannot sin, but because they love righteousness and hate iniquity. And your

boy will get through life honorably if he has a clean heart. That is more efficacious than brick walls in protecting him against temptations and the devices of the Devil. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

I believe that man ought to be the greatest revelation of God's goodness. Elder T. W. Williams once said that four times he had seen God. He had seen him on the seashore; he had seen him in the mountains; he had seen him in the desert; and, last of all, he had seen him at Niagara Falls. I can say that four times I have perceived God; at the seaside; and in the mountains; in the solitude of the desert; and at Niagara Falls. But five times I have seen him, because I have seen him again in the transformation of the lives and characters of men and women under the operation of his gospel. That to me is the greatest revelation of the power of God. The greatest miracle that Jesus Christ wrought was not giving sight to the blind, or even causing the very dead to rise up and walk. It was transforming the character of Peter and Mary Magdalene and other profane and vile men and women who came under the influence of his gospel. I thank God that miracle is being wrought to-day, because it is the province of the gospel of Jesus Christ to transform the lives of men and women and to help them to cleanse the inside of the cup.

A CHANGE FROM THE INSIDE OUT

I believe that religion should make a most radical change in the lives of men. I think it ought to be a practical change. It ought to be manifested first of all in their homes. If a man does not live his religion in his home I do not want him to talk about it outside of his home. One time an old sister in Lamoni said she wished her husband would obey the gospel. The old man said, "I do not see why she said that. I have been baptized four times already." True, he had been baptized four times, but had never obeyed the gospel. She knew, for she lived with him.

I think our religion ought to make a difference in our work in the shop, in the mine, or on the farm. A Latter Day Saint's word ought to be just as good as his bond.

Religion ought to make a most radical change in the life of the man. And it begins on the inside and works out. The inner man is the important thing; and when he is transformed, sooner or later the transformation will shine through the outer man.

I do not blame young men for wanting to look well. I do not blame our women for wishing to beautify themselves. God loves beautiful things. Look at the pains he takes to beautify a violet in the woods where no one may see it, or the inside of a shell far under the sea. But the way to achieve beauty is through character. You cannot buy beauty in the drug store,

and put it on with a powder puff. You have to develop it within yourself. The beauty of the violet comes from within.

TWO LINCOLN STORIES

I wish now to tell two stories about Abraham Lincoln. They say that when he was first elected and went to the White House at Washington, he was the laughing stock of polite society at the Capital, he was so homely, so awkward, and so poorly dressed. But four years of the storm and earthquake of civil war had not passed away before people ceased to laugh behind his back. They began to see the inner Lincoln. These are the two stories:

It is said that upon one occasion Lincoln was riding in the forest when he came upon an eccentric man who, pointing a pistol at him, said, "Halt! Prepare to die. I made a vow one time that if ever I met a homelier man than myself I would shoot him." Lincoln sat his horse a moment and looked the fellow over from top to toe; then in his slow way, said, "Well, fire away. If I am homelier than you are I don't care to live."

That man saw the outer Lincoln. But there came to the White House one day an old mother whose son had been sentenced to die. She came pleading with the secretaries, who would not let her in to see the President. But finally she forced her way in and found Lincoln at his desk. She told the President how her boy was only eighteen years of age. He had taken the place of a sick comrade one night and the

next night he had to go on duty as a picket, and so went to sleep. And now he was to die. When Lincoln heard the story he seized a pen and wrote one more of those pardons which his secretaries hated so much. And the mother receiving the pardon fell at his feet and bathed the ungainly hands of Father Abraham with her tears, and said, "Mr. President, they told me you were a homely man, but yours is the most beautiful face I ever looked upon." She saw the inner Lincoln that sanctified the outer Lincoln. To-day his likeness is reproduced in bronze and set up in Paris, Washington, London, and in many of the capitals of the world, for men to look upon; and we would not change one line of that rugged countenance.

Isaiah tells us concerning Jesus that "When we shall see him there is no beauty in him that we should desire him." When the Jews saw him hanging on the cross, weary, sweaty, dusty, bloody, agonized, to them there was nothing beautiful about him. They saw only the outer Christ; but his disciples and all who have seen the inner Christ are able to sing, "He's the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star; he's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

I pray that God may help us to cleanse the inside of the cup, that the beauty of our lives may shine forth as did the life of Jesus, our Lord and Savior.

THE BARGAIN COUNTER OF LIFE

(An address to the young people at the Stone Church at Independence, Tuesday evening, August 6, 1921.)

YOU young people stand at the bargain counter of life. Who are you going to do business with? What will you get in exchange for that which you have to offer? Do you hold yourselves high as men and women should, or are you prepared to barter yourselves for a mess of pottage, and very bitter pottage, too, as some are doing to-day? There is a poem which says:

"I bargained with life for a penny,
And life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store.

"For Life is just an employer.
He gives you what you ask.
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task.

"I worked for a menial hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid."

It seems to me that many people are holding themselves too cheaply. They remind me of the story you may have heard about the woman who awoke in the night, weeping bitterly. Her husband inquired why

she was weeping and she replied, "I dreamed that I was in a market where husbands were for sale. There were some very fine ones for five thousand dollars each, and some very good looking ones as low as five hundred dollars each." The husband then said, "I don't see anything in that to weep about. Did you see any there who looked like me?" The woman then again began to weep and replied, "That is just the trouble. There were hundreds and hundreds of them just like you. They were done up in bunches like asparagus and sold for fifteen cents a dozen." I think some woman must have made up that dream to make us men feel cheap. Yet it is a fact that some men are going for about that price, and if that is all they ask for themselves, perhaps that is all they are worth.

You have a splendid inheritance. It is beyond value. No monetary valuation could be placed upon it. You have the inheritance of youth. You do not perhaps realize now all its value. I recall a certain cartoon. The first picture represented a youth sitting with his chin in his hand, looking into the future. He said, "I will be happy then." The second represented an old man, with his chin upon his staff, looking into the past, saying, "I *was* happy then." With your youth you have the natural accompaniment of energy, ambition, and enthusiasm.

Many solicitors stand at the bargain counter of life, eager to do business with you and take from you that which you have to offer. There are, for instance,

many secret orders and societies; there also is the dance hall, the card table, and low dives and high dives of all kinds. Every kind of entertainment and dissipation, from the highest to the very lowest and most debased that debauched human minds can conceive of, is eager and anxious to take all of your surplus time and all of your surplus energy, all of the splendid abilities of your youth, and in the end give you nothing in exchange but vain regret. What sort of a bargain do you propose to drive at the bargain counter of life? Time, the inveterate thief, will take away these things that you have, of such inestimable worth. You cannot eat your cake and keep it. You may as well make your bargain now, while you may. If you do not get out of these things what they are worth, eventually time will take them away from you as the one talent was taken away from the man who hid it in a napkin and refused to put it to service.

Among other institutions, the church comes to the bargain counter of life desirous to do business with you. What has the church for you? What have you for the church? First of all, the church has salvation for you through the atonement of Christ and the plan of life and salvation laid down by him. I do not refer alone to some theoretical salvation from a theological hell of fire and brimstone and in a theological heaven where we will forever play upon harps. I pity the neighbors when I begin to play upon my harp. I refer also to salvation here and now. If you do not know what that means, look around you and

see the wreck and ruin that men and women and boys and girls are making of their lives. Men do not need to die to go to hell. There are many living men today who carry their hell around with them. They have an individual hell. The church by its ideals, philosophy of life, and spiritual influence will save you from these things, and save you to all that is good and noble.

In the second place, the church has communion to offer you, that communion and fellowship that we enjoyed Sunday morning at the sacramental service —that fellowship with God on the one hand and man on the other so beautifully set forth in the hymn that we sing, "Blest be the tie that binds." You will appreciate this fellowship more and more as time goes by. That is the beauty of the things that the church has to offer you; time does not mar or diminish, but rather makes them better.

The church has, also, to offer you service. First, its interpretation of service and ideal of service which cannot be found elsewhere; and then, the many fields of service, increasing in number, that are opening up before you. These may include some very, very important missions, or some apparently unimportant tasks in obscure branches or Sunday school or Religio meetings. A man need not necessarily be proud of the elevation of the office that he occupies. He should be proud of the way in which he is doing his work, whether it be great or small.

In the end, of course, your abilities, your devotion,

and your preparation will determine the importance and extent of the field that you will occupy.

What have you to give the church? You have yourselves, and the church asks nothing less. We are commanded to love God with all our heart, mind, strength, and soul. The heart is the seat of the emotions, supposedly; the mind is the seat of intelligence; the soul is the whole man. So all that you have to offer of service of body or mind or heart should be at the disposal of God in the interests of his church. And you need not fear that you will not find work to do if you make yourself ready in this spirit. I was a member of the old Students' Society in Lamoni which was the pioneer of all young people's organizations in this church. Out of it grew Zion's Religio-Literary Society. The motto of that society was, "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax." I can testify that every member of that society who got his distaff and his spindle ready found all the flax coming to his hand that he was able to spin. I am glad to note the way in which the young people are coming forward all over the church to line themselves up with the church and take their place and do their part. This has been particularly noticeable at the various reunions that I have attended of late years, also in the revival services of the young people during the past winter.

I wish to read a part of a letter that came to the desk of the Presidency this very day, as it is typical

of the spirit that is moving upon our young people. This letter is from a young man who has spent two years in Graceland College, one of them in the class of religious education. He is a young man, probably more than six feet tall, and big and strong in proportion. He was a star football player and the best baseball pitcher in our college athletics. He is a man all over and his reaction to this question of what the church has to give and that which he has to give to the church at the bargain counter of life is typical of the best young manhood of the church. He is now in the mission field and writes as follows:

"I wish briefly to express my appreciation of what the church has done for me. I was permitted to attend Graceland for two years, which privilege I esteem as one of the most valuable in my life. First, I went as a member of the religious education class and after that as a college student. I hold that the good I received while there is far beyond my power to repay. The reason I write now is that I wish to explain the course I decided to take last spring. If I understand correctly I had the chance to attend college again this fall. This I refused to do, not that I do not love Graceland and her work, but because I felt that it was time for me to get into the harness and to develop along missionary experience lines along with the others.

"My experiences at Graceland cause me to love the church and its work more than I could have otherwise. I gained a newer, a broader, and a grander

outlook on the work of Zion. My ideas of consecration and devotion to the teachings of the church were made deeper and more lasting. For this reason I have determined to labor in the missionary work without reservation. I have enjoyed the work this summer and I hope to continue faithful to my duty until I am done."

My sympathy is with you young people in all of your legitimate activities; even in your recreation and play. By learning to play together now you will learn to work together, and the experiences of fellowship therein will be very valuable to you. But I must again impress upon your minds that you have come to a critical time in life and you have reached that period at a critical time in the world's history. Never before were there so many mean and vicious forces to appeal to you for your patronage; but it is equally true that never before was God's appeal stronger, clearer, or more powerful. I hope that divine wisdom will aid you to make a good, wise, and profitable bargain at the bargain counter of life.

TWO PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE

(Sermon at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri, Sunday evening, October 30, 1921.)

MY THEME to-night is, "Two philosophies of life in contrast." The worldly philosophy is stated in Luke 12: 19: "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," and the context adds, "for to-morrow we die." The philosophy of Christ is stated in the combination of two texts, "Quit yourselves like men, be strong"; and, "Seek ye first to build up the kingdom of God and to establish his righteousness." These texts are found in 1 Corinthians 16: 13, and in Matthew 6: 33.

These statements are in striking contrast, even before they are analyzed; and you will notice that they are philosophies in essence, either of them powerful enough to transform the lives of individuals, of nations, or of the entire race.

I need but to mention the very familiar illustration of the fall of Rome. There was a time when Rome ruled the world. Roman citizens were great soldiers, great senators, and great lawyers. Our English common law is inherited from Rome, and most of their principles were very well thought out. But there came a day when Roman men and women began to say to themselves, "What is the use of this unending toil, this stern self-denial and discipline? Come, let

us take our ease, eat, drink, and be merry." And no one dare deny that they "worked at their philosophy." The decline and fall of Rome was so swift and terrible that it is yet a marvel of history.

THE TREND OF THE RACE

That which happened to a nation may happen to an individual. It may even happen to the race as a whole. I have been reading a book called, The Trend of the Race, by Doctor Samuel J. Holmes, of Berkeley. He is a believer in evolution, and while he believes that man has worked his way up through very long periods of hard toil, he says that man may degenerate and go down in a very short time; and he raises the question, Has that decline already begun? He suggests that in the past when one civilization fell because of its inherent vices, there was always a great reserve of unspoiled barbarians from which to build up another civilization. But now civilization has spread practically over the entire world, all nations being bound together in one common destiny; so, if this civilization fails and goes down, it will be, not a national, but a racial calamity. If so, it will be because men accept the philosophy of self-indulgence rather than the philosophy of self-development.

THE WORLDLY PHILOSOPHY

Let us consider first of all this worldly philosophy. The modern rendition is something like this, "Come on, you only live once and you will be dead a long time; you may as well have a good time while you

are at it"—which philosophy has more apostles than Christ ever ordained and sent out to preach his gospel.

We might inquire to-night, What institutions are the chief proponents of this worldly philosophy? Undoubtedly you will admit that one of them is the saloon, notorious for its appeal to gluttoning and drunkenness.

With the saloon is associated its sister evils: the social evil, or commercialized immorality, and the very ancient institution of gambling in all its forms.

THE DANCE HALL

I come next to institutions concerning which there may be some argument and some room for differences of opinion honestly held—the dance hall and the theater. I believe that the modern dance, particularly the public dance, is thoroughly imbued with this spirit of worldly philosophy. In speaking along this line I do not believe that we should upbraid, or that we should denounce, or that we should be too rigorous in our attitude towards the young people; but I must say to-night the things that seem to me to be true, and you are here to weigh them and think them over and if they appear to your intelligence as true to accept them, but if they do not appeal to your intelligence as being logical, you are perfectly free to reject them. Every man is master of his own destiny.

I know that some people will argue that the dance may be taken into a proper environment and under

proper supervision, and it will be all right. The trouble with that argument is that the modern dance is inherently wrong and so cannot be made right by a change of environment or supervision. It is wrong first, because of its deadly waste of time and energy and health which are so valuable to you young people in your years of preparation; but more seriously, it is fundamentally wrong because it brings men and women together in spiritual and physical contacts which are wrong and cannot be anything but harmful.

Now, it is conceivable that you might go into the forest around Independence and catch the escaped black leopard which has terrorized the country for some weeks past. You might take it into your home, put a pink ribbon around its neck, and call it a pussy cat, and you might "get by with it"; but I do not think you would, because there is something fundamentally wrong. The temper and temperament of the leopard would not fit into your home. And it does not seem to me that the modern dance can be taken into the Latter Day Saint home without being considered as a doubtful experiment, to say the least.

I know that ministers are considered to be prejudiced along this line, and perhaps conscience-bound if not hide-bound, so I will read from the pen of a physician, Doctor James Foster Scott, graduate of Oxford and Edinburgh and one time vice president of the Medical Association of the District of Columbia, whose book I have in my library. He says:

"There is a habit of laughing at ministers of the gospel who thunder out denunciations against dancing, but from a purely medical standpoint the customs of the ballroom are perfectly indefensible. . . . In opposing such a popular institution we tread on delicate ground indeed, so that we may anticipate the strongest disapproval from many quarters unless the subject is attentively analyzed. But from the well-informed physician, the humanitarian, the student of the times, and from the experienced man of the world, we confidently expect a unanimous verdict of approval. . . . This is no mere matter of opinion, but an incontrovertible fact; and those are blind indeed who cannot see that the modern ball, with every feature in it sensuous and seductive, is what we call a secondary sexual love feast, and that its present tendency is not in the direction of purity or a high civilization."—The Sexual Instinct, pp. 148, 156.

It is possible that the church was not so far wrong when it adopted General Conference Resolution Number 377, "Resolved, That we consider the practice of dancing and card playing as unbecoming true Christians, and should be avoided by all Saints."

THE QUESTION OF THE THEATER

When we come to the question of the theater we approach a subject where it seems to me the argument is a little different. The drama is not inherently bad; neither the motion picture show. They are neither moral nor immoral; they are unmoral. Their effect upon the community depends upon the

message which they are made to carry. Appealing as the drama does to profound emotions through tragedy, romance, and comedy, it is quite capable of carrying a great message. But producers to-day as a rule are not at all interested in the message conveyed. They are solely concerned with the financial returns. The stage and the motion picture have been commercialized, and in order to get the most money from the exhibition, they appeal to baser passions that will bring men and women to them as patrons. A clean show in a proper place may be all right, but the fact remains that possibly ninety per cent of the exhibitions are an entire and perhaps a dreary waste of the time, money, and energy of their patrons. Possibly seventy-five per cent of them are bad, in that somewhere they appeal to that which is bad in human nature. I noticed an Associated Press dispatch which said that in the Parisian theaters actresses are leaving off their already too filmy draperies, and appearing clothed only in their personalities. The stage all the time crowds the limits of decency so far as public opinion will permit it to do so. I might again quote from Doctor James Foster Scott on this subject:

"The modern stage is an important factor in debasing public opinion and sexually overstimulating the passions of a large number of individuals. . . . But we cannot fail to notice that a large majority of the modern plays and operas have as essential elements of the plot, or of the costuming, something

which is unmistakably immoral, salacious and erotic. In fact, there is a glorification of vice, and modesty and morality are put to shame. Lasciviousness and the waving of enchanting petticoats have largely replaced oratory and fine acting. . . . The modern stage is known to be the hotbed of impurity and divorce, and the actress who is not a divorcee or who has a clean reputation is the exception."—Ibid., pp. 156, 157, 160.

I think that the very most conservative statement we can make on this ground is that we ought to be careful, and that indiscriminating theater-going, to "any old show," and excessive theater-going, night after night, is bad. If you are to attend a show, by all means select a clean play in a respectable place.

CHRIST'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

The worldly philosophy is the lazy man's philosophy, "Come, let us take our ease." It is the glutton's philosophy, "Let us eat." It is the inebriate's philosophy, "Let us drink." It is the fool's philosophy, "Let us be merry, for to-morrow we die."

In contrast to that philosophy comes the philosophy of Jesus Christ, which is a philosophy of manhood: "Quit yourselves like men, be strong." If the Star-spangled Banner when it passes by commands every American citizen to stand up and uncover his head, the Flag of Jesus Christ when it goes by says to all people, "Stand up and be men."

I once heard a story of a boy who had reached his

twenty-first birthday and at midnight he aroused the people of the house by shouting, "There's a man in the house! There's a man in the house!" When father and mother, brothers and sisters appeared with pistols and pokers, they discovered that he was announcing his own manhood. My young brother, can you stand up and say to the world, "There's a man in this house"? Not merely a male creature twenty-one years old, but a real man, ready for a man's work in the world. Sister, can you say to all the world, "There's a woman in this house"? Not a fashion plate with the franchise, but a real woman, ready and willing to do a woman's work in the world.

What is a man's work and what is a woman's work? I think some of the fundamental duties of a man are these: to prepare himself for a useful place in life; to build, maintain, and protect a home; to win the love of some good woman to whom he will be as true as the needle is to the pole; and under normal conditions, with God's blessing, to rear children to succeed him; to be an honorable, industrious, and intelligent citizen of the church and state. And woman's duty in all things parallels man's. Each complements the other. If he is to provide the home, she is to keep the home. If he is to be the bread earner, she is to be the bread maker. These duties are not something that theologians have thought out and propounded. They are biological and in the very nature of men and women have been placed on them.

HOME BUILDERS

You young people are the future home builders. There is no question that the world faces a crisis. There has been a breaking down of religion and morals. Statesmen, as well as religious people, scientists, and educators recognize that some sort of a crisis confronts them so stupendous and confusing that it cannot yet be analyzed. But it is here. You are to be the future home builders. The home safeguards civilization. You are to lay the hearthstones and rear the rooftrees of the future. You cannot build a home, you cannot build a family, you cannot build a life on the worldly philosophy of ease, self-indulgence, and seeking the easiest and pleasantest way. There is only one way in which it can be done, and that is under the philosophy of Jesus Christ. Quit yourselves like men and women. Be strong.

If this is the philosophy of manhood and womanhood, it is also the philosophy of construction. "Seek ye first to build up the kingdom of God and to establish his righteousness." There are many destructive elements in the world to-day, but the philosophy of Jesus Christ is constructive, "Seek ye first to build up and to establish."

A PHILOSOPHY OF WORK

It is the philosophy of work. Is work a curse? There has been a mistaken idea in the world that work is a curse that God pronounced on man in the garden of Eden. Work wasn't the curse, excessive

toil was the curse. It was intended from the very beginning that man should work. We are told in the opening chapters of Genesis that God set man in the garden to dress it and tend it. It seems to be the will of God that men in cooperation with him should develop all of the fruits of the earth as well as the treasures of the earth. Go into the forest and pick a little, hard, bitter, wild crab apple, and compare it with a beautiful Jonathan apple from Oregon and you will see what man has accomplished working with God. Burbank took a little wild daisy and with God as a partner he worked for twenty-five years to produce the beautiful Shasta Daisy. God put the potentialities into the flower, but left man the task to develop them.

GATHERING A POUND OF HONEY

Practically all living creatures work, with the exception of one class that I will mention later. Even the beasts of prey work. If you were compelled to run with the wolves, from five to fifty miles at top speed to capture your supper, you would think you had worked for it. Even the insects are workers. The ants are mining engineers and were before Solomon, who took them for a text: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." Hornets and wasps are masons and papermakers. The honey bees have a monopoly on a very great industry. There are no union hours in a beehive. Bees never ponder Hamlet's famous question, "To be, or not to be." They bee all the time. In making a single pound of honey the bees in a given hive

are said to visit sixty thousand flowers. This is not improbable, as a minute quantity of very thin nectar comes from each flower. They gather the honey and freight it by airplane, traveling a total distance of five million miles. Sister, the next time you feel weary and discouraged with your housework, and see a honey bee "idling in the clover," greet her as a member of the guild of women workers. All honey bees are women workers—the men bees do not work, so when winter comes they don't eat, which is Zionic: "The idler shall not eat the bread of the laborer." The bees worked out some of the principles of Zion long before Enoch built his city.

A BLUEBIRD'S WORK

Sometimes we hear people say, "How free the birds are." But the birds work. Ornithologists tell us that in the single State of Massachusetts, which is not a very large State, every day in the summer twenty-one thousand bushels of noxious bugs and worms are gathered and destroyed by song birds. If you think that is not work, go out some day and pick a pint of bugs.

I am told that bluebirds rear three families each summer; which means that they build three homes. Again, ornithologists say that not unusually a pair of song birds will make two hundred trips a day gathering food for their fledglings. If you were to go to the uptown market two hundred times daily for provisions, you would think you were working. So the next time you see a bluebird flitting among the trees,

like a bit of blue sky fallen from heaven, greet him as "camerade." He has his blue overalls on and is doing a bluebird's work.

IGNOBLE PARASITES

Practically all living creatures work, with the exception of one class—parasites. The man who is able to work and will not work puts himself in the ignoble fraternity of tapeworms, cooties, and other such creatures. No matter how much money a man has in Zion, if he is physically and mentally able to work and won't work he has no right to eat in Zion.

Some one might ask, "Is it to be all work and no play? or, Is it to be all work and no recreation?" I think that of late years the church has made herself clear along that line. We are in favor of legitimate recreation. At our reunions we have had various kinds of recreation, baseball, basket ball, volley ball, quoits, tennis, swimming, etc. All wholesome recreations are good, but you must bear in mind the place recreation has in life. It is a diversion from the strain of a man's legitimate work. His work is the big thing in life. When man makes pleasure and recreation the objective in life it does not re-create; it becomes not constructive, but rather destructive.

The philosophy of Jesus Christ is the philosophy of righteousness, "Seek ye first to build up the kingdom of God and to establish his righteousness." You may wonder how you can build up the kingdom of God. Jesus said, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be

done on earth as it is done in heaven." When you in your own person reach a point where you are willing to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven, you have added one person to the kingdom of God on earth. A man who does that is pretty sure to have an interest and an influence that will enable him to help others, and in that way also he will build up the kingdom of God.

YOUR CHOICE

I have briefly presented in contrast these two philosophies—philosophies in essence, as I have said, and capable of expansion. It remains for you to make your choice, and particularly the young people who may be standing to-day in the "valley of decision." And in making your choice I want to admonish you to make it not only wisely, but to make it permanently. This church has had altogether too many quitters. When you make your choice, do so with the idea that so long as life lasts you will abide by your decision.

I beg of you young people to look around you and see the folly and the fears and misery of those who "ran well for a season" and then fell away, and make up your mind like adamant, to serve God all the days of your life, and not let some temptation, idle rumor, or disaffection turn you aside from the work you began so hopefully.

It seems to me that the contrast of these two philosophies does not leave very much doubt in your minds concerning what the choice ought to be. If the

worldly philosophy is that of the lazy man, the glutton, the inebriate, and the fool, the philosophy that has always been the philosophy of wasters and spenders and spoilers, in contrast the philosophy of Jesus Christ is the philosophy of manhood and womanhood and of Godliness.

As I have presented the matter there may appear to be no question and it might seem a reflection upon your intelligence to ask you to choose. But I have not presented the philosophy of the world in an attractive light, but rather in its true light. You will meet many exponents who will present it in an attractive light—sophists who can make black appear white, vice seem virtue, dishonor seem honorable, and shame a thing to boast about. Some men are proud of the things they should be ashamed of. When you hear such pleadings you will need intelligence and backbone to make a wise decision and stand by it.

BE TRUE TO YOUR OWN SOUL

I make this plea to you to-night—I do not ask you to be true to the church. I do not ask you to be true to your father or mother, your brother or sister, your wife or sweetheart, or even God. I just ask you to be true to yourself, because this philosophy appeals to all that is good and wholesome and admirable and enduring and noble in your own souls, and you know it. There is a good deal of truth in a statement that you will find in Hamlet, the advice of old Polonious to his son, "To thine own self be

true; and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." If you will be true to all that is good in you, I am sure that you will be true to the church, true to your father and mother, true to sister and brother, and wife and sweetheart, and true to God.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

A BAD egg may get by in an omelet, never as an individual.

If "brevity is the soul of wit," the modern bathing suit is the funniest thing I have seen.

The gospel has a cure for sore hearts, but it seems almost powerless in the case of soreheads.

Sam Jones used to say that some people think that they are "preserved" when in fact they are only "pickled." And he added that when his old mother made preserves she sweetened them.

If one habitually tries to be kind and forbearing, as the gospel requires, some people conclude that he was just naturally "born that way" and can't help it. But the chances are he could develop as much vinegar and vitriol as anyone, if he chose to do so.

Of a Sunday Brother A—— remarked, "I don't know whether to go to church or take a nap." And Sister A—— replied: "Why not do both?" And she was by no means the first person to study out that combination.

Sometimes the preacher is invited out to dinner and sits down to an overloaded table. His host in-

sists that he shall eat long after his appetite is satisfied. This should be a warning to him not to attempt to force a long, six-course sermon upon an audience that at best is not very hungry.

When you preach it is permissible to give your hearers palpitation of the heart; but do not, oh, do not give them concussion of the brain.

Very long sermons are very likely to be very thin. They are like Farmer Saveall's cider. Farmer Saveall boasted one season that he had made fifteen barrels of cider. A candid neighbor took a sip of the liquid and remarked, "It's a pity that you hadn't another apple; you might 'a' made another bar'l."

The habit of using slang in the pulpit often comes from reading after or listening to men of the Billy Sunday type. And it is a habit, and one that needs to be held rather well in hand.

An occasional slang phrase, if not too "racy," may add a certain piquancy to a sermon. But the man whose every sentence is loaded with it ruins his effort. A dash of pepper may be tolerated, but no one who is not abnormal wishes to dine on pepper.

When we get angry and "say just what we think" we usually take a long time afterward thinking about what we have said.

An old Chinese proverb says: "A thousand men can make a camp, but it takes a woman to make a home." To which a great many American soldier boys are saying, Amen.

The leading question that I ask about a man is this, Is he sincere? If he rings true I can overlook many mistakes and peculiarities and forgive many personal affronts. But if he sounds hollow, if I detect a note of pretense and disloyalty, I feel that it would be a betrayal of common sense and a perversion of charity to trust him very far.

There is a story about two men who were turned back at the pearly gates. Sorrowing, they went away. But as they did so they met a cripple. Each man got under the cripple's arm, one on either side, and agreed to help him as far as the gate. When they got there Peter threw the gates wide open and said to the cripple, "Come in and bring your crutches with you."

Californians cull their oranges. The best oranges are sent out of the State to Eastern markets. The culls are sold for the home consumption. A great many people act on the same principle. The best manners and kindest words are saved for strangers, and odds and ends of bad temper and ill manners reserved for the home circle. In the sense that charity is love, the old saying holds true, that charity should begin at home.

If the house of God is a house of order, then a sermon delivered in the house of God, to be a godly sermon, should be an orderly sermon. It should have a proper and dignified beginning. It should have an orderly and coherent line of thought all the way through, each idea being in some way related to the central theme. And it should have a fitting ending, and not merely "run out."

SPIRITUALITY AND EDUCATION

NOTE the subject carefully: "Spirituality and education." I say that because so many essay to pervert it to read, "Spirituality or education." They would force a choice between the two. We do not have to choose. Or they would assume that some one would persuade the church to choose education definitely and reject spirituality.

Nor would it be profitable to discuss the subject, "Spirituality versus education." A man who has two sons does not waste time deciding which he loves most when he loves both. The Lord says, "Seek learning even by study, and also by faith." If that means anything it means that both the intellectual and the spiritual side of man should be enlisted in the great pursuit of truth.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

One whole generation of scientists attempted to knock the props from under religion. They made intellect all. They denied revelation and inspiration. Faith to them meant superstition. But now a whole school, led by Lodge, says: "The pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—was of supreme value"; and adds, "Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things."

One whole generation of religious people feared

and hated scientific investigation. But now men are beginning to feel that no single fact will ever be found in earth or star to disprove the "eternal verities." Latter Day Saints, least of all, have cause to fear. This revelation is recent and vital, confirming the ancient testimonies.

HEART AND MIND

Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

The heart is supposed to be the seat of emotions. Formerly it was supposed to be *literally* the seat of the emotions; now it is always referred to in a figurative sense in that way. So we are to love God with our emotional nature. Our religion must be emotional.

The mind is the seat of the intellect. Our religion is to be intellectual. Once in a while an elder says that he is trying to educate the Saints to make their religion more intellectual and less emotional. I am not; I want it to be both emotional and intellectual.

I'LL TAKE BOTH

Once in a while one says that we need more spirituality and less education. I don't think so. We need more of both. A certain noted character in newspaper comics was asked which he would take, the light meat or the dark. He replied that he would take both.

Why wrangle about the relative merits of light

meat and dark when we can have both? Why quarrel about the relative importance of spirituality and education when we should have both and God wants us to have both?

The man who stresses one and neglects the other makes a mistake. His mistake may be merely technical, because he may take the other quite for granted. But the argument which results is more often than not due to a failure to understand positions. One argues for education and one for spirituality, when in fact they could as well as not agree in arguing for both.

HARD-HEADED AND SOFT-HEARTED SAINTS

The great preachers of all ages have been intensely emotional. There is no occasion to slur emotionalism, providing it is balanced by sanity. No man ever greatly declared a great message until his own soul was on fire with it. Cold logic alone in the pulpit will never convert men. There are too many cold altars already. The lips of the preacher must be touched by burning coals from the altar of heaven.

But it is equally true that "the glory of God is intelligence." The greater the education and the better the training of the preacher the more effectually he can show forth the glory of God—for it will be in his own person. And this applies to the private life of the individual quite as much as to the public ministrations of the preacher.

Our religion should involve both heart and head. A Latter Day Saint should be a hard-headed and

soft-hearted Christian gentleman. If he gets reversed on either point or on both he is in a bad way.

TO FAITH VIRTUE, TO VIRTUE KNOWLEDGE

The writer pleads for education always with the understanding that it is to be used to assist in promulgating to the world in both word and deed the gospel message. If that objective were lost sight of our building of colleges and drafting of curriculums would all be in vain.

If this church should ever come to reject inspiration and discard revelation and spiritual guidance its decline and fall would be sure and speedy. God would then again call from some carpenter shop or mine some unlettered but faithful man to proclaim our folly. But so far as we know, no one contemplates such a program.

The plea for higher learning and pure spirituality is strictly in harmony with Saint Peter's exhortation, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." May our faith reach out and lay hold upon all things worthy of belief, and our storehouse of knowledge expand continuously until it shall embrace all truth.

PREJUDICE

The first antagonist of the Christian faith was prejudice.—Dean George Hodges, in The Early Church, page 63.

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.—Duchess de Arbantes.

DEAN HOGDES very truly states that the first antagonist of the Christian faith was prejudice. Jesus himself encountered it and said to his disciples: "They hated me without a cause." He had been prejudged and his message rejected on this ground: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

His disciples later found that state of mind everywhere. The Jews at Rome declared to Paul: "As concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against." The church inherited the malice that had been directed towards the Master.

This was as Jesus had predicted, for he said: "The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."

History repeats itself. Wherever the gospel is presented it encounters prejudice. In the last days "the way of truth is evilly spoken of," as Peter said that it should be.

Scarcely had the "latter-day glory" shone forth before the messengers of the covenant encountered as their first and most potent adversary the old-time spirit of prejudice. The old cry, "Can there any

good thing come out of Nazareth?" was repeated in a different form. Persecution followed quickly and naturally.

The Duchess de Arbantes is credited with saying: "Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks."

Prejudice is unable to see correctly the message that we have to present. Its vision is distorted and perverted. And to the error and wrong of false perception is added the mendacity of willful misrepresentation. So that it is pretty nearly correct to say that prejudice squints when it looks and lies when it talks.

Such misconception and misrepresentation have made martyrs in this age no less than in past ages. Blinded by prejudice, people see monstrous things that have no existence; maddened by absurd and malicious stories having their origin in prejudice, they resort to deeds of violence—perhaps like Saul of Tarsus verily thinking that they are doing God's pleasure.

Thus the Jews of old persecuted Christians, crucifying Jesus and driving his disciples from city to city. Christians in turn have persecuted Jews for centuries past.

In the name of God, Catholics have burned Protestants at the stake; and Protestants, by way of returning evil for evil, in direct disobedience to their great Exemplar, have burned Catholics at the stake. (And by the way, even to-day no story about Catholics is too absurd to find instant credence among

Protestants in some quarters; while many Catholics will neither read nor listen to any appeal from non-Catholic sources.)

It is an evidence of the power of prejudice that it held so clear-sighted a man as Paul so long a captive. He consented to the foul murder of Stephen. His arguments were bonds, scourges, and prisons. It took a miracle of grace to tear the scales from his eyes. He spent the rest of his life in repentance. But scarcely was he free from the personal dominion of prejudice until he became its victim in another way. He who had cast others into prison was himself cast into prison. He who had been deaf and blind to reason found others blind and deaf.

How much better to be the *victim* of prejudice in that way than to be its *slave*, bringing suffering unjustly upon others. The Master has told us that we shall be blessed when men say all manner of things against us falsely for his name's sake.

The spirit of prejudice is not dead; neither is it asleep. That fact is forced upon our attention in various disagreeable ways from time to time—"lest we forget." Were it not so we might feel greater concern.

Had the first great antagonist of the Christian propaganda ceased his efforts against us we might well pause to inquire whether or not we were still active in the true Christian propaganda. So in one way we may take comfort when we encounter blind and bitter prejudice, as we do frequently enough to keep us sober and alert.

THE TRUMPET AND PITCHER

Contradictions found in "Anti-Mormon" Works

"And the Lord set every man's sword against his fellows."

GIDEON came against the hosts of Midian at night with his three hundred men. At the prearranged signal each man broke his pitcher, held his light aloft, and blew his trumpet. Confusion ensued in the camp of Midian. The soldiers fell to killing each other. The record says: "And the Lord set every man's sword against his fellows."

At the sounding of the trump of the restored gospel a somewhat similar condition has obtained among our opponents. They are very much in the dark, very much confused, and in his blind zeal each man stabs his fellow.

To prove this we propose to quote from a number of leading books, all written by the opposition, all put forth as reliable, showing only a few of hundreds of contradictions.

JOSEPH'S MOTHER EXPECTED HIM TO BE A PROPHET

Clark Braden, in the Braden and Kelley Debate, published by the Christian Publishing Company, Saint Louis, and put forth by them as a thoroughly reliable work, says:

"She prophesied, at the time, that Joe, then seven years old, WOULD BE A PROPHET, and give to the world

a new religion. JOE WAS RAISED WITH THIS IDEA BEFORE HIM. All the family were taught and believed it. . . . This accounts for Joe's peculiar gravity when but a child, and as a youth. He was to be a prophet, and he must not act as other children and boys did."—Braden and Kelley Debate, p. 46.

JOSEPH'S MOTHER DID NOT EXPECT HIM TO BE A PROPHET

That looks bad, for it might argue that the whole career of the modern prophet was the result of maternal suggestion. But at the sounding of the trumpet Braden is slain by his own colleagues. In a large and pretentious work written by Reginald and Ruth Kauffman, published in London, we read:

"His appearance was NOT, as one might have expected, heralded by any mystic portents, and his earlier childhood was, EVEN IN HIS MOTHER'S EYES, in no wise remarkable. Indeed, Mrs. Smith had never expressed the opinion that her son 'Joe,' as he was called, would be the founder of the faith of which she dreamed. Her visions had brought her to NO SUCH CONCLUSION. They had, nevertheless, impelled her to the belief that a new prophet should appear, and, assuming a more or less personal application for her revelations, after the manner of seers, she gave out hints that ALVAH, HER ELDEST SON, WAS THE DIVINELY APPOINTED. But Alvah, according to unkind gossip, was a greedy boy, and, one day, eating too many green turnips, died. Thus did the mantle

descend upon Joseph."—The Latter Day Saints, by Reginald and Ruth Kauffman, pp. 21, 22.

These wild imaginings are amusing, but are easily understood. Braden wished to argue that Joseph Smith was the result of maternal suggestion. So he manufactured history to suit his theory. The Kauffmans, on the other hand, were desirous of proving Lucy Smith a false prophet. So they manufactured history to suit their taste. Neither cared for exact facts in the case. Others have pursued a similar course. The insignificant fact that Lucy Smith never had a son named Alvah was not to stand in the way of the theory. One must be created and later killed with green turnips.

JOSEPH HAD NO ENERGY OR PERSISTENCY

Frank J. Cannon assures us:

"Joseph Smith was not the man to surmount great obstacles and compel great and lasting changes by his own unaided force. He lacked ENERGY, diplomacy, and STEADFASTNESS for such a task."—Brigham Young and His Mormon Empire, by Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon and George L. Knapp, chap. 2, p. 20.

HE WAS VERY ENERGETIC, PERSISTENT, ABLE

Others tell a very different story:

"But, with all these drawbacks, he was much more than an ordinary man. He possessed the most INDOMITABLE PERSEVERANCE, was a good judge of men, and deemed himself born to command and he

did command."—Recollections of an Old Pioneer, P. H. Burnett, p. 66; as quoted in Founder of Mormonism, p. 6.

"His eloquence, rude but powerful—his letters, clever and sarcastic—the manifold character and boldness of his designs—his courage in enterprise—HIS PERSEVERANCE DESPITE GREAT OBSTACLES—his conception and partial execution of the temple of Nauvoo—these and other things mark him as a man of more than ordinary caliber."—The Mormons' Own Book, and Life of Joseph Smith, by T. W. P. Taylor, p. LI.

"The REMARKABLE TENACITY OF PURPOSE which he exhibited under discouraging circumstances, and the apparent sincerity of his professions, have been suggested as evidence that he was really a religious enthusiast, who became the victim of his own delusions."—Utah and the Mormons, by Benjamin G. Ferris, at one time Secretary of Utah Territory, pp. 130, 131.

BOOK OF MORMON TAKEN FROM SPALDING ROMANCE

Mr. Charles Shook, whose work R. B. Neal says will "shake the foundation" of Latter Day Saintism, has this to say about the Spalding Romance theory:

"Gentiles, with few exceptions, believe that the BOOK OF MORMON IS ONE OF SOLOMON SPALDING'S ROMANCES, which somehow fell into Smith's hands and was altered to suit his purpose. No matter what others may think, I AGREE WITH THOSE WHO ARE OF

THIS OPINION, although I have not always done so." —Cumorah Revisited, by Shook, p. 25.

BOOK OF MORMON NOT TAKEN FROM SPALDING ROMANCE

Mr. Shook, who was thus to shake, does not get far with his opinion, for at the breaking of the pitcher, Reverend D. H. Bays, the man who studied "Mormonism" for forty years, and was hailed by Mr. Neal's associates as a "child of Providence," immediately downs him with this:

"The long-lost Spalding story has at last been unearthed, and is now on deposit in the library of Oberlin College at Oberlin, Ohio, and may be examined by anyone who may take the pains to call on President Fairchild, of that institution. . . . THE SPALDING STORY IS A FAILURE. Do not attempt to rely upon it—IT WILL LET YOU DOWN.

"The entire theory connecting Sidney Rigdon and the Spalding romance with Joseph Smith in originating the Book of Mormon MUST BE ABANDONED." —Doctrines and Dogmas of Mormonism, D. H. Bays, pp. 24, 25.

Professor L. Woodbridge Riley comes to the support of Bays in the following:

"In spite of a continuous stream of conjectural literature, it is as yet IMPOSSIBLE to pick out any special document as an original source of the Book of Mormon. In particular the commonly accepted Spalding theory is INSOLUBLE from EXTERNAL evi-

dence and DISPROVED BY INTERNAL EVIDENCE."—The Founder of Mormonism, p. 172.

JOSEPH SMITH IGNORANT AND FEEBLE-MINDED

We are assured by various writers that the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was ignorant and dull-witted:

"His UNTUTORED and FEEBLE INTELLECT had not yet grasped at anything beyond mere toying with mysterious things."—The Prophet of Palmyra, Thomas Gregg, p. 4.

"The young people of the town considered him NOT QUITE FULL-WITTED and, with the cruelty of youth, made him the butt for their practical jokes."—The Latter Day Saints, Kauffman, p. 23.

"The extreme IGNORANCE and apparent STUPIDITY of this modern prophet."—Mormonism Unveiled, by E. D. Howe, p. 12.

JOSEPH SMITH BRAINY AND INTELLIGENT

Again the "child of Providence," charges through the camp of Midian and attacks Messrs. Gregg, Howe, and Kauffman:

"He was confessedly *illiterate*, but nature had endowed him with a CLEAR, STRONG BRAIN, and by sheer force of his INTELLECTUALITY he was from the very beginning of his career a leader."—The Doctrines and Dogmas of Mormonism, by D. H. Bays, p. 19.

JOSEPH SMITH A COWARD

Mr. Shook again arises to shake, and declares:

"Time made some changes and the tow-head became a light auburn, but the moral traits continued the same and secretiveness, untruthfulness, dishonesty and COWARDICE followed him to his assassination."—The True Origin of Mormon Polygamy, by Shook, p. 21. (Old edition.)

JOSEPH SMITH VERY BRAVE

We have no time to resent the charge of cowardice, for Mr. Smucker and Doctor Wyl, other "well-posted students" leap forward when the lights blaze up and overthrow the "shaking Shook."

"The Smiths are not without talent, and are said to be as BRAVE AS LIONS. Joseph, the chief, is a noble-looking fellow, a Mahomet every inch of him." —History of the Mormons, by Smucker, p. 147.

"It must be admitted that he displayed no little zeal and COURAGE; that his tact was great, that his talents for governing men were of no mean order." —Ibid., p. 182.

"He had physical COURAGE, FOR HE DIED GAME."—Doctor Wyl, quoted in *Word of Truth*, June 4, 1913.

HE SHOOTS FOUR MEN

The Kauffmans, Ruth and Reginald, now regale us with a wonderful story, as follows:

"It appears that Joseph Smith DIED BRAVELY: 'he stood by the jamb of the door and fired *four* shots,

BRINGING HIS MAN DOWN EVERY TIME.' "—The Latter Day Saints, by Kauffman, p. 47.

HE KILLS NO ONE

We are disturbed by this gory tale about four dead men, until another author of equal rank and vast research assures us that no such thing occurred; it was merely a matter of wounding one man slightly in the elbow, in the region of the "crazy bone," where we imagine numbers of these writers have been injured:

"Guns were thrust in and discharged, and Joseph with a revolver, returned *two* shots, HITTING ONE MAN IN THE ELBOW."—The History of the Mormons, by Lieutenant Gunnison, pp. 123, 124.

HIS ANCESTORS VERY BAD PEOPLE

Mr. L. B. Cake affirms:

"Seventy reputable men who knew, stated under oath that this Smith family was ignorant; that the males were drunkards, blasphemers, liars, thieves; who put in their time digging for hidden treasures of the Captain Kidd kind, and defrauding their neighbors. Reputable citizens aver under oath that these Smiths were a low, wicked household and *Joe the worst of the lot.*"—Peepstone Joe and the Peck Manuscript, by Lu B. Cake, chap. 2, p. 9.

ANCESTORS GOOD, RELIGIOUS, AMERICAN PATRIOTS

Mr. Cake is upheld in this charge by other writers, but when the trumpet sounds one Josiah F. Gibbs,

another Midianite, who assures us that he has spent the best part of his life investigating this question, and is an ardent opponent of "Mormonism," turns upon Mr. Cake quite unexpectedly and runs him through verbally:

"Lucy Mack Smith, the mother of Joseph Smith, was a woman of UNUSUAL STRENGTH OF CHARACTER, UNQUESTIONED PIETY, and of an intensely visionary mental organization."—Lights and Shadows of Mormonism, by Josiah F. Gibbs, p. 23.

"Solomon Mack, the father of Lucy, was very likely of English extraction. He participated in the War of the Revolution and was in every sense a TYPICAL AND PATRIOTIC AMERICAN. He was deeply RELIGIOUS."—Ibid., p. 23.

"From his mother's side of the family he [Joseph Smith] inherited a strong DEVOTIONAL TEMPERAMENT, supplemented by admirable persistence of purpose and MAGNIFICENT COURAGE."—Ibid., p. 38.

"Joseph Smith, sr., who was of a modest, unpretentious and easy-going, yet withal HONEST and EARNEST nature."—Ibid., p. 49.

JOSEPH SMITH NEVER READ ANYTHING

With the greatest assurance, John Hay tells us:

Joseph never read Moliere,—NOR ANYBODY ELSE."

—Secretary of State John Hay, in The Mormon Prophet's Tragedy.

Such a picture of profound ignorance and illiteracy is very painful to contemplate. But wait!

HE READ VERY COMPREHENSIVELY

There is another authority who knows all about the matter, the Reverend W. L. Crowe.

"And this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling," says:

"He read COMPREHENSIVELY, and as he advanced in reading and knowledge he assumed a spiritual aspect. He FREQUENTLY PERUSED THE BIBLE, AND BECAME QUITE FAMILIAR WITH ITS CONTENTS."—The Mormon Waterloo, by W. L. Crowe, p. 9.

There you are, Hay-Crowe, Crowe-Hay—take your choice.

VERY DAMAGING AFFIDAVITS

Thomas Gregg has the following, in The Prophet of Palmyra:

"Mr. E. D. Howe, in his valuable work, Mormonism Unveiled (Painesville, Ohio, 1834), presents the testimonials of eighty-one persons, neighbors and acquaintances of the Smith family, all attesting to their illiteracy and generally worthless and disreputable character, especially that of the son 'Joe,' as he was called."—The Prophet of Palmyra, p. 11.

AFFIDAVITS OF JEALOUS NEIGHBORS NO GOOD

These eighty-one affidavits are very disturbing to some minds, but now comes Professor I. Woodbridge Riley, at one time of the University of New York, and assures Messrs. Gregg and Howe (as we have

often done) that they are of no value as evidence. Hear him:

"Concerning this unpleasant fact NO RELIANCE is to be placed in the MULTIPLIED AFFIDAVITS OF JEALOUS NEIGHBORS who swore on oath that there was much intoxication among the Smiths; PEOPLE IN THOSE DAYS HAD THE AFFIDAVIT HABIT." —The Founder of Mormonism, p. 66.

THREE WITNESSES RENOUNCE TESTIMONY

The Reverend W. A. Stanton in a booklet published by the American Baptist Publication Society, entitled, Three Important Movements, Campbellism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, declares that the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon repudiated their testimony:

"In 1830 the book was printed, and with it a sworn statement by Cowdery, Harris, and David Whitmer, that an angel of God had shown them the plates of which the book purported to be a translation. Some years later these three men renounced Mormonism, AND DECLARED SAID STATEMENT FALSE."—Three Important Movements, p. 35.

WITNESSES DID NOT RENOUNCE TESTIMONY

It is not necessary for us to expose the fact that the Reverend Stanton is in error; Professor I. Woodbridge Riley saves us that trouble:

"Up to his DYING DAY, Cowdery believed there was NO 'FICTION AND DECEPTION' either in this manifes-

tation, or in the plate vision."—The Founder of Mormonism, p. 218.

"Whitmer's ENTIRE FAITH in the reality of the vision of the plates IS PERPETUATED BY THE INSCRIPTION ON HIS TOMB. . . .'The record of the Jews and the record of the Nephites are one. Truth is eternal.' "—The Founder of Mormonism, p. 219.

"In a letter written by him in 1870, he [Harris] said: 'No man ever heard me IN ANY WAY deny either the Book of Mormon, or the administration of the angel that showed me the plates, or the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints under the administration of Joseph Smith, jr., the prophet, whom the Lord raised up for that purpose in these latter days, that he might show forth his power and glory. The Lord has shown me these things by his Spirit, and by the administration of angels, and confirmed the same with signs following FOR THE SPACE OF FORTY YEARS."—The Founder of Mormonism, p. 220.

SIDNEY RIGDON FOUNDER OF MORMONISM

Three gentlemen who are put forward as reliable authorities tell us that Sidney Rigdon was the real author of the Book of Mormon and founder of "Mormonism":

"We therefore must hold out Sidney Rigdon to the world as being the ORIGINAL 'AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR' of the whole Mormon conspiracy, until further light is elicited upon the lost writings of Solomon Spalding."—Mormonism, by E. D. Howe, p. 290.

"A religious man, however erratic he might be, who had been trained in the Bible and in theology, was needed to give the bogus system some kind of religious setting. The only man connected with the scheme FROM ITS VERY BEGINNING, long before the public organization, who had any such qualifications, was the Reverend Sidney Rigdon."—Reverend R. G. McNiece, for twenty years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Salt Lake City, in The Fundamentals, vol. 8, pp. 111, 112.

"For months the translation languished and then a 'mysterious stranger' appeared at the Smith home on various occasions. This was Sidney Rigdon."—Mormonism, the Islam of America, by Reverend Bruce Kinney, p. 51.

SIDNEY RIGDON NOT CONNECTED WITH BEGINNING

This is a pretty theory, but it is spoiled by the Reverend Davis H. Bays, who assures us the Book of Mormon was in print and the church organized before Rigdon ever heard of "Mormonism":

"In order to the successful refutation of the Mormon dogma it is not at all necessary to connect Sidney Rigdon with Joseph Smith in its inception. In fact, such a course will almost certainly RESULT IN FAILURE; and the principal reason why it will fail IS BECAUSE IT IS NOT TRUE. . . . As a matter of fact, Sidney Rigdon was an EARNEST AND ABLE ADVOCATE OF THE REFORMATION CONTEMPORANEOUSLY WITH ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the pastor of a church at Mentor, Ohio, at the very time Joseph Smith and

Oliver Cowdery were propagating Mormonism in New York and Pennsylvania. Sidney Rigdon had never heard a Mormon sermon, nor had he ever seen a copy of the Book of Mormon till he was presented with one by Oliver Cowdery and Parley P. Pratt IN THE FALL OF 1830. It is an historical fact that Mr. Rigdon became a convert to the new religion through the preaching of these gentlemen during the visit referred to above."—The Doctrines and Dogmas of Mormonism, pp. 22, 23.

DISAGREEMENT EVEN ON DATE OF BIRTH

"Joseph Smith was born at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, December 23, 1805."—Origin of Book of Mormon and Rise and Progress of Mormon Church, by S. J. S. Davis, p. 23.

"Just here a little sketch of the history and character of Joseph Smith may be in order. He was born at Sharon, Vermont. The date of his birth is not exactly known, but it is supposed to be about the year 1798."—Positive Proof that Mormonism is a Fraud and the Book of Mormon a Fable, by Reverend J. E. Mahaffey, p. 5.

Hundreds of contradictions similar to the ones here produced might be collected with a little research from the mass of confusion, error, and falsehood put forth in the sacred name of truth in opposition to the latter-day work. You will not gather grapes and figs of truth and fact from the brambles of error and deception.

WHO WAS RIGHT ABOUT POLYGAMY?

TWO PROPHECIES AND THE SEQUEL

BRIGHAM YOUNG sometimes indulged in prophecy. At the time when he first promulgated polygamy, August 29, 1852, he said:

"You heard Brother Pratt state, this morning, that a revelation would be read this afternoon, which was given previous to Joseph's death. It contains a doctrine a small portion of the world is opposed to; but I can deliver a prophecy upon it. Though that doctrine has not been practiced by the elders, this people have believed in it for years. . . . The revelation will be read to you. The principle spoken upon by Brother Pratt, this morning, we believe in. And I tell you—for I know it—it will sail over and ride triumphantly above all the prejudice and priestcraft of the day; it will be fostered and believed in by the more intelligent portions of the world, as one of the best doctrines ever proclaimed to any people."—Supplement to *Millennial Star*, vol. 15, p. 31.

Less than five months later at a special meeting the people of the Reorganization received the word of the Lord on the question of polygamy. Elder Zenos H. Gurley, sr., wrote:

"God was truly with us, and many felt to say with the poet, 'Angels are now hovering o'er us.' This was on the eve of the 9th of January, 1853, ever memorable with the Saints of God. About half an hour afterwards we received through the Spirit the following, as nearly as we could write it:

" 'Polygamy is an abomination in the sight of the Lord God: it is not of me; I abhor it. I abhor it, as also the doctrines of the Nicolaitans, and the men or set of men who practice it. I judge them not, I judge not those who practice it. Their works shall judge them at the last day. Be ye strong; ye shall contend against this doctrine. . . ."—Church History, vol. 3, pp. 214, 215.

The issue was fairly drawn. Who was right? The Reorganization has never changed in its position. In that regard it is Godlike. God changes not. But what a change in Utah! Place Brigham Young's proud prediction in immediate contrast with the statement made by Joseph F. Smith and his associates at their conference of 1918. Of President Penrose's speech the *Deseret News* says:

"Plural marriage is no longer countenanced, no longer allowed in the church and transgressors, if they can be apprehended, will be disciplined by the church and turned over to be disciplined under the law of the land. He said to let the people not believe these men who go about to satisfy their own lusts and lead innocent followers and pure young women astray. They are rebels, said President Pen-

rose, rebels against church and rebels against the law of the land."—*Deseret News*, October 4, 1918.

President Joseph F. Smith said:

"I feel it imperative upon myself to indorse and affirm without recourse, the statements that have been made by President Penrose in relation to the subject upon which he last treated. I want to say to this congregation and to the world that never, at any time, since my presidency in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints have I authorized any man to perform a plural marriage, and never, since my presidency of the church has any plural marriage been performed with my sanction, or knowledge, or with the consent of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and therefore such unions as have been formed unlawfully and contrary to the order of the church are null and void in the sight of God and are not marriages."—*Deseret News*, October 4, 1918.

Heber J. Grant, President of the Twelve, is thus reported:

"People who now advocate plural marriage, said President Grant, are in very deed rebels—and traitors. And, he said, it is the duty of those who may be approached on the matter of plural marriage, to expose those who approach them."—*Deseret News*, October 5, 1918.

[Note: Mr. Grant was elevated to the presidency at a later date.]

Who was right in 1852 and 1853? By confession of the Utah dignitaries, the Reorganization was right. Brigham's prophecy fails even in his own capital city. Those "intelligent portions" who obey his doctrine are now branded as rebels—and from his pulpit. Brigham prophesied—but Joseph F. confesses.

We knew all the time that polygamists were wrong, and now to our gratification arise two members of the presidency of the dominant church of Utah, and the president of the twelve, and publicly obey the injunction given to the Reorganization concerning polygamy, "Ye shall contend against this doctrine."

DON'T FORGET THE MAIN ISSUE

WHILE DISCUSSING THE QUESTION, "WAS JOSEPH SMITH A POLYGAMIST?"

TWO men, Jones and Smith, were having a very heated argument on politics. Finally Jones, being a Democrat (or was he a Republican), was driven into a corner. He got the worst of the argument. Then, as a happy way out of his trouble, he turned upon Smith and said, "Your great-great-grandfather, who assisted in founding the party, was a notorious rascal." From that point on he refused to discuss principles and insisted that the argument should have to do exclusively with the character of Smith's ancestors. The maneuver was not logical, but it was expedient—from his viewpoint.

For many years the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ has had a controversy with the world. Generally when we get our opponents in a corner they immediately attempt to shift the argument to the character of Joseph Smith, alleging that he was a polygamist, and what not, that is bad. Sometimes, recognizing the value of preventives, they do not wait until they get in a corner. The logic is bad, but no doubt the procedure is expedient—from their standpoint.

A Christian and an infidel were discussing matters of difference in belief. The infidel, being hard put to

it on principle and doctrine, fell back upon the "mistakes of Moses," and finally landed hard on Abraham, calling him a polygamist, and yet one recognized by Christians as the "Father of the Faithful." After that the infidel always kept as far as possible from the New Testament and as near as possible to Moses and Abraham. Our opponents use typical infidel tactics.

Ingersoll ignored the teaching of Jesus Christ and tried to confine the argument to "the mistakes of Moses." Ingersoll is dead. Christianity still lives. Ingersoll is now mourning "the mistakes of Ingersoll." Our doughty opponents may choose to ignore our position and insist on debating the "mistakes of Joseph Smith," or his alleged mistakes. After they are dead and gone to judgment the church will stand.

Just as an example, we note a tract entitled, "Mormonism polygamous," issued by the National Reform Association, and written by the Reverend William E. LaRue, B. D. The Reverend LaRue, B. D., is rather impartial, devoting very nearly one half of his article to the Utah Church, the balance to the Reorganization. However, he does give us a little more than half of his attention. He advertises us as being "anti-polygamous" in belief. For that much credit we thank him. But why one who is out to fight polygamy should devote more than half of his attention to an "anti-polygamous" organization remains to be explained. Sometimes we suspect that

all this to-do about polygamy is really a smoke screen —a little ecclesiastical camouflage.

The burden of the LaRue article is an effort to prove that Joseph Smith taught and practiced polygamy. Because we do not agree with him on that point he concludes that we are dishonest. It is not our purpose in this article to review the old charges; but merely to point out that they do not touch the vital question at issue. That man Jones, mentioned in the first paragraph, could never have won his argument by diverting the discussion to a consideration of the character of Smith's ancestors. Nor could Ingersoll win out on the "mistakes of Moses."

Our people were not converted to Joseph Smith. They were converted to Jesus Christ, and to certain very positive doctrines. These doctrines are true or false, and always have been true or false. Nothing in the life of Joseph Smith can in any way affect them. The statement that Joseph Smith was not a polygamist is not found anywhere in our creed. Even if some one should prove that he was a polygamist at one time in his career (which has not been done), that would not affect our religious conceptions in the slightest.

If our opponents cannot see that, it may be their fault or it may merely be their misfortune. The old Scotchman sold a blind horse under the guarantee that it was entirely without fault. Presently the buyer was back with the horse and with the complaint, "He's blind, and you said he didn't have a

fault." The canny Scot replied, "Mon, that's no' his fault. That's his misfortune."

It is true that once in a great while an elder who has one eye on popularity and the other on position may discover suddenly that Joseph Smith was a polygamist. Even a bishop, whose official actions were about to be called into question, suddenly discovered, almost over night, as it were, that Joseph Smith had taught polygamy. Exit bishop to the rustle of angel's wings. And immediately he founded a new church. It is as though he said, "Joseph Smith was a polygamist, and upon this rock I will build my church." And the gates of hell are greatly amused—if gates can be said to have any sense of humor.

Most of our men are not blind, either by fault or misfortune. They know that our position regarding church organization, revelations, spiritual gifts, and doctrinal principles, as well as on those important economic principles now coming so much to the fore, equality, consecration, and stewardships, is true. Nothing that Joseph Smith did or did not do seventy-five years ago can affect the matter one way or the other.

For that reason, in discussion they generally insist upon what are termed "church propositions." They do not bite on every pin hook to which some preacher may attach a bait. They demand that the other man shall give half time and set up his own church and doctrine for scrutiny, and for attack

if found at fault. Some of our opponents refuse to sign such propositions, preferring a one-sided debate and obviously wishing to keep as far as possible from principles and as much as possible on the question of the other man's character. They may not be logical, or sportsmanlike, or Christian, but it is exceedingly expedient—from their standpoint.

Many will join the writer in the following sentiment: I do not believe that Joseph Smith ever practiced or taught polygamy. But if I should become convinced that he did, while I would feel exceedingly sorry that a family name should suffer shame, I would say, Let him meet the issue at the bar of God —I am a minister for Jesus Christ and a preacher of his gospel; my ministry will go on absolutely unchanged.

BLUE PENCIL NOTES

COLD cream will not cure a cancer. Talcum powder is no good for leprosy.

Systems of ethics, philosophies, "new thought," and other superficial remedies will not cure the thing that ails humanity.

It is a very splendid thing for our men to study philosophy, science, art, literature, all of those things, that their range of knowledge may be increased. But those things are to help them in the declaration of their message; they do not constitute the message.

Some men make a mistake right there. The thing that they are studying is the thing that they preach. If they happen to be studying sociology—that becomes their message. They may not know it, perhaps, but it is so, for the time being at least. Or if they study economics, or psychology, it is the same.

Working that way, a man may preach a sermon as long as Mayor MacSwiney's fast and feed no one. The lecture room is the place for such dissertations. They are very profitable in their place. The pulpit is for the declaration of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

These studies may furnish the preacher arguments, illustrations, helps, collateral evidences, but they do not furnish him his *message*. If they did there had been no need for an ordained ministry or for a restoration; because there are thousands of lecturers, unordained, who can do better work in their special lines before the people than the average elder can hope to do.

We were sent to preach a rather definite message to the world. It is simple, yet by no means narrow. And it is the very thing that the world needs to-day. The essence of it is faith in God, and repentance from dead works, and personal regeneration, or rebirth, or spiritual cleansing, of which baptism in water is a very splendid symbol that signifies everything when the man is truly repentant and desirous to be clean, and signifies nothing when he is not. Community regeneration follows individual regeneration.

The more we study the principles of the gospel the more beautiful and sufficient they seem. Faith in God—that is fundamental in all our preaching, and is needed to be taught more than ever before. The man whose ministry does not increase faith among his hearers stands in jeopardy. Repentance —with men and women becoming ever more reckless, lawless, and Godless, the world over, every minister needs as never before to cry repentance,

that he may move sinners toward God. Regeneration, cleansing, personal rebirth—that is getting down to the very base of every Christian experience and of social regeneration as well.

The early elders were told that they were sent out to teach and not to be taught. That was very true concerning the principles of truth that go to make up the gospel of Jesus Christ. No one has ever taught us a new, essential principle; to the contrary, many truths that we first taught have been taken up by the world. In other realms there is much for us to learn. But the man who goes to other realms for his *message*, surrenders at the point where we are strong and impregnable, and makes his stand on the ground where he may be very weak.

Do not be narrow, or churlish, or ignorant; but in preaching let us stay rather close to our message. Under the simple statement of the terms of the gospel is a rich and profitable field for instruction to saint or sinner, beginning with the first lessons of faith and running on to the most profound consideration of Zionic problems.

Our strength and our safety, our originality and our glory, lie in the message committed to us in the revelations contained in the three books: "The elders, priests, and teachers of this church shall teach the principles of my gospel which are in the Bible

and the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fullness of the gospel; and they shall observe the covenants and church articles to do them, *and these shall be their teachings*, as they shall be directed by the Spirit."—Doctrine and Covenants 42: 5.

This is not an argument against education. It is an argument in favor of a proper use of things education gives us, namely helps in the presentation of our message, but no substitute for it. A man well learned in all philosophies but ignorant of the contents of the three books is ignorant indeed. We believe most profoundly in the Book of Mormon statement: "To be learned is *good*, if they hearken unto the counsels of God."

OUR INFLUENCE ON DOCTRINE

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints as a factor in shaping the world's religious opinions.

THE Latter Day Saint is frequently asked, "What is the principal difference between your church and others in matters of belief?" While attempting to reply with a concrete statement of differences, many will occur to him; for instance the question of authority—a vital question on which we differ from nearly all others, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Yet he will be struck with the fact that many differences which might have been named in years gone by apparently do not now exist.

Many items of doctrine preached by few, if any, and opposed by most when we began their exposition, are now either quite generally taught by many orthodox believers, or are looked upon with much more favor, and every decade they receive a wider acceptance.

You may run over the list: The gathering of the Jews, the second personal appearing of Christ, divine healing, probation after death, yes, even continued revelation, gathering, tithing, stewardships, and consecration of properties. Others will occur to you, perhaps. At the same time many obnoxious tenets opposed by us have been dropped from the creeds, or,

if retained, the public promulgation of them has ceased.

Why this change? Many who have opposed us, and who yet oppose us, are much more nearly on common doctrinal ground with us than in years gone by. Yet we have never abandoned a single position taken by us in the beginning.

The statement that Latter Day Saints have been one of the great factors in forcing a revision of the world's religious opinions would probably be hooted by many prominent divines. Yet it is no less or more than the truth.

Our missionaries have for many years carried on an aggressive campaign, reaching most parts of the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, and Wales, as well as parts of Germany, France, Australia, Scandinavia, New Zealand, Palestine, and the islands of the sea. Multitudes have listened to their convincing presentation of doctrines, who have been loath to unite with us—but not slow to borrow those doctrines.

Thousands of influential clergymen have attended these meetings or otherwise investigated the message, mostly with a view to debate or combat. Very many have actually engaged in public debate. They have found our position on doctrinal points invincible, and as a sheer matter of self-protection, have themselves aided in the work of creed revision. In addition to this, most of our adherents, the world

over, have been actively engaged in teaching their neighbors.

Probably no other religious movement ever received greater publicity, and it has had its effect. Furious and constant attack has been made upon us and we have met it with strenuous and unexpected resistance.

Many a lance has been broken on the helmet of truth, and the aggressor has retired with battered theological mail, only to reappear as a reformer on his own account. It is easier to imitate than to surrender. John Alexander Dowie, for instance, borrowed most of his ideas on doctrine and organization from Latter Day Saints.

So to-day other voices than ours are preaching our doctrine; voices of ministers whose particular denominations bitterly opposed that doctrine fifty years ago.

In the one item of the doctrine of the second coming of Christ, and its imminence, what a change in a few years! The voice of God to us, in October, 1831, was, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." It was much like the commission to John the Baptist, and conditions were somewhat similar.

Christ was coming in the first instance with blessing. It was but just that the people be told, otherwise his paths would not have been straight, or strictly in harmony with justice. John was sent as an authoritative messenger to warn; yet his was not

the only work. The Jews themselves preached Christ's coming and daily looked for it. The Messianic idea was at its height among them when he came; it afterward declined. John warned them and they warned each other.

Christ is coming again, this time to judge as well as bless. It is but just that the people should be warned with authority, as they have been; and now they themselves have taken up the work.

At a so-called "prophetic conference," held in the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, in 1914, a new creed or statement of faith was adopted by the seventeen hundred or more delegates present, representing churches all over the United States and Canada. As reported in the *Sunday School Times* for March 21, 1914, the ninth article of that creed reads:

"We believe in the *second, visible* and *imminent* coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to establish his world-wide kingdom on earth."

Even more emphatic was the statement issued in 1917 by a group of British divines, representing Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist, and Episcopalian denominations. Their "manifesto," called "The significance of the hour," published in the London *Christian World,* and later in the *Chicago Herald* for December 6, 1917, was signed by clergymen of world renown. The first two declarations were as follows:

"First—that the present crisis points toward the close of the times of the Gentiles.

"Second—that the revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, when he will be manifested as evidently as to his disciples on the eve of his resurrection."

The doctrine of the literal, personal, second advent of our Lord, so little considered a generation ago, when our elders set about the task of making his paths straight, is thus, now, in most spectacular manner espoused and announced.

If there shall not be a work of getting ready as well as preaching, when Christ comes he may justly say, "Why are you not ready? My paths were straight. You were warned, and you yourselves taught my coming."

Zionic principles, too, are winning their way. As I write I have before me a book entitled, Stewardship Starting Points, by Harvey Reeves Calkins, published by the Methodist Book Concern. The author says:

"Moreover, the great free churches, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the rest, have now discovered in the tithe an unworked gold mine. As expert money raisers who have need of vast resources, many of the evangelical churches are beginning to exploit the tithe. . . ."

But he regards this only as the apex of the pyramid. Stewardship is the base—the conception that God, not man, is owner of property, man being but a steward. Of this doctrine he says:

"Stewardship is the broad and sufficient founda-

tion, ordained of God, for the material maintenance of his kingdom. . . . It is the message of Christian inspiration. It is the commanding note of virile evangelism. It will be the saving word for our generation."

At times it would seem that this borrowing of our doctrine has robbed our message of its force. Yet when we take a comprehensive view of God's work we are satisfied. Our work in part is to warn and teach. People will be judged not alone by what we have preached to them, but also by what they themselves have preached to one another.

The work of warning has been more thorough and comprehensive than we had thought; and we need not feel badly that others have relieved us of a part of the responsibility.

Probably it would be impossible to determine just how much Latter Day Saint preaching has had to do with the wonderful changes in theology that we have noted—but without doubt our influence has been considerable.

It will be noted, briefly to recapitulate, that the major voices among the so-called "sectarian" denominations, proclaiming the personal, second advent of the Lord have risen after we had preached that doctrine for many years. The healing cults, Christian Science, the Emmanuel Movement, etc., in like manner arose long after we had proclaimed the doctrine of divine healing. The same general re-

marks apply to ecclesiastical teaching on the financial law, the return of the Jews—the latter now not only proclaimed by leading divines, but also by prominent rulers in the political realm.

PRESENT TENSE RELIGION

JOSEPH SMITH restored the present tense to religious terminology. He announced, "God speaks!" He was met with emphatic denial. All Christendom preferred the old form: "God spoke!" Nearly a hundred years have passed away and some unexpected voices have been lifted in support of the logic involved in Joseph's declaration.

Principal Fairbain, of Oxford, is at pains to say to the religious world, most bluntly: "Agnosticism assumed a double incompetency—the incompetence not only of man to know God, but of God to make himself known. But the denial of competence is the negation of Deity. For the God who *could* not speak would not be rational, and the God who *would* not speak would not be moral." (Quoted from The Bible and Modern Criticism, by Sir Robert Anderson.)

Sir Oliver Lodge, in the name of Science, has an equally pointed message: "This is the lesson science has to teach theology—to look for the action of the deity, if at all, then always: not in the past alone, nor only in the future, but equally in the present; if its action is not visible now it never will be and never has been visible."—Science and Immortality.

I venture the assertion that when Joseph Smith went into the woods to pray on that spring day one hundred years ago, he went not merely as an indi-

vidual. Though perhaps without written credentials, he went as the representative of hundreds and thousands of men and women who were unable from the crazy patchwork of denominationalism to piece an orderly system that would satisfy the desire of their souls. Confused by conflicting and contradictory claims, by the affirmation of half truths and the negation of vital principles, he personally, as their representative, sought God. He reasoned with Lodge, "Why look for the manifestation of Deity in the past alone or only in the future? Why not seek him now?" And may I make so bold as to affirm, with Fairbain, that under those circumstances, "The God who could not speak would not be rational, and the God who would not speak would not be moral."

Lyman Abbott has a message, also: "The prophets, we are told, spoke as they were moved, inspired, or guided by the Spirit of God. There is no reason to suppose that God has ceased to move upon the spirits of men and to inspire and guide them. Certainly there is nothing in the New Testament to warrant any such opinion."—*The Outlook,* September 8, 1915.

Walter Rauschenbusch is clear-cut in his description of the ancient prophets: "*They* went to school with a *living* God that was then at work in his world, and not with a God who had acted long ago and put it down in a book."—Christianity and The Social Crisis.

Well, why not now go to school with a living God

at work in the world, and not to one who acted long ago and wrote it all down in a book and retired far away behind the clouds? Why not, with Lodge, look for the revelations of God, if at all, then always, and not in the past alone or only in the future? Why not conclude with Fairbain that the God who cannot speak is not rational, and the God who will not speak is not moral?

Sometime ago we were talking with a certain minister. He questioned us about our belief in the Bible. We answered: "Yes, we believe the Bible. Possibly we believe some parts of it that you do not believe."

He did not think that possible, so we referred him to the closing verses of the sixteenth chapter of Mark, where certain signs are enumerated, and it is said that they shall follow the believer. We asked him if he believed that.

"Yes," he answered, "I believe that they *did* follow."

"That," we replied, "is one difference between you and us. You say they *did* follow. We say they *do* follow. One is religion in the past tense; the other is religion in the present tense."

That line was drawn many years ago. Joseph Smith says that shortly after he had received his first vision, he innocently told a Methodist minister about it, and to his surprise it was treated with contempt, the minister "saying it was all of the Devil; that there was no such thing as visions or revelations

in these days; that all such things had ceased with the apostles, and that there never would be any more of them."

So we see that in the very beginning of his ministry, when he came to the world with the message, "God *is* at work in the world," he was met by the clergy of the day with the reply, "God *used* to be at work in the world."

His was a religion in the present tense; theirs a religion in the past tense.

People of every age recount the wonderful things that God did in a preceding age; they are very angry when a prophet comes telling them that God is doing something *now*.

Jeremiah told the children of Israel: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but, the Lord liveth, that brought the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all lands whither he hath driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers."—Jeremiah 16: 14, 15.

The Jews lived in the past; they *still* live in the past; but the Lord says that the time will come when they will no longer talk about the wonderful things that God did when he led them out of Egypt, but will begin to perceive the wonderful things of their own time.

When Jesus came he found the Jews living in the

past. They were always talking about the time when God led them out of Egypt; but they were blind to the things that he was doing for them then. Paul truly said: "Blindness hath happened in part unto Israel." They could see the things that God had done ages before; but they were blind to the things that he was doing in their midst at that time.

They held their Passover Feast regularly and religiously to commemorate the time when God caused the angel of death to pass them by, and helped them to escape from Egypt; but when the Son of God came to observe the Passover with them they were unable to perceive that fact. The most wonderful event of all history occurred in their midst unnoticed. Having ears they heard not, having eyes they saw not.

Their religion was distinctly of the past. When Stephen preached his great sermon to them (Acts 7) he diplomatically began with the past. As long as he confined himself to the things that God had done in the days of Abraham, Moses, and Solomon, they listened patiently; but as soon as he began to tell them what God was doing then, and what they were doing, they "gnashed on him with their teeth," and "cast him out of the city and stoned him."

Opposed to this past-tense religion is the very name of Jesus: "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God *with us.*"—Matthew 1: 23.

That is the idea, "God *with us*"—not the God who used to be with some one else long ages ago, but "God with *us*."

The name of God, as given to Moses, as rendered in the English version, conveys a similar idea: "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." (Exodus 3: 14.)

Scholars are divided as to the origin and original meaning of the word from which this is derived. The Jews regarded it with awe, and in reading the Old Testament never pronounced that word. Josephus said that it was not lawful for him to write it, so it does not appear in his work. It was the "Ineffable Name." But as it stands in our modern rendition, it conveys a vital thought—not the God who lived in the days of Abraham, alone, not the God of Solomon, not the God who was, but the great "I AM." The doctrine of continued revelation is based on the very nature of God as an unchangeable being, as well as in the continuity of human needs.

Paul's religion was eminently present-tense religion. He wrote: "The manifestation of the Spirit *is* given to every man." The Jews, like our good ministerial friend, rendered it, "The manifestations of the Spirit *were* given."

But while the Jews affirmed that these things used to be, Paul declared, "They *are*."

History repeats itself. Where Paul stood in 59 A. D., Joseph Smith stood in 1830 A. D.

Why all this talk about that which *used* to be? Is

God dead? No; for he is "from everlasting to everlasting." Has God changed? No; for he says, "I am God; I change not." That is a fundamental principle of his Godhood. Our hope rests on that thought. If he changes from day to day, we know not where nor how to find him, and our case is hopeless. But he is God, and he changes not.

Have the people changed? John Wesley said that the reason the gifts had ceased, was not, as some supposed, because they were no longer needed, but because the Christians had "turned heathen." As to the truth of his statement the reader may judge. It is quite evident, however, that man, not God, has changed. Christians of this age, like the Jews in the days of Jesus, are looking at the past. Blindness "in part" has happened unto them. They can see the wonderful things that the apostles did, but they cannot perceive the wonderful things that God is doing now.

We can see how necessary it was for prophets to come to this age with the message that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon bore: "And, now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him, that he lives; for we saw him, even on the right hand of God."—Doctrine and Covenants 76: 3.

THE RESTORATION

(Sermon in Zion Builder Series for Young People, at Lamoni, Iowa.)

I HAVE two texts, the first being found in Isaiah 29: 14:

"Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

The other text is taken from rather an unusual source. It is from the writings of Sir Oliver Lodge in his book called Science and Immortality:

"This is the lesson science has to teach theology—to look for the action of the deity, if at all, then always; not in the past alone, nor only in the future, but equally in the present; if its action is not visible now it never will be and never has been visible."

That is strikingly in harmony with the theory we have been preaching for nearly one hundred years: that we should not look back alone to the Isle of Patmos for revelation, or forward to the pearly gates, but should look for the revelation and manifestation of God *now*—as much as at any time in the history of the world.

THE APOSTASY

There is no question that Jesus Christ came and organized a church. Well, some people question it, but Christ himself said, "I will build my church"

(Matthew 16: 18), and it is very clear that he did organize a church. It is equally clear that following the death of the Master and his apostles there presently ensued a great and complete apostasy. It had begun in the days of the apostles. It progressed until there was scarcely a vestige left of the gospel, and the church of Christ had been replaced by another. There is scriptural warrant for this statement. The prophets predicted it. I have not time to-night to read the predictions, but if anyone here should be taking notes he may refer to Isaiah 24: 1-6; Amos 8: 11, 12; Acts 20: 28-31; Timothy 4: 3, 4; Revelation 12: 1-6, and many others might be referred to. The Apostle Paul says that for three years he ceased not day or night to warn the people of the great apostasy that was coming.

The fact that it did actually occur is attested by history, both ecclesiastical and secular. We have but to read the record of the Dark Ages to recognize that the light of literature and art went out and the world became unspeakably corrupt; and if such a thing were possible, the church was worse than the world. The church stooped to sell license to commit sin in the name of God, and the price was fixed according to the degree of depravity and turpitude of the crime. This sale of "indulgences" was what aroused the righteous indignation of Martin Luther.

That there was a great apostasy is admitted by all Protestant churches—otherwise there would be no need for Protestant churches. If there were no great

and complete apostasy, so that authority to represent God was lost, we ought all of us to be Catholics. Every Protestant spire that points towards heaven is a testimony that there was an apostasy—otherwise on top of that spire there would be a cross of gold. All Protestants, then, are agreed that there was an apostasy. It was so complete that the church that started out as representing Christ was not to be found on earth.

REFORMATION OR RESTORATION

We might then ask ourselves: What was the way of recovery out of that condition? We have our choice between two propositions; that is, we may decide which one appears the more logical to us, reformation or restoration.

I think that I can put this up to you young people so you can see about how the choice lies; and I believe that the illustration I use will find warrant in scripture, as I will show you a moment later. Suppose that one of you young men prior to the late war had espoused a beautiful girl and had taken her to be your companion. You were then away overseas for a term of years. While you were gone, for some reason or other, conditions became so unendurable in the community that your bride removed herself to a distant place of hiding, and in her absence a wanton, degraded creature came in and occupied your home.

When the time for your return drew near, which would you be for, reformation or restoration? You

would be all for restoration. It would not satisfy you to have some clergyman go in and attempt to induce that creature to leave off the worst of her ways and then you come back and recognize her as your wife. You would say, "Give me back my beautiful bride that I have espoused."

John tells us in the 12th chapter of Revelation that he saw a beautiful woman, which all agree represented the church, clothed in the glory of the sun, representing the authority and power of God, having the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; but he saw there was a monster that made war against the woman, and she fled away into the wilderness and was gone.

In the 17th chapter of Revelation he says that in her place he saw a degraded woman, clothed in scarlet and purple, with a cup in her hand, filled with iniquities, seated on a beast, and written on her forehead was "Mystery, Babylon the Great, The mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." This thing had come in and taken the place of the pure church that Jesus Christ had left on earth as his bride. Now, when the time approaches for him to come again, which will appeal to him, reformation or restoration?

THE REFORMATION

Let us for a brief moment take up a consideration of the Reformation. There is no question that the reformers were very brave and some of them very noble men. They did a splendid work of prepara-

tion; still it is true that there ensued and there still remains endless division and confusion upon that question, and Protestantism to-day seems to be doomed to failure. Every effort to consolidate and unite ends in failure.

It is true, too, that the reformers themselves seemed, many of them, to look forward to something infinitely greater than they had been able to accomplish; and they did not claim to have revelation or to be sent of God to restore the ancient order.

We might briefly note some statements made by some of them. For instance, in a sermon that John Wesley preached on "The signs of the times," he says:

"The signs of the times we have reason to believe are at hand, if they are not already begun, are what many pious men have termed the latter-day glory.... And yet the wise men of the world, men of learning and renown, cannot understand what we mean by talking of an extraordinary work of God. They cannot discern the signs of these times. They see no signs at all of God arising to maintain his own cause, and set up his kingdom over all the earth."

Roger Williams, identified with the pioneers of the Baptist Church, said:

"I conceive that the apostasy of anti-Christ has so far corrupted all that there can be no recovery out of that apostasy till Christ shall send forth new apostles to plant churches anew."

Alexander Campbell says:

"Since the full development of the great apostasy foretold by the prophets and apostles, numerous attempts at reformation have been made. . . .

"Society, indeed, may be found among us far in advance of others in their progress toward the ancient order of things, but we know of none that have fully attained to that model. . . .

"The practical result of all creeds, reformations, and improvements and the expectations and longings of society warrant the conclusion that some new revelation or some new development of the revelation of God must be made before the hopes and expectations of all true Christians can be realized or Christianity can save and reform the nations of this world. We want the old gospel back, and sustained by the ancient order of things."—Christian System.

We say amen to these statements. We have the old gospel back, sustained by the ancient order. God has arisen to maintain his cause, and has sent apostles anew.

THE RESTORATION

Next let us consider the Restoration. It too was foretold in prophecy. Many scriptural references might be given, but time will not permit us to read at length to-night. We may cite you to the one already quoted from Isaiah 29, (and you will do well to read it all,) where the Lord says:

"Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men

shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

The context shows that this was to be done at about the time when the Holy Land was restored to its fertility, and about the time when a sealed book (the Book of Mormon) should come forth and be given to the world by an unlearned man (Joseph Smith). While in Revelation, John says:

"I saw another angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."—Revelation 14:6, 7.

Why should it be necessary for any angel to bring the gospel back again to earth in the hour of God's judgments if it had always been here, and why did the Master say that this gospel should be preached in all the world "for a witness to all people," and then should "the end come," if it had always been preached? Would it be any sign of the end when it went abroad in the last days if it had been preached for centuries?

Let us tell you the story of the Restoration: First we will have to understand to a degree the condition of confusion and disagreement that existed in the religious world in the beginning of the nineteenth century. When I think about it I am reminded of the old story of the Japanese mirror.

According to the story there was a young Japanese

peasant who went to the city for the first time in his life, and passing a shop he looked in the window and there he saw a mirror, the first one he had ever looked into. Looking into it, what do you think he saw? He saw, or at least he thought he saw, the spirit of his father. He saw a man there looking exactly as his father looked as he remembered him.

Being very reverent toward his ancestors, he took all the money he had and purchased this mirror. Taking it home he climbed up into the attic and built a little altar and put the mirror on the altar. Every day he went up and made an offering and worshiped and communed with the spirit of his father. Everything would have gone very well, only he was a married man, and his wife, like a few women, was curious. She wondered why her husband went into the attic every day.

So one day when he was out in the field she laboriously climbed the ladder and went into the attic and looked into the mirror. What did she see? Why, she saw a young, and as she thought, a very handsome woman, and immediately she said, "The perfidious wretch! I know now why he comes up here each day! He comes to meet with that woman!"

So down the ladder she went, and when the husband came home there was trouble. He swore he saw a man and she swore she saw a woman. So to settle the matter they sent for a very old witch who lived in the neighborhood, who climbed the ladder with many groans, looked into the mirror, and came

down and said, "You are both fools. It is an old, old woman in the mirror, and there is no cause to be jealous." And then all three had a quarrel.

Each one saw something; but no one of them had any toleration for what the others saw. If there had been some one there who understood the situation,—the man who made the mirror, for instance,—he could have put them in possession of the absolute truth; but, as it was, they went on with their quarrel.

So in these latter days men looked into the mirror of truth, and one man looking into it said: "I see absolutely nothing but predestination. A man is born to go to heaven or to hell and that is all there is to it. He can do nothing about it. I am a Calvinist."

And another man looked into it and he said, "I see absolutely nothing but free grace. All any man has to do is to believe in Jesus Christ and he will be saved."

And another man looked into it and he said, "I see cathedrals and monasteries and altars and candles and beads and monks and robes and incense and rites and pomp and ceremony. I am a high church man."

And another man looked into it and said, "Thou art mistaken. I see no cathedrals, no monks, no ceremonies, no rites. I see nothing but a patient awaiting for the Spirit. I am a Quaker."

And so they quarreled. So it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, in the year 1820, when a

great revival fostered by leading denominations was held in the State of New York in the vicinity of Palmyra. For a while all went lovely and many were interested, and among them was a young man, or a boy, fifteen years old, named Joseph Smith. (I suppose that many of the churches wish to God that they had never held that revival.)

Joseph Smith became most profoundly interested in religion and desired the salvation of his soul. But unfortunately, when the revival ended it broke up in confusion and strife, with a quarrel over the converts, and he was pulled here and pulled there, and told, "Here is the truth," or "There is the truth," until he was at his wit's end. But he happened to read in James, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."—James 1: 5.

Not finding any time limit on that promise, he said, "I will go to the One who made the mirror and he will tell me the absolute truth." So he went out into the woods and kneeled down and prayed. It was a beautiful day early in the spring, and he tells us that scarcely had he begun to pray when he was seized upon by the power of darkness; but he remembered the reason for his prayer and called upon God to help him. Immediately the darkness was rebuked and removed and a great light shone down from heaven and he saw two personages, and one of

them said, pointing to the other, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him."

That is the keynote of all our message. What does Jesus say on any given subject? "Hear ye him." And so in our "epitome of faith" we say that in all matter of controversy the word of God should be the end of dispute. If Jesus says, "Why tarriest thou, arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins," that settles the matter. If he says that he set in his church apostles, prophets, evangelists, and teachers, etc., for us that is the end of the controversy.

Three years later this young man received a visit from an angel who told him many things; among others that his name should be had for good and evil among all the nations of the earth; that the time was coming for the Jews to gather back to Jerusalem; about the coming forth of a sealed book; the establishment of the church, and many other things. In 1829 the priesthood was restored. April 6, 1830, by divine commandment the church was organized and began its work of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

RELIGIOUS CONCEPTS OF THE RESTORATION

Before my time is gone, I wish to enter upon a consideration of some of the great religious concepts of this movement that we call the Restoration. I want to examine eight of the great religious concepts that Joseph Smith and his associates preached to the world. Every religious institution is judged by its religious ideals and concepts, and every re-

ligious leader must be judged by the religious concepts he preaches to the world.

CONTINUED REVELATION

The first of these I wish to notice is the idea of restored revelation. You can hardly imagine what a strange thought that was, because the religious world was absolutely a unit on one thing—if they did not agree on anything else, they agreed on this one thing, that revelation had ceased. They were still pointing to the closing chapters of Revelation, where it says no man shall add to the words of this book, when John, of course, had only the book of Revelation in mind, the Bible not being in existence when he said no man shall add to this book; also no *man* may add to the revelations of God, but God himself may add at any time if he sees fit.

So it was a strange thing when a boy came out of the woods where he had gone to take God at his word, and said, "I have had a revelation." The very first man (a minister) he told it to said, "It is of the Devil. God doesn't speak any more!" If the religious world had said, We will judge that revelation and see whether it is from God or the Devil, that would have been a logical position; but when they said, "God speaks no more at all," it was an illogical and unscriptural position to take. It seems strange that one hundred years later Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, should have to stand up and say to these gentlemen:

"Gentlemen, this is the lesson that science has to teach to theology—to look for the action of the deity, if at all, then always; not in the past alone, nor only in the future, but equally in the present; if its action is not visible now it never will be and never has been visible."

The message of this young man was out of harmony neither with science nor religion. God says, "I am the Lord, I change not."—Malachi 3: 6. He is in harmony with the great laws of nature that go on forever without deviation. This, then, was one of the first concepts presented to the world by this people—an unchangeable God speaking to his people and blessing them as of old.

THE SECOND ADVENT OF JESUS

The next concept that I wish to notice is the idea of the second coming of Jesus Christ. Latter Day Saints were told early, even before the organization of the church, that there must be a work of preparation for the coming of Christ. That is why they sometimes called themselves *Latter* Day Saints, and the church the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, because they believe that these are the latter days, immediately preceding the return of our Lord and Master. There were few, if any, then who believed that Christ would come again in person. It was all to be spiritual, and the only coming of Christ that ever would occur would be when he came in spirit to any individual who wished to receive him.

But I want to read to you some things that show a

most striking change that has occurred in sentiment since that great concept was presented to the world by Joseph Smith. During the late war there was published what was called a manifesto, appearing in the London *Christian World* and quoted in the *Chicago Herald* for December 6, 1917. It was put forth by some of the greatest of the British ministers, representing Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, such men as G. Campbell Morgan, A. C. Dixon, and others. I have not time to read all of it, but this manifesto, which attracted world-wide attention at the time, says:

"First—That the present crisis points toward the close of the times of the Gentiles.

"Second—That the revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, when he will be manifested as evidently as to his disciples on the evening of his resurrection.

"Third—That the completed church will be translated, to be 'forever with the Lord.'

"Fourth—That Israel will be restored to its own land in unbelief, and be afterward converted by the appearance of Christ on its behalf.

"Fifth—That all human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the second coming of our Lord, because all nations will be subject to his rule.

"Sixth—That under the reign of Christ there will be a further great effusion of the Holy Spirit on all flesh.

"Seventh—That the truths embodied in this state-

ment are of the utmost practical value in determining Christian character and action with reference to the pressing problems of the hour."

Here are three important events that they predict: The return of the Jews; the soon coming of Christ in person; and the millennial reign. But what seems strange to me is that an obscure and unlettered boy should have anticipated them by a generation. Well did Isaiah say that "the wisdom of their *wise* men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

When the cataclysm came and war was poured out upon all the earth, when the Jews began to knock at the gates of Jerusalem and the proclamation was about to go forth from Great Britain, and America, and France, that Palestine should be reserved for a national home of the Jews, their seers began to see. How about the boy who saw it in futurity?

The mail to-day brought me a most remarkable clipping from a Des Moines newspaper. There has been visiting in the United States, Bishop Nicholai, of Serbia, who is said to be described by the Archbishop of Canterbury as the greatest living church man in the world. Last Monday he lectured in Des Moines. Here is the report of his lecture taken from the Des Moines *Evening Tribune* for March 14, 1921:

"You have heard the history of the end of Babylon? of the old Greece? of Pompeii and ancient Rome? Well, you can read the signs of a dying

empire on the bodies of the European state to-day. . . . It is curious, to-day, to note how much talk there is of the world's end in every European country. The press is full of it (shamefacedly, but irresistibly), as are the mouths of men. Religionists pray for Christ to come again. From the common people you will receive the direct, open assurance that Christ will come again, ere long. It is most curious. In one section, an interesting state of mind exists. Conviction that the Son of Man will soon reappear on earth is absolute. They say he is now 'in the clouds,' and speak of him as the 'aerial Christ.' "

A SCRIPTURAL FORM OF DOCTRINE

The late Doctor Talmage said, "I wish we could have a creed made up solely of scriptural texts." When Joseph Smith wanted to present his theology to the world, he went directly to the 6th chapter of Hebrews where Paul names the six fundamental principles of the gospel. Jesus Christ said that he sent Paul to be an especial vessel to bear his name to the Gentiles. So you will find in our epitome of faith, this statement: "All men may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel. We believe that these laws and ordinances are: faith in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ; repentance; baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost . . . resurrection of the body . . . eternal judgment." The six principles named by Paul.

It seems a little strange to me that among all the church builders no one thought to adopt this particular statement of faith which is easily defensible by the Scriptures and so absolutely adequate to all human needs, because it takes a man at the very moment when faith comes into the heart at his mother's knee or under the sound of the preacher's voice, on through the ashes of repentance and the waters of baptism and regeneration and the spiritual birth, to the resurrection and eternal judgment, and so into the presence of God himself.

THE SCRIPTURAL ORGANIZATION

The next great concept was that of a scriptural form of organization. We are told in 1 Corinthians 12: 28 that "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers."

If God set apostles and prophets in the church, who had the right to take them out? And we are told in Ephesians 4: 11-13, that Christ "gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith."

We haven't yet become perfect or reached unity, and the work of the ministry is not done.

Well, some one may say, "Why, sure, we have apostles and prophets in *our* church."

"Where are they?"

"Why, Paul and John and Isaiah and Jeremiah.

We have them; they are right here in the Bible."

But as Danny Williams says, "They are *dead.*" Why do you draw a line between apostles and pastors? God set both in the church. You are satisfied with dead apostles, but you want live pastors. You are not satisfied with a dead pastor. You don't have to take up a collection for Peter and John; yet you say that you want a live pastor. Well, we are just like you, only more so. We want live apostles. Somewhere this young man got the great religious concept of a church organized on the divine pattern, with all the officers of the New Testament church—and behold, it was accomplished.

A RETURN OF THE GIFTS AND BLESSINGS

The next great concept was that of the return of the gospel gifts and blessings such as you will find in Mark 16: 16-18 and 1 Corinthians 12: 7-11; the gift of wisdom, of faith, of prophecy, of speaking in tongues, of miracles, of healing of the sick, and so on. I suppose that if I were to call upon witnesses here in this audience, seventy-five per cent of the audience would testify that they had either seen or experienced personally to their satisfaction and conviction some of these great spiritual blessings that the apostles enjoyed of old.

A RESTORED PRIESTHOOD

The next concept we notice was that of a restored priesthood. Absolutely without doubt Jesus had an ordained priesthood, and a man not ordained

had no right to go out and represent him. This went on until the apostasy set in. But if I try to trace my priesthood back to-day and say that I was ordained by so-and-so and trace it back and back and back, shall I be satisfied if it ends with the Church of Rome and the Vatican? Certainly not. Others may if they wish.

Jesus says, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you."—John 15: 16. We stand for a restored priesthood. A man cannot get a seat in the Senate by reading the Constitution of the United States, and he cannot get the right to administer in gospel ordinances by reading the Bible. He must be called and must be ordained. Priesthood was restored. We do not trace our authority back to Rome.

THE BOOK OF MORMON

Another religious concept was that of the Book of Mormon, strangely misunderstood. Ingersoll said on one occasion that the Christian God was ignorant of the existence of America until Columbus told him of it. I wonder if that was true. One half of the world he blessed, centuries on end, with revelations and with blessings and with his Bible and with his law. What was he doing for the other half?

Archæology shows us that civilization was extremely ancient in both North and South America. Was God one sided? Could he see only half the earth? Or was he partial? Did Ingersoll tell the truth? The Book of Mormon comes and gives us the

history of the people who lived on the American Continent. It makes another witness, and it shows that God was not partial, but that he was blessing the people here even as he did in the Old World.

ZIONIC IDEALS

Last of all we come to what we might term, Our Zionic Ideals—the eighth and last of the ideals or religious concepts we have noted—the idea of a Zion. Jesus Christ said that prior to his coming there should be war and pestilence and famines poured out on all the earth; and he told his disciples, as you will find in Luke 21: 36, that they should pray that when that time came, they might "escape" from those things. Escape where? The answer is, In Zion, the city of refuge.

But there is something that is infinitely more interesting than the mere idea of safety. The social theories of Jesus Christ have never been worked out in any community. I mean any modern community. Individuals have shaped their lives after the divine pattern to a certain extent; but there is not a community anywhere under the shining sun, and has not been in modern history, where the social ideas of Jesus Christ have been fully worked out. Men have emphasized the fatherhood of God, but they certainly have not emphasized in practice the brotherhood of man.

Jesus Christ calls for brotherhood; and one of the ideals that this church had from the very beginning was to build a community where the brotherhood of

man would prevail. I don't suppose the world would believe it; but that was the secret of all their efforts in gathering at Nauvoo, and Independence, and in Kirtland. The church was not a year old until the Lord told them to begin to gather and to try to work out a community in which there would be neither rich nor poor, but where all would be equal and all be true servants of God.

The aim of that gathering is brotherhood. The principles involved are love and consecration and stewardship and justice and equality in temporal things as well as in spiritual things. The results will be blessing and joy and power.

I am glad that we had this very high ideal. Some people think that idealists are crazy; that they cannot be trusted. When you find a sane idealist, you have the sanest man on earth, because he does not stake his destiny on a passing moment, but he looks to the eternal future. Jesus Christ was an idealist. For his ideals he went without a home. He wore one single garment. He ate the wheat out of the field. For his ideals he suffered stripes. He let men spit upon him. He wore the thorny crown. He hung upon the cross. I am glad that we have an ideal. If the world tells us that it cannot be worked out, Jesus Christ says it can. He died for it.

Galileo was an idealist who saw the lamp in the cathedral swinging to and fro, as you see yonder lamp swinging, and he had a picture of the earth revolving on its axis. He stood up and said, "The earth

moves." The ecclesiastics said, "You are mistaken." And they made him recant, but when he got up from his knees, he said under his breath, "It does move," and to-day everyone knows that he was right.

Columbus was an idealist who dreamed of a new earth and struck out over uncharted waters to discover America.

John Brown was an idealist, a hair-brained idealist who dreamed of a free negro. He went to Harper's Ferry and died. All men said, What folly! But in a few years there were thousands and hundreds of thousands of men marching and they were singing, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

The fathers of this country were idealists who founded a republic on the principles of democracy that had never been tried out, and staked their all on the ideal of political, religious, and intellectual liberty.

We are idealists who have a vision of Zion. Young people, you have something to live for. You have something to work for. You have termed yourselves Zion Builders. You have an ideal that is worthy of the ambition of any true man or woman. It calls first for personal, individual regeneration and for individual preparation; and in the last analysis it calls for group cooperation and righteousness and the building up a society that need not be ashamed when Jesus Christ comes.

WHENCE CAME THESE CONCEPTS

I wonder where an ignorant boy like Joseph Smith got these great religious concepts. How do you answer that question? The world tries to answer by burying him under slander so deep that they hope he can never emerge. They may bury him; but the great religious concepts that he taught rise up like giants amid the ruins of old creeds and outgrown theologies that have fallen by the way.

We answer that question by saying that he did not get these concepts from his own wisdom, but that God gave them to him, as he said, "Behold I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF CHRISTIANITY

(A Christmas Day Editorial.)

THERE is one figure in the history of Christianity that overshadows all others—the founder and central figure, Christ. The tongues that traduced him have long been dust. Their slanders fell away from him and left no scar, as must sooner or later be the case with every good man. The luster of his life is undimmed by time; the purity of his teachings unrivaled by man. There is not found now anywhere, among Jews or Gentiles, among infidels or believers, one who will say aught against his personal character, and few who care to attack his teachings, when they are stripped of the traditions of men. Of him Ingersoll said:

"Let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground; and let me say, once for all, to that great and serene man I gladly pay the homage of my admiration and my tears."

It is a significant fact that when the great agnostic looked over the ages to find a man preeminently worthy of the "homage of his admiration and his tears," he selected Christ, the founder of Christianity, a teacher of and believer in the Bible that Inger-

soll made it his work to fight, though perhaps it is true that his bitterest attacks were against false interpretations of the Bible.

All Ingersoll knew of the life and teaching of Christ, he learned from the New Testament. It contained a picture of one man sufficiently reliable and forceful to compel his homage, his admiration, and his tears.

Is it not a sublime thought that man may so live that the enemy will be silenced and the skeptic forced to admire? Christ did that and that we must do, because we are his followers.

To enlist in such an undertaking is the best honor we may render to his name at this Christmas time.

The life of Christ was a distinct victory for all that is good, in that while he stood for peace and for equality he impressed the world more than any or all of the men who have exalted themselves by war and carnage. Alexander, Bonaparte, Grant, Wilhelm —none of these changed the course of world events or controlled the lives of individuals as did this man of peace. Moreover, their active influence, limited as it was, is now largely ended, while his widens and is destined to widen until all kingdoms become his kingdom, and all men render him the "homage of their admiration and their tears."

BACK TO JESUS AND HIS PLANS

SADLY at times we sing, "Change and decay in all around I see." All things human constantly change. We may be situated ever so happily, yet we are always conscious in the back of our minds somewhere that presently the "evil days" spoken of by "the preacher" will come, and old age, disease, or death change our estate. Vainly we look back to the happy days and pleasant scenes of the past. Not one of them can we live over or reconstruct; possibly we would not enjoy the experience if we could, for we, too, have changed.

We have said that all things human change, but this must be modified. Human passions, appetites, longings, and needs never change. They are the same to-day that they were when Jesus was here. And Jesus himself never changes. He is the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world. He is the "same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

But humanity says, "He lived so long ago. Times have changed. His teachings do not meet the needs of our day."

What a terrible mistake! His gospel is the "everlasting gospel," adapted to all ages. Men cry, Lo here! and, Lo there! And advocate this philosophy, or that system, or the other party or association, as the solution of all our problems, when in fact the

name of Jesus is still the only name under heaven given among men by which we must be saved. His gospel is predicated on the fact that "Ye must be born again." A regenerated society can only be composed of regenerated individuals. That gospel offers the only means of regeneration and thus meets at once the supreme need of the individual and society —the ever present and age-old need.

Try as we will to suppress vice, crime, graft, and immorality, under the guise of this or that commendable "reform," we discover that when suppressed in one quarter these evils appear in another quarter, or in a new form. It would seem that mere ethical teaching has gone about as far as it can go in reforming society. "Back to Jesus and his plan" should be the slogan of all who really have the good of humanity at heart.

We are familiar with the fact that communities and nations are born, grow, mature, decay, and die. Thus went Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, and all the ancient nations. Their fate presages the fate of all our dominant modern nations. .

We say that this is a part of human mutation— that nations and communities must live and die like individuals; that it is natural for them to do so. We forget that death is not "natural." It is the result of disobedience. That nation or community that finally adjusts itself to the perfect, divine plan will live forever. That is why Christ's dominion will be from "everlasting to everlasting."

Of him it is written: "Of the increase of his government and peace *there shall be no end,* upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever."

OUR STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."—Ephesians 4:13.

IT IS necessary to have standards by which to measure progress, as well as quantities and values, in the spiritual as well as in the material world. In the material world we have adopted such standards of measurement as the pound, the foot, and the dollar.

Men readily admit the importance of these standards—especially of the latter. By it they not only measure their calico and silk, their coal and diamonds, their firewood and mahogany furniture; but, too often themselves as well. They sell themselves or their influence or their vote for a dollar, or for fifty thousand dollars, according to their position, and consider that a good bargain has been made.

But while a man may properly use the dollar with which to measure his hogs or his hay, he makes a terrible mistake when he uses it to measure himself. He is using a material standard by which to measure things of the soul. No man should set a monetary value upon his honor.

A DOUBLE STANDARD IN SPIRITUAL THINGS WRONG

In all things it is important to have a true and unchanging standard.

The law of Moses said:

"Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures, a great and a small. But thou shalt have a perfect and just weight, a perfect and just measure shalt thou have."—Deuteronomy 25: 14, 15.

This language referred to material weights and measures, but will also apply to spiritual standards. There are many homes, professedly Christian, where there are two standards—one derived from Christ, which governs profession, and another acquired from the world, which governs practice. "Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures."

IMPORTANCE OF THE MEASURE INCREASES WITH IMPORTANCE OF THINGS MEASURED

The importance of the standard of measurement increases with the value of the thing measured. When potatoes sold for fifteen cents per bushel the farmers did not give particular attention to the measure; but now when we give ten or twelve times as much for potatoes the grocer weighs them very carefully. If there are one or two medium sized potatoes in the measure more than he thinks we should have, he removes them and sells them to some other poor fellow who is trying to meet Twentieth Century prices with a Nineteenth Century income.

When land sold for five dollars an acre, or could be homesteaded, or a rifle might be traded to the Indians for as much territory as one could ride around in a day, men were not very careful to measure land exactly. But now, when land sells in Los Angeles or in

New York City for $865.55 per square foot, as it did recently at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, New York City, it must be measured with a rule that is scientifically exact. The seller would not accept a standard that has thirteen inches to the foot. The buyer will not tolerate a measure that is even a quarter of an inch short. The importance of the standard increases with the importance of the thing measured.

When, therefore, we consider things of eternal import, the growth and development of the human soul, questions of doctrine and morals, right and wrong, the relationship of man to God and to his fellow man, we must concede that it is of the greatest importance to have standards that are exactly correct. We must not have a double standard. But a just and a true standard we must have.

FALSE STANDARDS KILL THE POOR

It is said that some months ago United States Government inspectors threw into the harbor at New York in a single day twenty tons of false weights and measures that had been taken from the shopkeepers of New York City. Some time ago Professor G. W. Stewart, who was state superintendent of weights and measures in Iowa, read a paper before the Baconian Club of Iowa City, in which he set forth conditions in five leading Iowa cities, as revealed by Government inspection. In one of these cities 33 per cent of the scales tested were incorrect, and the weights false. In another 64 per cent were

wrong. The other cities ranged between these two. The amounts that customers were cheated varied from six to twenty-eight cents on the dollar. These findings are perhaps typical of the country at large and the world over, excepting that conditions are worse in larger cities; and the very poor who buy in minute quantities suffer most from this kind of fraud.

There is more than dishonesty in this, in its effect upon the poor. Prices are so extremely high and their income so very low that they are already below the standard of comfortable living, even when they get all that they pay for. And when they are cheated a little on every pound of meat, on every loaf of bread, on every sack of coal, on every pint of milk, it is not their money alone, but their life that is taken. Cruelty and murder are added to dishonesty. False standards kill the poor.

It is equally true that the world is full of false standards in spiritual things. The law of God says that as a man sows so also shall he reap. But the world has its own false standard, widely accepted, which says that young men, and old ones, too, if we must admit it, must sow their wild oats, and that medical science will find a way to cheat God so that they will not need to reap the harvest.

This is only one among many false standards. It has ruined thousands of young men and women, blighted thousands of homes, and brought needless suffering on many innocent people. False spiritual

standards kill the people. They destroy men physically and take from them eternal life.

Jesus was given as the perfect standard by which a man should measure himself and his progress towards perfection; by which he should govern his beliefs and his morals.

This is a wonderful age—the age of the automobile, the flying machine, and wireless telegraphy. Our fathers were content with the ox cart. We put the value and speed and power of a hundred ox carts into one automobile.

This is a wonderful age, but with all its tumultuous striving, with all its mentality, and invention, and achievement, and study, and philosophy, it has not produced and cannot produce a character that will take the place of Jesus as the standard of human excellence, or a system that will take the place of his gospel as the gauge of human belief and morals.

This age is great in material things. It is not great in spiritual things. It ignores the source of its own greatness, the inspiration of God that always quickens every generation to which is given the opportunity to hear the gospel message. A persistent refusal to accept God will be followed by a withdrawal of light and a lapse into darkness and decay.

"HEAR YE HIM"

It is our highest duty to recognize Jesus as our standard and to preach him to the world. We need no false worldly standards by which to measure our doctrines or ourselves. No greater message can be

sounded than the message that was given to Joseph Smith during his first vision that April morning over ninety years ago: "This is my beloved Son. *Hear ye him.*"

The religious world had been saying: "This is Pastor Brown, learned in many languages; hear ye him." Or, "This is Parson Jones, D. D.; hear ye him." Or, "This is Reverend Johnson; hear ye him." But here comes a man who sounded the message: "This is Jesus Christ, the Son of God; hear ye him." That was our message, is our message, and should ever continue to be our message. Our doctrines should accord with his doctrines as set forth in his word. Our lives should conform to his life as it was lived among men. In all things we should measure ourselves by him, growing up into his likeness, until we reach the perfect stature of manhood in Christ Jesus.

In too many churches one standard, in the form of the Bible, rests upon the pulpit desk, and behind the desk quite another is announced by the preacher. "Thou shalt not have in thine house diverse measures."

PUTTING OTHERS IN THE PLACE OF JESUS

It is a mistake for us to put anyone else in the place of Jesus. We do this sometimes when we wish to do right. We select some good man in whom we have confidence, and think that if we could only be like him we would be satisfied. We make him our model in all things. We do as he does, vote as he votes, and

think as he thinks. But there comes a time when the judgment of our hero leads him into error—and we follow him. Or, being human, he is tempted and falls. Then our faith in God and in humanity and in the church is shaken. Our standard is gone. This could not have happened had we made Jesus our standard. He never changes and never errs. Our faith can abide in him, no matter how many men go astray.

Again, we make a similar mistake when we wish to do wrong. In this case we select some bad man, and think if we are no worse than he we will be all right. We argue, perhaps, that he is a member of the church, and if he does certain things that are wrong we can do likewise. But God has never said that we shall be rewarded because we are no worse than some one else who is bad. We should resolve to do our duty whether others do theirs or not. Jesus did his duty, that is enough. Like him, we must do ours, if we are to follow him.

In short, we should heed the admonition to grow towards perfection in him, becoming like him in all things, until we acquire the perfect stature of manhood in Christ Jesus, the highest manhood the ages can produce. He is the standard by which we should measure those most important things, belief, conduct, character. In him we have a standard of measurement that is scientifically and scripturally exact.

MAN'S FREE AGENCY

THE RIGHT OF SELF-DETERMINATION

(Sermon in the series for young people at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri, Sunday, evening, December 11, 1921.)

I WISH to speak to-night on self-determination. Not the self-determination of nations propounded by Woodrow Wilson at Versailles; but the self-determination of individual men propounded by Nephi:

"Wherefore, the Lord God gave unto man, that he should act for himself."—2 Nephi 1: 99.

This Book of Mormon text contains a very explicit and concise statement of the doctrine of free agency. The right of self-determination is the thing that characterizes you as men and women. Inanimate objects move as they are compelled to move by external forces. The animals have no knowledge of good or evil, so are not called upon to choose and cannot exercise free agency in a moral sense. But to you alone of all creatures on earth God says, "Choose ye."

GOOD AND EVIL; THE LAW OF OPPOSITES

Good and evil as opposites are recognized by most human philosophies and by most religions. They have been made the subject of endless speculation. Man's curiosity concerning them responded to the

Devil's bait in Eden, when he said: "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

I have said that most religions recognize good and evil; however, Christian Science denies the reality and existence of evil. I will read:

"There in reality is no evil."—Retrospection and Introspection.

"Evil is unreal because it is a lie."—Science and Health, p. 527, edition of 1907.

Evil, then, is represented as unreal, a monstrous lie that has been all but universal. But, let me ask, What is a monstrous lie if not evil? So, in the same breath in which evil is denied, it is affirmed. Perhaps that is comprehensible to the incomprehensible logic of Christian Science, which constantly affirms all that reason denies and denies all that reason affirms.

It is worth while to remember that the Lord is reported to have said: "The man has become as one of us, to know good and evil."—Genesis 3: 22. Why deny that which God recognizes?

Evil is self-evident. To illustrate: What man could look upon the dead body of a girl murdered and ravished by some inhuman brute, and then go his way denying the reality and existence of evil?

It occurs to me that primitive peoples quite without revelation would come to perceive good and evil. Pain would be evil; comfort good. Famine would be evil; plenty would be good. So they might feel their way to moral issues and conclude finally that it is bad to kill, to steal, to lie.

The lines of reason might be crude at first, but would lead up to Socrates, who conceded with the Sophists that pleasure is the chief end and aim of life, but went far beyond them to affirm that true pleasure is found only in rectitude, virtue, and service; or to Roosevelt, who talked about the twilight zone of morals, affirming that it is easy to distinguish black on the one hand or white on the other, but hard to determine whether some shades of gray have in them more of black or of white.

The idea of good and evil runs all through the Scriptures. The Book of Mormon has one very interesting chapter on the law of opposites. I will quote some very brief extracts:

"For it must needs be, that there is opposition in all things. If not so . . . righteousness could not be brought to pass; neither wickedness; neither holiness nor misery; neither good nor bad. . . . And if ye shall say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness. . . . Even the forbidden fruit is opposite to the tree of life; the one being sweet and the other bitter."—2 Nephi 1.

Thus the idea runs through the philosophy of the chapter. Bitter is opposed to sweet; death to life; evil to good; sin to righteousness.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the British scientist, has a chapter in his book, The Substance of Faith, many portions of which might have been taken bodily from the Book of Mormon, so far as sentiment is concerned. Is it not strange that an unlettered boy like Joseph Smith, who is supposed by some to have

concocted the Book of Mormon, should have presented scientific and philosophic ideas that nearly one hundred years later should be affirmed by one of the greatest of modern scientists? On the law of opposites or contrasts, Lodge writes:

"Some idea of the necessity for evil can be conveyed as follows: Contrast is an inevitable attribute of reality. Sickness is the negative and opposite of health. . . . There is no sickness in inorganic nature; yet, even there, contrast is the essence of existence. Everything that *is* must be surrounded by regions where it is not. . . . Goodness would have no meaning if badness were impossible or nonexistent."—The Substance of Faith, p. 53.

"The still higher attribute of conscious striving after holiness, which must be the prerogative of free agents capable of virtue or purposed good, . . . involves the possibility that beings so endowed may fall from their high level . . . and suffer the penalty called sin."—Ibid., p. 52.

"Every rise involves the possibility of fall."—Ibid., p. 51.

Here we have the definite recognition of the law of opposites, including good and evil; the power to choose as free agents; and the accompanying possibility of making a wrong choice with the resultant consequences.

Every uphill road is of necessity a downhill road to those who wish to go that way. Elder M. T. Short, in one of his old-time sermons, declared that there are three things God cannot do: He cannot

make a three-year-old colt in a minute; he cannot make a sheet of paper so thin that it will not have two sides; and he cannot cut a stick of wood so short that it will not have two ends.

Without blasphemy we may say that in the very nature of things the Lord could not cause man to stand erect without there being the possibility that he might fall. He could not create an uphill road that would not be a downhill road to those who chose to take it—allowing always free agency. That thought may clear away some perplexity concerning divine responsibility for evil.

We recognize then the existence of good and evil. God is the head and front of all good forces and agencies. All that invites and entices to do good is of him, the Book of Mormon affirms. On the other hand, the Devil is the head and front of all evil forces and agencies. One works to save man, the other to destroy him. We are left free to make our choice as to which shall finally predominate in our lives.

We sometimes wonder why God does not exercise his power to destroy evil and arbitrarily compel men to do good and be saved. As some crudely say, Why doesn't God kill the Devil? Suppose he should go about it in that way and finally compel all men to come in, what would he have? A lot of mechanical toys. Mechanical toys may be interesting to children; but the Creator started out to develop men. To do that it was necessary to respect their free agency. That is what makes the process of redemp-

tion so long and distressing. But it is the only way. The Lord chose that way deliberately, knowing the delay and the danger of failure in individual cases. And finally at the end when it is said, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still," it will be because that man, after good and evil have been fully explained to his comprehension, wills to be filthy still.

THE FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE IN THE APPROACH OF GOD AND THE DEVIL

What is the fundamental difference between the approach of God and the Devil. I believe that it is in their attitude towards the human will. The Devil tries to subvert, weaken, and finally destroy man's will power. The Lord recognizes the sanctity of human will, and seeks to strengthen and develop it in all good ways.

In his book, the Personality of God, Snowden has a very interesting chapter on the "Personality of man." I will read a short extract:

"Personality is the distinctive state of a person; and a person is an individual being endowed with consciousness consisting of perceptive and reflective thought, sensibility, and responsible will. . . . We *think*, we *feel*, we *will;* we do these three things, and we never can do more or less."—Page 9.

With thought we perceive and reflect upon things. Feelings of one sort or another are aroused and prompt to action—we are told that feeling is always the dynamic of action. But then enters the third

one of the trinity, *will,* and determines what the act shall be.

So Snowden adds: "The will is thus the spinal column and unifying power of personality, the throne of this kingdom, the crown and captain of self."—Ibid., p. 11.

The will, then, is the pivot of free agency. It is the backbone of human personality—and that is the thing that evil in all forms seeks to destroy.

The Devil puts a cord around a man's neck to lead him about: "Yea, and he leadeth them by the neck with a flaxen cord, until he bindeth them with strong cords forever."—2 Nephi 11: 94.

That is a concise picture of the culmination and climax of a life of sin, beginning pleasantly with a flaxen cord about the neck, the Devil's leading string, and ending in moral slavery.

But God proceeds differently: He puts truth into the heart: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. . . . If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8: 32, 36.

That is a very concise picture of the culmination and climax of a life of righteousness, beginning with the perception of truth, and leading up to perfect freedom.

THE CORD ABOUT THE NECK

To make my points clear I may use some illustrations that you have heard me use in other sermons. The first is this: A man riding on a street car in the days before prohibition chanced to notice an adver-

tisement in the roof of the car: "Pure rye whisky strengthens the body, brightens the intellect, and invigorates the soul of man."

Next his eye beheld, seated directly under the advertisement, a red-nosed, blear-eyed, slobbering drunkard, giving the lie in every particular to the advertisement. There is an old proverb which says, "Truth is at the bottom of the well." This inebriate had been to the bottom of the well. He knew. For years, no doubt, the Devil led him around with a flaxen cord. He boasted, "I can drink or I can let it alone." The man who says that never lets it alone. Too late he awoke to find himself bound with strong cords. His will was gone. The backbone of his personality was broken.

A young man entered the University of Iowa. He seemed to desire to succeed, but almost from the first he failed in his studies. He could not concentrate. Finally the dean called the lad into the study and quizzed him. The young man broke down and sobbed, "I can't quit it. I can't quit it. I haven't the will power to quit."

The dean inquired, "What is it you cannot quit?" And the boy held out his hands to show the cigaret-stained fingers. "I learned it when a boy," he went on. "I learned it at the livery stables and about town. I thought I would never be a man if I could not smoke."

That was the flaxen cord around his neck. But alas, he found that the thing he thought would make him a man, kept him from being a man. The back-

bone of his personality was broken. The upshot of the matter was that he had to quit college and return home.

At one time I was called to visit an insane hospital in California. I did not find the young man that I sought upon the lawn with other unfortunates who were given some freedom. I found him in the criminally insane ward, where the windows were barred and the doors locked. I was admitted to his cell. I found that at times he was lucid, though often he wept and cursed by turns. In one of his lucid moments he told me his story.

He had been a good, industrious young man, a member of the church; but in an evil day, or rather night, he was induced to visit the vice district of a certain community. Friends told him, "Come on. Have a good time. No one need know." That was the flaxen cord that he permitted about his neck. He contracted a foul disease. The physician confirmed his story. The man was suffering from paresis as a result of that disease and could not possibly live very many months.

As I drove away through the sunny fields and orange orchards of California, the sunlight was blotted out by the shadow of that house of detention and by the thought of that poor unfortunate, a witness to the truth of the declaration: "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—James 1: 15.

But if I got nothing else from that sad interview I did get a new exegesis of the texts which say the

wicked shall be turned into the prison house. What is hell if it is not an asylum for the criminally insane of all times where they may be confined until they are recovered. It is necessary for them and for the general good of humanity. All wicked men are more or less criminally insane; they are befuddled in thought, debased in feeling, broken in will; and these three constituting personality, they are not normal at any point.

TRUTH IN THE HEART

Jesus said to the Jews, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He works towards freedom by the way of truth—by the way of truth voluntarily accepted by the human will.

But the Jews declared, "We were never in bondage to any man." At that very time they were in intellectual bondage to their rabbis and traditions, in political bondage to Rome, and in moral bondage to their bad habits.

Many who now boast of freedom are not free. I had an interview at one time with a young man who had traveled extensively. Our conversation turned to religious topics. Finally, with much feeling, he confessed: "Mr. Smith, the trouble with me is that I know the things that I should do, but I cannot do them; and I know the things that I should not do, but I cannot refrain from doing them."

I looked at him in surprise and said: "What is the matter with you, a perfect athlete, six feet tall, apparently in possession of all your faculties, in the

prime of young manhood, without a visible shackle on your limbs, yet you must do the thing that you do not wish to do and cannot do that which you know you should do? You are a slave. You are not free."

It was his turn to look at me in surprise. Yet it was the truth. He dwelt in "the land of the free" under the shadow of the starry banner, protected by the Constitution for which thousands died—yet he was not free. No man is free until Jesus sets him free. That man is free who can say, There is no power on earth or within me that can prevent me from doing that which my conscience approves, or compel me to do that against which my better nature revolts.

Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John 10: 10. What did he mean by that? Did he mean that we should be taller, broader, more full-blooded; that alone? If thought, feeling, and will constitute personality, there must be degrees of personality. And that man whose thought covers the widest range most correctly, whose feeling is deepest and best, whose will is ever strong to determine a course consistent with truth and light, has most personality—he lives most—he has "life more abundantly."

That is the work of Jesus, to enlighten the intellect, to purify the emotions, to redeem the will. He respects our wills and appeals to them. But by way of contrast it is said that in that wonderful council

in heaven concerning the salvation of Man, the Devil volunteered to go, providing he could have all the glory. He promised to save all men. Yes, he would march them into heaven, every one, whether they wished to come or not. He is the Kaiser Wilhelm of the Universe, and would teach all men to "goose-step." And what is a man doing, who says, "I would like to stop swearing but I cannot; or, I would like to stop drink, or drugs, or tobacco, but cannot—what is he doing if not "goose-stepping" at the command of Lucifer.

Jesus, to the contrary, presents his message and then waits—waits. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Revelation 3: 20.

Christian Science repudiates the human will, and says: "Will power is not science. It belongs to the senses and its use is to be condemned."—Science and Health, p. 144, edition of 1907.

But Jesus knocks at man's door and waits for the will to open the door. I am suspicious of Spiritism, Mesmerism, Christian Science, or any other thing that asks me to be passive and receptive and surrender my will at the beginning of the investigation. God does not ask that. After the investigation is ended and truth perceived, then the surrender. Even then, though we pray "Thy will be done," it is in the sense that our wills, having perceived truth,

may be thereby *intelligently* in exact accord with his will. Tennyson has the idea in Memoriam:

> "Our wills are *ours*, we know not how,
> Our wills *are ours*, to make them *Thine*."

"Behold I stand at the door and knock"—Lord Jesus, you declared that all power was given into your hands, both in heaven and on earth, yet you wait at my frail door and respect the sanctity of my personality! Why do you not force my door and enter to take possession? Because "The Lord God gave unto man, that he should act for himself."

Young people, to-night, and each Sunday night during these meetings, Jesus knocks at your door. If you have not already opened to him, why not open your door and grasp his hand? It is the truest, strongest hand ever offered you in friendship.